



THE WORKS OF OF THE FAMOUS

AND WORTHIE KNIGHT

Sir DAVID LYNDESAY of the Mount,

alias Lyon King of Armes.

Newly corrected according to the Originall.

Jon. 7.

Milicia est vita hominis super terram,

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.



EDINBURGH,

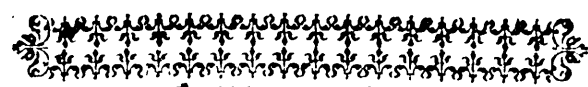
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- A** Dialogue betweene *Father Experience* and a *Courtier*, of the miserable estate of the world, diuided in foure Bookes, or in foure Monarchies.
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AN ADHORTA- tion of all Estates, to the reading these present works.



See that it is most wenhy for to be
Lamented of enery wairldly wight,
To see the waikes of pleasant *Poetry*,
To lye sa hid, and cleat from the sight,
Of those in hart who does reioyce aight,
In vulgar tongue for to behold and heare
Vertue and vice discloist, and brought to light,
In their richt colour plainly to appeare.

Therefore (good Reader) haue I trauell tane
Vntill ane Volume now brifly for to bring,
Of *David Lyndesay* the whole works like ane
Knight of the Mount, Lyon of Armes King
Who in our days now did lately ring,
Whose pregnant practise and whose ornate style,
To be commendit be me, needis na thing,
Let works beare witness, quhilk he has done comple.

Thocht *Gavin Douglas* Bishop of Dunkell
In ornate meter surmount did euerie man:
Thocht *Kennedie* and *Dunbar* bure the bell
For the large race of Rhetoricke they ran,
Zit neuer Poet of our Scottish can
Sa clearly shew that Monster with his marks
The Romaine GOD in whom all guile began
As does guide *David Lyndesay* in his works.

Wherein na stait he spaires, but stoutly shew them,
How they both God and man had fore offended
With slethe hukes of flattery he neuer clew them
Of what degree sa euer they descendit,
Their auld misdeed he prayd them aye to mend it
Emperour nor King, Duke, Earle Prince nor Pape,
Gi they to quell Christs Flocke zit still pretendit
Goddie Iust judgements na way should they el chaip.

With pretie Problemes and sentences most sage,
With pleasant Proverbs in his works all where,
With stately stories agreeing to our age,
With similitudes seemly he does declare,
With well waileid words, wise and familiar,
Of queint conuoy, his ioyous Gem jocond,
Intill his Baiks to speake he did not spare,

Against all vice, aye where it did abound.

Princes approach, eum Rulers in aue round,
Reid heir ze Lords of the meynor menze,
The end of hieght, your pride learne to abandon,
Cum schameles, schaulings of Sathanes Senze,
Reynnant in vice aye still with open Renze,
Or proud Prelates read here the sudden fall,
Wha for to stoup zit did neuer denze,
Vnder the zocke of him, that create all.

Come teynfull Tyrannes trimmiling with your traine,
Come nouchty Newtralls with your balstull band,
Ze haue ane cloik now reddey for the raine,
For faire weather, ane vther aye at hand,
Idolaters draw neir to Burgh and land
Read here your life at large, both mair and min
With hypocrites aye slyding as the sad,
As Hamoik how of wit, and vertue thin.

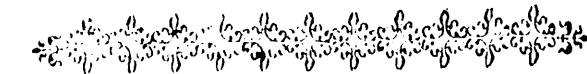
Oppressors of the poore cum in till Pares:
Flatterers flooke forward, for heard tell,
Ze had ane law richt sicker for all saires,
Lawyers and Scribes, who hes your Saulis to sell
Craftsmen and Merchants, gif ye do mell
With fraud or fa'ler, then I you desire,
Read in this Buik, the spech gif ye can spell
What just reward ye shall haue for your hyre.

Among the rest now Courtiers come hither,
Though ye be skeich, and skip about the skies
Zit constantly I pray you to consider,
Into this Scrow, what *Lynesse* to you cries:
Come all degrees, in Lurdanie qhalyis
And faine would see of sinne the fearefull line,
And learne in vertue how for to vprse,
Read here this Buik, and ze sal find it fine.

With Scripture and with stories naturall,
Richly replenish from end till end,
Intill this Buik who list to reade they sal
Find many Lessons largely to commend,
The braid difference, wher in well may be kend,
Betwene vertuous and vicious living,
Let vs therefore our life in vertue spend,
Sen vice of mankind, is the hail mischeuing.

Let *Lynesse* new as he were yet on line,
Passe for to light, with all his sentence bies,
Vnto all men thair dutie to disciue,
Wher in they may ane liuelie Image see,
Of his excellit mind in Poesie,
Printed as he it publisht with his penne.
That himselfe spake I thinke it best for me
Gif geit to God, qhalk gae the gif to men.

THE



THE EPISTLE

Nuncupatory of Sir DAVID LYN-

DESAY of the Mount Knight, on his Dia-
logue of the miserable Estate of the world.



*Thou little quair of matter miserable
Wellaucht thou conuered for to be with sabill
Renounce and Greene, the purpur red & white
To delicate men thou art not delectable,*

*Nor yet till Amorous folkis amiable,
To reade on thee, they will haue na delite,
Wardly people will haue at thee despite,
Quhilk first hes their hart, and hail Intentes
On sensuall Lust, on Dignity and Rentes.*

*We haue na King thee to present alas,
Which to this Country beene ane carefull case
And als our Quene of Scotland heretrix,
She dwels in France, I pray God saue her Grace
It ware too long for thee to rin that race,
And far langer or that rong tender flower
Bring hame till vs one King and Governour
Alacke therefore we may with sorrow sing,
Quhilk must salong remaine without ane King.*

*I know not to quhame thy simplenes to send,
With cunning men from time that thou be kend.
Thy vanities na way they will aduance,
Think and the prond sic things to pretend,
Notwithstanding the straucht way fall thou wend
To them quhilk hes the Realme in gouernance,
Declare thy mind to them in circumstances,*

The Epistle

*Gi first till Iames our Prince and Protector,
And to his Brother our spirituall Gouverneur.*

*And Prince of Priestes in this Nation,
After reverend Recommendation,
Under their feet thou lawly thee submit,
And make them humble supplication,
Gif they in thee find wrang Narration,
That they would please thy faults to remit,
And of their grace if they doe thee admit,
Then ga thy way where euer thou pleases best
Be they content make reuerence to the rest.*

*To faithfull prudent Pastors Spirituall,
To Noble Earles and Lords temporall
Obediently till them thou thee addres
Declairing them this short memoriall,
How Afankind been to misery made thrall,
At length to them the cause plainly confesse,
Reseek and them all lawes to suppress,
Inuentit be lewd mens tradition,
Contrare to CHRISTS institution.*

*And cause them cleartie for till vnderstand,
That for the breaking of the Lords command,
His three fold wand of flegellation,
Hes scourgit this pure Realme of Scotland
Be mortall wars both by sea and land,
With many terrible tribulation,
Therefore make to them true Narration,
That all the wars, this dearth, hunger and pest,
Is as not but for our sinnes manifest.*

Declare to them how in the time of Noy

Nuncupatorie.

*Allutterly GOD did the world destroy:
As holy Scripture makes mention,
Sodome, Gomer, with their Region and Roy
GOD spared not man, woman nor boy.
But all were brint for their offension,
Ierusalem that maist triumphant town
Destroyit it was for their iniquity,
As in the Scripture plainly thou may see.*

*Declare to them this mortall misery,
Be sword and fire, dearth, pest and poverty,
Proceedes of sinne, gif I can right describe,
For lacke of Faith, and for Idolatrie,
For Fornication, and for Adulterie,
Of Princes, Prelates, with many a man & wife,
Expell the cause, then the effect belame,
Sillceis, when that the people does repent,
Then GOD shall slack his bow quhilk yet is bent.*

*Make them request quhilk hes the gouernance
The sincere word of GOD for till aduance,
Conforme to CHRISTS institution,
Withouth hypocrisie or dissimulance,
Should not Iustice hold euently the Ballance,
On Publicanes makand punition
Commending them of gude condition,
That being done, I doubt not but the Lord
Shall of this countrie haue misericord.*

*Though GOD with many terrible effrayes,
Hes done this countrie scourge by diners wayes
Be iust judgement for our grichous offence,
Declare so them they shall haue merry dayes
After this trouble as the Prophet sayes.*

The Epistle Nuncupatorie.
 when GOD (all see her humble repentance,
 Till strange people though he hes giuen licence
 To be our scourge enduring his desire,
 will when he list that scourge cast in the fire.

Pray them that they put not their esperance
 In mortall men, onely them till aduance,
 But principally in GOD Omnipotent,
 The need they not to charge the Realme of France
 with Gunnis, Galais nor other ordinance,
 So that they be to GOD obedient,
 In thir premisses be they not negligent,
 Display and CHRISTES Banner hie on highe
 Their enemies at them fall haue no might.

Goe hence puir Buike whilke I haue done endite
 In rurall ryme, in manner of despiht,
 Contrare the worlds variation,
 Of Rhetorike here I proclaime thee quite,
 Idolaters I feare fall with thee fste:
 Because of them thou makst narration,
 But cure thou nocht the indignation
 Of Hypocrites and false Pharisence
 Howbeit on thee they erie a loud vengeance.

Request the Gentle Reader that thee reads
 Though ornate tearmes into thy park not spread
 As they in thee may haue experience,
 Though barraine fieldes beares nought but weeds
 Yet brut all beasts sweetly on them feedes,
 Desire of them none other recompence,
 But that they would reade thee with patience,
 And if they be in any way offended
 Declare to them it shall be well amended.

THE



A
 PROLOGVE
 OF THE MISE-
 rable Estate of the VVorld

betweene Experience and
 the Courteour.



V SING and marveling on the
 miserie,
 From day to day in earth quhilk
 does increase:
 And of ilke state the instabilitie,
 Proceeding of the restlesse bu-
 sineffe:

Quhereon the mailt part does their minde addresse
 Inordinatie in hungrie Covetice,
 Vain-glore, deceate, and vther sensuall vice.

Bot trembling in my bed I might not ly,
 Quherefore I went forth in a May morning,

A

Comfort

The Prologue.

Comfort to get of my melancholy,
 Some-what before fresh *Phæbus* vprying,
 Quhere I might heare the birds sweetly sing,
 Into a Parke I past for my pleasure,
 Decored well be craft of Dame *Nature*.

How I receiued comfort naturall,
 For to discerne at length it were too lang:
 Smelling the wholsom herbs Medicinall,
 Quhiereon the dulce and balmie dew down dang,
 Like Orient Pearles on the twists hang,
 Or how that the *Aromatick* odours,
 Did proceed from the tender fragrant flowres.

Or how *Phæbus* that King *Etheriall*,
 Swiftlie sprang vp into the Orient:
 Ascending in his Throne Emperiall,
 Whose bright and Bureall beams resplendent,
 Illuminate all into the Occident,
 Coinforting every corporall creature,
 Quhilk formed were in earth by Dame *Nature*,

Whose donk impurputed vestment noeturnall,
 With his imbrowdered mantle *Matutine*:
 He left into his Region *Aurorall*,
 Which on him waited when that he did decline
 Toward his Occident Palace *Vespertine*,
 And rose inhabite gay and glorious,
 Brighter then gould, or stones precious.

But *Cynthia* the horned nightes Queene,

She

The Prologue

She lost her light, and led a lower sail:
 When once her Sovereain Lord that she had sene,
 And in his presence waxed darke and pail,
 And over her visage caste a misty vaill.
 So did *Venus* the Goddess amorous.
 With *Iupiter*, *Mars* and *Mercurius*.

Right so the olde intoxicate *Saturne*,
 Persaving *Phæbus* powre his beams bright
 About the earth, then made he no sojorne,
 But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
 Which he durst never shew but on the night:
 The *Pole-Artik*, *Urses* and *Stars* all,
 Which situate are in the *Septentrionall*.

To erring ships that are without all guide,
 Convoing them vpon the stormie night:
 Within their frostie circle did them hide,
 Howbeit that stars haue no other light
 But the reflex of *Phæbus* beams bright,
 That day durst none into the heaven appeare,
 Till he had circuite all our *Hemysphair*.

Me thought it was a sight Coelestiall,
 To see *Phæbus* so Angel-like ascend
 Into his fire chariot triumphall,
 Whose beawtie bright I could not comprehend,
 All worldlie cure did from me then wend:
 When fresh *Flora* spred forth her Tapestry,
 Wrought by Dame *Nature* queynt and curiouslie.

Painted with many hundreth heavenly hewes,

A 2

Glade

The Prologue

Glade of the ryſing of that royall Roy,
With bloomes breaking on the tender bewes,
Quhillk did provoke my heart to naturall joy,
Neptune that day and *Eolus* held them coy,
That men on far might heare the birds ſound,
Quhoſe noiſe did to the ſtarrie heauen redound.

The pleaſant *Pomme* prunzeand his ſedrem fair,
The mirthfull *Mavis* made great melody:
The luſtie *Lark* aſcending in the air,
Numbring her naturall notes craftely,
The gay *Gouldſpinke*, the *Merle* right merely,
The noiſe of the noble *Nightingails*
Redounded through the Mountains, Meeds and Vails.

Contemplating this mirthfull harmony,
How every Bird dreſt them for to advance:
To ſalute *Nature* with their melody,
That I ſtood gazing almoſt in a trance,
To heare them make their naturall obſervance,
So royally that all the Rotches rang,
Through repercution of their ſuggered ſang.

I loſe my time, alas, for to rehearſe,
Sic vnfrutefull and vaine deſcription:
Or wryte into my rurall ragged verſe
Mater without edification:
Conſidering how that my intention,
Bene to deplore be mortall miſeries,
With continuall carefull calamities.

Conſiſting in this wretched vaile of ſorrow,
Bot ſad ſentence ſould haue a ſad indite:

The Prologue.

So tearmes bright I liſt net for to borrow,
Of mourning matter men hes no delite:
With rouſty tearms therfore I will now wryt,
With ſorrowfull ſighs aſcending from the ſpleine,
And bitter tears diſtilling from mine eie.

Without any vain invocation,
To *Alinerva*, or to *Melpomine*:
Nor yet will I make ſupplication
For help to *Cleo* or to *Calliope*,
Sic marred *Muses* can make me no ſupplie,
Proſerpine I reſuſe and *Appollo*,
And right ſo *Euterpe*, *Iupiter* and *Imo*

Quhik hes bene to pleaſant *Poets* comforting,
Quherefore becauſe J am not one of tho:
J do deſire of them no ſupporting,
For I did never ſleepe in *Parnello*,
As did the *Poets* of long time ago:
And ſpecially the ordare *Ennius*,
Nor dranke I never with *Heſiodus*.

Of *Greece* the perſite *Poet* Sovereain,
Of *Helicon* the ſource of *Eloquence*:
Of that mellituſous famous freſh fountain,
Quherefore to them I ought noreuerence,
I purpoſe not to make obedience
To ſic miſehant *Muses* or *Mahumetrie*,
Before time vſed into *Poetrie*.

Rouing *Ramnusia* Goddes of deſpite,
Might be to me a *Muſe* right convenable:
It J deſired ſhe helpe for to indite.

This mourning mater, mad and miserable,
I must go seeke a *Muse* more comfortable,
And such vaine superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great G O D to be my *Muse*.

Gen. 1.
By his wisdom all maner of thing was wrought,
The high Heavens with all their ornaments:
And without matter made all thing of nought,
Hell in mid *Center* of the Elements,
That heavenly *Muse* to seek my whole intent is,
Psal 119
The which gaue sapience to King *Salomon*,
Reg. 13
To *David* grace, and strength to strong *Sampson*.

Mat 4
And of poore *Peter* made a prudent preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie:
AA 29. 1: Of cruell *Saul* he made a cunning teacher,
J must besech right lowly on my knie,
His high super-excellent Majestic,
That with his heavenly spirit he me inspire,
To write nathing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his Sovereigne Son J E S U,
Which was conceiued by the holy Spirit:
Incarnate of the purified Virgine true,
And into whom the Prophecie was compleet,
That Prince of pryce, most humble and man sweete,
Which vnder *Pilate* suffered passion,
Vpon the Crosse for our Salvation.

Luke 1
Mat. 27
Luk. 24
Ioh. 24

And by that cruell death intolerable,
Lowfed we were from bonds of *Beliall*:
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this houre came never man nor shall,

In

In the triumphant joy imperiall,
Of life, although that they were never so good,
But by the vertew of that precious blood.

Hab. 6

Wherefore in stead of the Mont *Parnasso*,
Swiftlie I shall goe seek my Sovereaine:
To Mont *Caluarie* the straight way shall I go,
To get a taste of that most fresh fountaine,
That source to seek my heart may not refraine,
Of *Helicon* which was both deep and wide,
That *Longinus* did graue into his side.

From the fresh fountaine sprang a famous flood,
Which redolent River through the world runnes:
As Cristall clear, and mixed is with blood,
Vvhose sound about the highest heavens dinnes,
All faithfull people purging from their sinnes,
Vvherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balinie strands,
Vvhich on the Crosse did speedily out-spring:
From his most tender feet and heavenly hands,
And grant me grace to write or dite no thing,
But to his high honour and laud loving:
Vvithout his helpe there may no good be wrought,
To his pleasure. good works, word or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestic.
As thou didst shew thy high power divine:
First plainlie into *Cane of Galilie*,
Vvhere thou converted cold water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine,

And

And saue my sayings baith from shame and sin,
Take heed, for now I purpose to begin.

¶ A Dialogue of the miserable

Estate of the World betwene Experience and the Courtour.



Not that Parke I saw appeare
Ane aged man quhilk drew me near
Whose haire was wel thre quarters lang,
His hair down ouer his sholders hang
The quhilk as any snaw was quhite,
Whom to behald I thocht delite:
His habite Angel-like of heu,
Of cullour like the Saphire blew.
Under ane Holme he reposed,
Of quhose presence I was rejoyced.
I did him salute reuerently,
So did he me richt courtcoussie.
To sit down he requested mee,
Under the shadow of that tree:
To saue me from the Sunnes heat,
Among the flowres soft and sweet.
For I was wearied with walking,
Then we began to fall in talking,
I asked his name with reuerence,
E. I am (said he) Experience.
C. Then sir (said I) you can not faile,
To giue ane desolate man counsaile.
You do appeare ane man of fame,
And since Experience is your name.

I pray

I pray you father venerable,
Geue me sum counsaill confortabile.
E. What bene (quod he) thy vocatioun
Whakand sic Supplicatioun:
C. I haue (quod I) bene to this hour,
Sen I could ryde ans Courtour.
Bot now father, I think it best,
With your counsaill to leif in rest:
And from thyme furth to tak myne eis
And quyetlie my God to pleis,
And renunce Curiosite.
Leuing the Court, and lerne to de.
Of haue I sailt ouer the strandis,
And trauellit throuch diuers landis:
Boith South & North, East & West,
Z it can I neuer find quhair rest:
Doith mak his habitatioun,
Withouth your supportatioun.
¶ Quhen I beleue to be best eist,
Most suddandlie I am displeist;
From troubill quhen I lastest lie,
Than find I most aduersite.
Schaw me, I pray you hartfullie,
How I may leue most pleandlie:
To serue my God, of kingis king:
Sen I am tyit for travelling.
And lerne me, for to be content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober ent:
That I may thank the king of gloze,
As thocht I had ane Milloun moze:
Sen eueryk Court bene vassant,
Full of Inye, and Inconstant,
Wicht I but troublit, in rest.

I pray

25

200

Now in my age, I think it best.
 E. (How art anie greet sike, Done (said he,))
 Thing to despye, qnhyll may nocht be:
 Zarning to haue Pterogatyue,
 About all Creature on lyne:
 Sen father Adam creat bene,
 Into the Campe of Damascene:
 Wyght no man say, vnto this houre,
 That euer he fand perste plesour:
 Noz neuer fall, till that he se,
 God in his Dewyne Maicste:
 Quhatsofor preparis the for trauell,
 Sen mennys lye bene bat battell,
 All men begynnys for till be,
 The day of thair Antuure:
 And Journelly thay do proceed,
 Till Atropos cut the fatal thred,
 And in the breue tyme that thay haue,
 Betwix thair Dytty, vnto thair graue:
 Thow seis quhat much woe is,
 Quhat miserabil Calamities:
 Quhat troubill, trouble, and detrait,
 Seis thow with ellery shynall strait,
 Begin at pure law Ouerouris,
 Ascending vnto Semouris:
 To greit Princes, and Potentatis,
 Thow fall nocht vnto in none chatis:
 Sen the begynnynge of the kalke,
 Noz in our tyme, now for allie:
 Bot tedious troubles beynes,
 But ony maner of thouring,
 C. Prudent father, quod I, I saye,
 Ze tell to me and I will saye

Iob . 8 .

Ze

Ze say that no man to this houre,
 Hes found in eirth perste plesour:
 Withouth infortunate varlance,
 Sen we bene thral to sic mischance:
 Quhy do we set so our Intentis,
 On Wythes Dignitie, and Rentis:
 Sen in the eirth bene no man sure,
 One day, but troubill till indure:
 And worst of all, quhen we leist tene,
 The cruell deith, we mone sustene.
 Eil I your fatherhede durst demand,
 The cause I wold fane vnderstand:
 And als father, I zow imploze,
 Schaw me sum troubill gone afoze:
 That hering vtheris indigence,
 I may the more haue pacience:
 ¶ Parrovis in tribulation,
 Bene wretchis Consolation.
 E. (Quod he) efter my small camyng,
 To the I fall make answering:
 Bot ordouelle for to begin,
 This Miserie procedis of Sin:
 Bot it war lang, to be despit,
 How all men ar to Sin inclynit:
 Quhen Sin aboundantlie doth ring,
 Justie God maketh punishing.
 Quhatsofor greit God into his handis
 To dant the world, hes diuers wandis:
 Efter our euill condition,
 He makis on vs punition:
 With Honger, Dett, and Indigence,
 Sum tyme greit Plagis, and Pestilence:
 And sum tyme with his blindy wand,

B 2

Thow

Thow cruell woeit, be Sey, and Land:

Concluding all our miserie,
Prociding of Sin alliterie.

C. father (quod I) declare to me,
The cause of this fragillite:

That we bene all to Sin inclynd,
In werk, in woord, and in our mynd:

I wold the verite war schawin,
Quho hes this seid among vs lawin:

And quhy we ar condampnit to dede,
And how that we may get remede:

E. (Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit,
Awe from felicity wer denudit,

Be Adam our Progenitor,
Wm quhyle of Paradyce possessor:

Genes. 3. Be quhose most wilfull arrogance,
Wes Wankynd brocht to this mischance:

When he wes Inobedient,
In breking Goddis Commandement:

Be Solitacioun of his Wyfe,
He lost that Heuynly pleasant Lyfe:

Rom. 5. Eiting of the forbidden tre,
Thare began all our Miserie.

So Adam wes cause Radicall,
That we bene fragill Synnaris all.

Adam brocht in this Natoun,
Sin, Weith, and als Damptoun:

1. Ioan. 1. Quho will say, he is no Synnar,
Christ sayis, he is ane greit Liar.

Wankynd sprang furth of Adamis loynis,
And take of him flesche, blude and bonis:

And so efter his qualite,
All ar inclynit Synmaris to be.

But

But zit, my Sone, dispare thow nocht,
For God, that all the world hes woicht

Hes maid ane Souerane Remede,
To sail vs baith from Sin and dede,

And from eternal Damptoun:

Thairfor take Consolatioun,
For God, as Scripture doith recorde

Hauling of Man Misericorde,
Send down his onely Sone Jesu,

Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgyn treu,
And cled his high Diuinite

With our pure byle Humanite,
Sync from our sinnis to conclude,

He welche vs with his precious blude
Hoboweit thow Adam wes mon de:

Throuch that Lord we sall raisit be,
And euerilk man he sall releue,

Quhilk in his blude doith firm beleue
And bring vs all vnto his gloze,

The quhilk thow Adam bene forlore
Withouth that we thow sail of faith

Of his Godheid incur the wrath:
Bot quho in Christ firmly beleuis,

Salbe releuit from all mischeuis.
C. Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme:

Sir gar me vnderstand that terme:
E. Faith without Hope and Cheritie,

Quailith nocht, my Sone (said he)
C. Quhat Cherite bene, that wald I knaw:

E. Quod he, my Sone. that sail I schaw:
First lufe thy God aboue all thing,

And thy Neighbour but senzing:
Donone inure, nor bellanie,

Bot as thow wald war done to the:

B 3

Quik

Apoc. 2.
Rom. 5.
Hebr. 10.

Ioan. 3.

Hebr. 11.

1. Cor. 13.

Iam. 2.

Quick faith, but Chereitable workis,
 Can neuer be, as wyttis Clerkis:
 Hope, than the fyre, in till his might,
 Can be but heit, nor Sunne but licht.
 Geue Cheritie into the sailis,
 Thy faith nor Hope, na thing auailis:
 The deuil hes faith, & trimmills for dreid,
 But he wantis hope, and lufe in deid.
 Do all the guide, that may be wochocht,
 But Cheritie, all auailis nocht:
 Mubairfoir pray to the Trinite,
 For till support thy Cherite.

Now haue I schawin the, as I can,
 How father Adam the first man,
 Brocht in the world, boith Sin and dede,
 And how Christ Iesu maid remede:
 Quhilk on the day of Iudgment,
 Shall vs deliuer from torment:
 And bring vs to his lasting gloze,
 Quhilk shall indure for euer more.
 But in this world thow gettes no rest,
 I mak it to the manifest:
 Chairfoir, my Sone, be diligent,
 And lerne for to be patient:
 And into God set all thy tress,
 All thing fall than cum for the best.
 C. father I thank zow hartfallie
 Of zour confort and companie:
 And heuinlie Consolatioun,
 Makand zow Supplicatioun:
 Gif I durst put zow to sic pyne,
 That ze wald pleis, for so depne:
 And gar me clerlie vnderstand,

How

How Adam heas the Lords Command:
 And how thow his transgression,
 Does punis his Successioun:
 E My Sone (quod he) wald thow tak care,
 To luke on the Duynne Scripture:
 Into the Buike of Genesis,
 That histore thair thow sall nocht mis:
 And allwa lundie cunning Clerkis,
 Hes done rehers into thair workis:
 Of Adams fall, full ornately,
 Ane thousand tymes better nor I:
 Can wypte of that unhappie man,
 Bot I sall do the best I can:
 Schoztie to schaw that carefull cace,
 With the support of Goddis grace,

Gene. 25.



An Exclamation to the Reider, V.

*Twicking the wyrtting of Vulgar,
 and Maternall language.*



Entill Reider, haue at me none
 disperte,
 Chinband that I presumptuously
 pretend, (wypte:
 In vulgar toing so he mater to
 Bot quhair I mys, I pray the till amend,
 Till vnderst, I wald the cause wet kend,
 Of our most miserabill treuall and torment,
 And wold in earth no place is permanent.

Humbly

Howbeit that diuers deuot cunning Clerks
In Latyne tounge hes written sundris buikis.
Our vilermit knaues lytle of thair werkis:
More than thay do, the rauing of the ruitis
Duhairsto to Colyearis, Carteris, & to cutkis
To Jok and Thome, my Ryme salbe directit,
With cunning men, howbeit it wilbe lactic.

Thocht euerie counoun may not be an clerk
Nor hes no Leid, except thair tolig maternall
Duhy suld of God, & maruello^{us} heuillie werk
Be hid fro thame, I think it nocht fraternall
The Father of heuin, quhilk wes, & is eternall
To Moyses gaue the Law, on Mount Sinay,
Nocht into Greik nor Latyne, I heir say.

He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of stone,
In thair abuin vulgare language of Hebreu,
That all the Barnis of Israel euery one
Micht knaw the Law, & so the same enfew,
Had he done wyrt, in Latyne or in Greu,
It had to thame bene bot ane lautles Jest.
Ze may well wit, God worocht all for the best.

Aristotell, nor Plato, I her same,
Wrait nocht thair hie Philosophie naturall:
In Dutche, nor Dence, nor tounge Italiene,
Bot in thair most ornate tounge Maternall,
Duhoesame and name dois regne perpetuall,
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Doctrie.
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratrice.

Wrait not in Caldie language, nor in Greu,
Nor yet into the language Saracene:
Nor in the naturall language of Hebreu,
But in the Roman language as may be seene,
which

which was more proper language as I becom,
When Romans rang dominators in deid.
The ornate Latine was their proper leide.

In the meastyme tyme that these holde Romans
Quer all the world had the domination:
Made Latine schules there glorie for to aduance,
That their language might be ouer all comon,
To that intent, by my opinon,
Trusting that their Emperre should so indure,
But of Fortune alwayis they were not sure.

Of languages the first diuersitie,
Was made by Gods malediction:
When Babilon was builded in Chaldeis.
These builders got no other affliction,
Before the tyme of that plunition,
Was but one tongue which Adam spake him
Where now of tongues their bene threescore &
(twelfe).

Notwithstanding I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men hes languages anew:
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Hes learned Latine, Greke and albe Hebreu,
That I am not of that sort soze I reu:
Wherefore I wald all bookes necessarie,
For our faith, were into our tongue vulgare.

Christ after his glorious Ascension,
To his Disciples sent his holie Spirit
In tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all languages replete,
Throghal the world with words fair & sweet
To enriche ma the faith they shuld forth shaw,
In

In their owne leede delivering them the Lawe.

Therefore I thinke a great delusion,
To heare Priests and Sisters night and day,
Singing and saying psalmes and Orison,
Not understanding what they sing or say.
But like a Stirling or a Doringay,
Which learned are to speake by long blage,
Them I compare to Birds in a cage.

Right so children and Ladies of honours,
Prayes in Latine, to them an vnouth leede:
Whiling their Whating euen-song & their hours,
Their Pater noster, Aue, and their Creede:
It were as pleasant to their spirit indeed,
God haue merite on me for to say thus,
As for to say, Misericordia Deus.

Saint Hierome in his proper tongue Roman,
The Lawe of God trauois he did translate
Out of Hebreu and Greeke, in Latine plane,
Which hee had hid from vs long time god wote
Until this tyme but after my consolate:
Had Saint Hierome ben borne into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his Bookes had done cōpyle.

Prudent Saint Paul doeth make narration,
Touching the diuers leed of euery land:
Saying, there beite more edification
In fiewe wordes that folke doeth vnderstand,
Nor to pronounce of wordes ten thousand
In strange language, I wote not what it meins
I thinke such prattling is not worth two pence.

Unlearned people on the holie day
Solemnly they heare the Euangell sing:

Not

Not knowing what the Priest doeth sing or say
But as a Bell when that they heare it ring.
Yet walde the Priests in their mother toung,
Pasle to the Pulpit and that doctrine declare,
To laich people it wote moze necessarie.

I walde priests and Doctors of the Lawe
With vs laich people were not discontent:
Though we into our vulgar tongue did knawe
Of Christ Iesus, the Lawe and Testament,
And how that we shuld keip Commandement,
Bot in our language let vs pray and reid,
Our Pater noster, our Aue, and our Creide.

I wald sum priests of great delusions,
In vulgar language plainely gart translate
The needfull Lawes of this Region.
Than wald thair not be half so great debate,
Among vs people of the lawe estate:
Gif euery man the vertue did knawe,
We needit nocht to trespasse the Lawe.

To do our nighbour wrong we wald be wote,
Gif we did feir the Lawis punishment:
Thair wald not be sic bratling at the War,
Nor men of Lawe loth to sic Ropall rent,
To keip the Lawe, gif all men wote content,
And ilk man do, as he wald be done to,
The Judges wald get lyell thing ado.

The Prophet David King of Israel,
Compyld the pleisand psalmes of the psaltair
In his awn proper toung, as I heir tell,
And Salomon quoth was his Sone and Heir,
Did mak his Buik into his toung vulgar,
Quhy shuld not thair sayings be to vs shawon,

C 2

In

In our language, I wold the caus wot knatoin.

Let Doctors wite their curious questions,
And arguments, to some full of Sophistrie:
Their Logick and their high opinionis,
Their darke iudgments of Astronomie:
Their Medicines and their Philosophie,
Let Doctes wotwe their glorious ingenis,
As euer they plets, in Greek, or in Latyne.

Bot let vs haue the buikis necessair,
To commoun weil and our Saluatioun:
Iustlie translatie in our tounge vulgair,
And als I make thee supplicatioun,
O Gentle Reader, haue na indignatioun,
Thinke and I melme both in the mattar
Now to my purpos forwart will I fare.



Vi. The creatioun of Adam and Eue.

When God had maid the Heuens bricht,
The Sunne and Moone for to giue licht,
The sterrie heuyn, and Christallpne,
And by his sapience Deuine,
The Planets in thair Circles round,
Whirling about with merie sound:
Of quhome Phobus was principall.
Just in his lyne Elipticall:
And gaue by Deuine sapience,
To euery Star thair influence:
With motioun continuall,

Quhen

Quhen doch indure perpetuall:
And farthest from the Heuyn Empyre,
The Earth, the water, Air, and fyre
He clad the Earth with Herbis, and Treis,
All kynde of fisches in the Seas.
All kynde of Beestis he did prepare,
With Fowlis fleying in the Air:
Thus he his wozdall things was wozght,
Without materiall, made of nocht.
Soby his wysdome infynite,
All was maid plesand and perfyte.

Quhen heuyn and earth thair contentis,
Woz endit, with thair ornamentis:
Then last of all the Lord began,
Of maist wyle Earth to mak the man:
Nocht of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
Nor Cypre Tre as I suppose:
Nouthir of Gold, nor precious stanis,
Of Earth he made flesche, blude, and banis:
To that intent God made hym thus,
That man shuld nocht be glorius,
Nor in hym self na thing shuld se
Bot matter of Humilitie:
Quhen man was maid, as I haue tald,
God in his face did hym behauld:
Breithand in himane lyuche wyrcit:
Quhen al thir warkis woz compleit,
He maid man to his similitude,
Prezelland into pryde and pryde:
Doted with the giftes of Nature,
Abuse all earthlie Creature:
Syne plesandlie did hym conuoy,
To ane Regioun repleit with ioy.

L 3

At

Of all pleasure quibb but the pyre,
 And callit earthlie Paradyce,
 And byocht he diuine Providence,
 All beestes and birdis to his presence,
 Adam did crafterlie impone,
 Ane speciall name to euerie one,
 And to all thingis materiall,
 A name he gaue in speciall:
 How he thame namit, zit bene kend,
 And sall be to the worldis end.
 Into that Garding of plesance,
 Two treis grew maist to aduance:
 A bise all vther quibb but the pyre,
 In middis of that Paradyse,
 The ane was callit the Tre of Lylle,
 The vther Tre began our styre:
 The Tre to know baith gude and euill,
 Quibb be preuassoun of the Deuill,
 Began our miserie and woo:
 Bot lat vs to our purpois go.
 How God gaue Adam strait command,
 That Tre to tuch not with his hand:
 All vther frutes of Paradyse,
 He bade him eate at his deuple:
 Sayand, gif thou wilt of this Tre
 With doubill Deth then thou sal die:
 Thairfor I the command, be war,
 And from this Tre thou stand a far:
 But father Adam was allane,
 Withouth companie of onle ane:
 Then thocht the Lord it necessar,
 To creat to him ane helper.
 God put in Adam such sapour,

That

That for to slepe he took pleasure:
 And laid him dohane upon the ground,
 Then when Adam was sleeping sound:
 He tooke a rib forth of his side,
 Then filled it with fleche and hide:
 And maid a woman of that bone,
 Fairer of forme was neuer none.
 Then to Adam incontinent,
 That faire Ladie he did present:
 Whiche shortly said, for to conclude,
 Thou, art my fleche, my bones, and blude.
 And Virago he called her than,
 Whiche is interprcted, made of man,
 Whiche Eua after ward was named,
 When for her fault she was defamed.
 Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
 Saying, Increse and multiplie,
 By this men should leaue all their kin,
 And with their wiues make dwelling:
 And forth are take leaue father and mother,
 And loue them best aboue all other,
 For God hes ordained them trewlie,
 To be two soules in one bodie.
 ¶ My witte is wake for to indite,
 Thair heauenlie pleasure infinite:
 Was neuer no earthlie creature,
 Since that time, had perfite pleasure.
 They had puissance Imperall,
 Aboue all things materiall
 And cunning Clarke doe conclude,
 Adam precelled in pulchritude:
 Most naturall and the fairest man,
 That euer was since the world began:

Except

Except Christ Jesus Gods owne Sonne,
 To whom was no comparison,
 And Eua the fairest creature,
 That euer was formed by Nature.
 Though they were naked as they were made,
 No shame either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man haue more,
 Nor haue his Ladie him before?
 So lustie pleasand and perfyte,
 Readie to serue his appetite.
 They had no other care I wille
 But past ther tyme with ioy and blesse.
 No yde beastes did to them repair,
 So did the fowles of the Air,
 With noise most angelicall,
 Making them mirthes muscicall,
 The silbes swimming in the strands,
 Were whollie all at their commands.
 All Creatures with one accord,
 Obeyed him as their soueraigne Lord:
 They suffered neither heate nor colde,
 With euery pleasure that they wolde:
 And to the death they were not tirall,
 And right so should we haue bene all:
 For he and all his successors,
 Should haue possessed these pleasures.
 Then from that ioy Materiall,
 Gone to the gloie Imperiall.
 They had if I can right describe,
 Great ioyes in all their waies liue:
 In hearing, seeing, gusting, smelling,
 Induring that delictome dwelling:
 Hearing the birdes harmonies,

Tasting

Tasting the frutes of diuers trees:
 Smelling the balme buds of trees,
 Which did proceed from fragrant flowers:
 Seeing so many heauenly betwes
 Of blomes breaking on the beemes
 Of touching eke they had desire,
 Of others bodies softe and desire:
 Doubtlesse induring that pleasure,
 They lotted other par'Amour.
 No maruell though that so should be,
 Considering this their great beatotis.
 And God gaue them continuall repleste,
 To multiplye and to increase:
 That their seede and succession,
 Might plant euerye Nation.
 I list not tarte for to declare,
 All properties of that place declare:
 How herbes and trees grow so greene,
 Nor of the temperate Air serene:
 How frutes indelicient,
 Were alke ripe and redolent.
 Nor of fountains nor of the floodes,
 Nor of the flowres pulchritudes:
 That matter Clarke doe declare,
 Wherefore of them I speake no more.
 The Scripture makes no mention,
 How long they raing in that Region:
 But I beleue the tyme was short,
 As diuers Doctors doe report.



Of

D



Vii.

Of the miserable Transgression

Ether how hapned that mischance,
 (Said I) show me the circumstance:
 Declare to me that careful case,
 How Adam lost that pleasant place
 From him and his succession:
 How did proceede that transgression?
 E. (Said he) after my rude ingyne,
 I shall rehearse thee that ruine.
 When God the blisfull soule of all,
 Into the Heauen Imperiall:
 Did create all the Angels bright,
 He made an Angel most of might:
 To whom he gave preheminence
 Aboue them all in sapience:
 Because all other he did preferre,
 Named he was bright Lucifer:
 He was so pleasant and so faire,
 He thoght himselfe without compare:
 And grew so gay and glorious,
 Began to be presumptuous;
 He thought that he woulde set his seat,
 Into the North and make debate.
 Contrare the Maiestie diuine,
 Which was the cause of this ruine:
 For he incurred Godes ire,
 And banishe from the heauenes Impyre:

with

With Angels many a Legion,
 Which were of his opinion:
 Innumerable with him theresell,
 Some lighted in the lowest hell:
 Some in the Sea did make repair,
 Some in the Earth some in the Aire:
 That most unhappie company,
 At father Adam had trespasse:
 Perceauing Adam and his seede,
 Into their places to succede:
 The Serpent was the subtillest,
 Aboue all beastes and craftiest:
 Then Sathan with a false intent,
 Did enter into the Serpent:
 Imagining some craftie toyle,
 How he might Adam best beguile:
 And cause him breake Commandement,
 But to the woman first he went:
 Trusting the better to preuaile,
 Full subtiltie did her assaile:
 With fawning wordes false and faire,
 He grew with her familiar:
 That he his purpose might aduance,
 Believing in her inconstance.
 What bene the cause Adam (said he)
 That ye forbearde yon pleasant tree:
 Which bene peerlesse and precious,
 Whose frute bene most delicious:
 I will (said she) thereto accord,
 We are forbidden by the Lord.
 The which hee given vs libertie,
 To eate of euery frute and tree:
 Which growes into Paradis.

D 2

Bye

Breake we Command we are not wise.
 He gaue to vs a strait Command,
 That tree not to touch with our hand,
 Eate we of it without remedde,
 (He said) doubtlesse we shall be dead.
 Beleue not that (Said the Serpent)
 Eate you of it incontinent:
 Repleete you shall be with science,
 And haue perfitte intelligence:
 Like God himselfe of euill and gude,
 Then hastie he to conclude:
 Hearing of this prerogative,
 She pulled downe the skute belyue:
 Throgh counsaile so this false Serpent,
 And eate of it incontinent:
 And put her Husband in beleue,
 That pleasure sente if he wolde pceue:
 That he should be als sapient,
 As the great God Omnipotent:
 Thinke you not that a pleasant thing,
 That we like God should euer ling:
 He hearing this narration,
 And by her sollicitation:
 Moued by prydefull ambition,
 He eate on that condition.
 The principall points of this offence,
 Was pryde, and disobedience:
 Desiring for to be equall,
 To God, the Creator of all.
 Alas Adam, why did thou so,
 Whych caused thou this most all wo:
 Had thou bene constant, firme and stable
 Thy gloze had bene incomparable.

no here

wher was thy Consideration,
 whych had the Domination
 Of euerie liuing creature,
 That God had formed by Nature:
 To vse them at thy aboue deuyse,
 Was thou not Prince of Paradise,
 Was neuer man since then on lyue,
 That God gaue such prerogative,
 He gaue thee strength aboue Sampson,
 And sapience moze then Salomon,
 Young Absolon in his time most faire,
 To thy bewtie was no compaire,
 Aristotle thou didst precell,
 Into Philosophie naturall.
 Virgil into his Poetrie,
 Not Cicero in Oratorie:
 Were neuer halfe so Eloquent,
 Why break thou Gods Commandement,
 wher was thy wit that wolde not see,
 Farre from the presence of that tree,
 Gaue not thy maker the free-will,
 To take the goode and leaue the ill:
 How might thy fore-fault be excused,
 That Gods Commandement refused:
 Throgh thy wifes persuasion,
 whych hes bene the occasion:
 Since that tyme many noble men,
 By the euill counsaile of women,
 Haue all together destroyed bene,
 As in the Histories may be seene:
 whych now we neede not to declare,
 But for ward to our purpose fare.
 When they had eaten of the skute,

D 3

91

Of for then were they destitute:
 Then gan they both for to thinke shame,
 And to be naked thought defame,
 And made them breeches of leaues greene,
 That their secreetes should not be seene,
 But in the state of innocence,
 They had no such Experience.
 But when to sinne they were subjected,
 To shame and sinne they were coacted:
 And in a busse they did them close,
 Ashamed of the Lords voice:
 Which called Adam by his name,
 (Said he) my Lord I thinke great shame
 Naked to come in thy presence:
 Thou had no such Experience.
 (Said G O D) when thou wert innocent,
 Why break thou my Commandement:
 Alas (said Adam) to the Lord,
 The veritie I shall record:
 This woman that thou gaue to me,
 Caulde me eate of yon pleasant tree,
 Right so the woman her excused,
 And said, the Serpent me abused.
 Then to the Serpent God said thus,
 O thou deceiver venemous:
 Because the woman thou begiled,
 From thenceforth shalt thou be cryled:
 Cursed and waried shalt thou bee,
 So shall thy seede be after thee:
 Colde earth shall be thy foode also,
 And creeping on thy brest shall go:
 And I shall put enimitie,
 Betweene the woman euer and thee:

Betweene

Betweene thy seede and womans seede,
 Shall be continuall mortall seede,
 Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischies,
 It shall not be as thou beleueus:
 (I) Such seede shall be in woman sowne,
 That thy power shall be downe throned:
 Treading thy head that thou may feele,
 And thou shalt treade him one the heele.
 This was his promise and meaning,
 That the immaculate Virgine,
 Should beare the Prince Omnipotent,
 Which should tread downe that false serpent:
 Sathan and all his companie,
 And them confound alutterlie.

C (Said I) if Sathan Prince of hell,
 Spake in the serpent, as you tell.
 And beastes can no way sinne at all,
 Why was the serpent made so thrall:
 Their men say before that houre,
 The serpent had a fair figure:
 And went by straight upon his feete,
 And had his members all compleet:
 As other beastes by upon the bent.

E. (Said he) he was instrument
 To Sathan, in his miserie,
 Punisht he was, as you may see:
 As by Experience thou may know,
 Express into the common Law:
 A man conuict of bougerie,
 The beast is burnt as well as he:
 Howbeit the beast be innocent,
 And so befell of this serpent:
 It was the friendfull of diuile,

The First Buike,

Of Adams fall which had the taste:
As he has had of many more,
But to our purpose let us goe.

Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou had be sorrow,
Shall changed be in lasting sorrow.
Nether that thou should with mirth and toy,
Had borne thy birth withouten noy:
Now all thy children thou shalt bare,
With dolour and continuall care:
And thou shalt be for ought thou can,
Ever subiect vnto the man,
By this sentence God did conclude,
Women from libertie denude:
Which by experience you may see,
How Queenes of most high degree,
Are vnder most subiection:
And suffer most correction,
For they like birdes into a cage,
Are kepted ay vnder thair cage.
So all women in their degree,
Should to their men subiect be:
Howbeit some yet will sturue for state,
And for the maistrise make debate:
Which if they lack both euen and morowe,
Their men will suffer mekle sorrow.
Of eue they take that qualitie,
To desire soueraintie,
And then to Adam said the Lord,
Because that thou hast done accord
Thy will, and harkned to thy wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life.

Thou

of the Monarchie.

Thou wert to her as Adam was,
But thou breake my commandment:
Curled and barren the earth shall be,
Nether ever thou goest till that thou die:
But thy self, murther, beane and thorne,
But labour shall be to thee as paine,
For foode thou shalt sweat for thy bread:
But eate the bread which thou shalt eate,
Sore laboring all the day long sweat,
From thence shall thou have thy meat:
I made thee of the earth as Adam,
And thou to earth shalt turne againe:
Then made he them garments,
Of skinner an ragged garment,
Them to preserve from heat and colde,
Then grew they dolour in their soules,
Now Adam you are like to be,
With your gay garment glorious,
To them these words said the Lord,
Then cried they both miserably,
When from that earth, with heartes sore,
Vanisht they were for evermore:
Into this wretched land of sorrow,
With daylie labour euen and morowe,
After whose dolorous departing,
The Lord gave paradise in keeping
Vnto the Angell Cherubim,
That none should haue entree thence,
At the which entree he did stand,
With flaming fire sword in hand,
To keepe that Adam and his wife,
Should not taste of the tree of life:
For if they of the tree had tasted

Perpetuallie they might haue liued.
 So Adam and his succession
 Of Paradise lost possession:
 And by his sinne on small,
 Were men to miserie made thall.
 My Sonne how may thou cleaue see,
 This world begun with miserie:
 With miserie doeth proceede,
 Whose fine shall be to be and dead.

C. Father (said I) what kind of life
 Led Adam with his lustie wife,
 After their banishment from hence.

E. (said he) continual lamentinge
 My heart hes yet compassion.
 How they went wandring vp and down:
 Weeping with many long dayes,
 That they had lost that pleasant place:
 In wilderness to be exiled,
 Where they found nought but trees toyle:
 Murthering them for to deuore,
 Wher all obedient were before.

C. Father (said I) in what Countie
 Did Adam liue, after that he
 Was banished from that delite:

E. The Clarke (said he) hes put in wite:
 How I saw doct with mekeball,
 In Hamre, in that fume hall:
 Which after was the Jewell land,
 Wher yet his Scripture doeth stand:
 I will not tate to discerne
 The woe of Adam and his wife:
 For how that they had homes two,
 Cain and Abell and no mo.

For how cursed Cain was,
 Did say he wither runne,
 For of their mooring gaine of the stone,
 When they coueneant were full done:
 Abell lay slaine upon the ground,
 Cursd Cain flemed him to the ground,
 For how God of his blessing
 Sent them the third sonne face of face:
 Most like Adam of fleshe and blode,
 Seth was his name, gracious and good.
 For how heide Lameth suckled,
 Did say Cain unhappie,
 Adam as Clarke doe descrybe,
 Begate with Eue his woollie wiue,
 Of men children thirtie and tow,
 And of daughters alike also:
 By this thou may well beherstand,
 That Adam saw many a thousand,
 That of his body did descend,
 Ere he out of the world did end:
 Adam liued in earth but twete,
 Compleete nine hundred and thirtie yere:
 And all his dayes were but sorrow,
 Remembryng both euil and moorow
 Of Paradise the prosperitie,
 And then of his great miserie:
 His heart might neuer be reioysed,
 Remembring how the heauen was closed
 From him and his succession,
 And that by his transgression,
 After his death as I heare tell,
 His soule discerided to the hell:
 And there remained prisoner,

In that Dungeon there thousand yet,
 And more, so did both euill and good;
 Till Smiths there had shed their blood;
 Then by that most precious Ranson,
 They were Delivered out of prison.
 I haue declared now as I can,
 The miserie of the first Man;



HOW GOD DESTROYED

All liuing Creatures in Birth for Sinne, and drown-
 ed them by a terrible Flude in the time of Noe.

Preudent Father Experience,
 Declares to meere you, goe hence;
 And that was y^e cause God did destroy
 All Creatures in the tyme of Noe.
 E. (Said he) I tremble for to tell,
 That misfortune who is helld;
 The cause being so abhominable;
 And the matter so miserable.
 But for to shew the circumstance,
 Manifestlie of that mischance,
 First I must make thee understand,
 How Adam gaue appells command:
 To those that came of Seths blood,
 Because they were gracious and good:
 Should not contract with Cains kin,
 Which were indygned all to sin.
 To obserue that Commandement,

Cain past into the Orient,
 With his wife called Calimon,
 Which was his onnesister allwa;
 Where his offspring did long remaine,
 Hard by the Fontaine of Tarbanc,
 And Seth did long time leade his life,
 With Delboza his prudent wife;
 Which was his sister goods and faire,
 In Damascene made their repaire,
 In that Countrie of Seths clan,
 Distended many holse man,
 So long as Adam was liuand,
 The people did obserue command:
 When he was dead and laid in ground,
 All people greatlie did abound;
 And Cain slaine as I haue shewd,
 And Seths daies all ouer blowd,
 The sonnes then of Seths blood,
 Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
 Of the Ladies of Cains kin,
 Howbeit they knew well it was sin:
 Opprest with sensual lusts rage,
 Did take them into Mariage;
 And so corrupted was that blood,
 The good with euill and euill with good.
 Then as the people did increase,
 They did abound in wickednesse;
 As holie Scripture doeth rehearse,
 Which I abhorre to put in verse:
 Or tell with tongue I am not able,
 The sooth being so abhominable;
 How men and women shamefullie,
 Abused themselves vnnaturallic;

Whose foull abhominacion,
 And althie fornication:
 I thinke great shame to put in wryte,
 Euen as Paul Drole doth wryte.
 And if I wolde at length declare,
 It were enough to fyle the air.
 Great Clarks of antiquities,
 Hes wrytten many trewe stories:
 Which are woorthy to be commended.
 Howbeit they be not comprehended,
 At length in the diuine Scripture,
 But I shall doe my busie cure:
 To take the best (as I suppose)
 That most pertaines to my purpose:
 And with support of Christ our King,
 I purpose to confinne nothing,
 Of the olde Historyence,
 Contrarious to his Excellence:
 Howbeit that som meng traditions,
 Be contrare Christs institutions:
 Of them thogh some-thing I declare,
 Now let vs procede farther mai.
 And with a language lamentable,
 Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father the causes wolde I know,
 Why they of Nature brake the Law.

E. I trust (Said he) that wickednesse,
 Entered through sleuthfull idlenesse.
 The deuill with all the craft he can,
 When he perceiues an idle man,
 Or woman giues to idlenesse,
 He getteth easilie entresse:
 And so by this occasion,

And

And the fiendes perswasion,
 The whole world diuertallie
 Corrupted was shatterlie.

C. What was the cause they idle were,
 That cause (Said I) to me declare:
 E. (Said he) by my imagination,
 For lack of vertuous occupation:
 For of Crafte they had small vslage,
 Of Marchandce or labourage,
 The earth was then so plentuous,
 Of frute and wyne delicious:
 The hearbes were so comfortable,
 Delitesome and Medicable:
 The fountaines freshe and redbent:
 To labouring they tooke little tent,
 All maner of Beastes of their pleasure,
 Did multiplye without labour.
 The time betwene Adam and Noe,
 To see the earth it was great ioy:
 Planted with precious trees of prync,
 Four famous floodes of Paradise,
 Ran thogh the earth in sundrie partes,
 Spreding their branches in all airts.
 The water was so strong and fine,
 They wolde not labour to finde wyne:
 The frute and hearbes were so good,
 They made no care for othor foode.
 And so the people tooke no cure,
 But past the time at their pleasures:
 No finding newe inventions,
 To fulfill their intentions.
 And so the Lord Omnipotent,
 That he made Adam did him repent:

And

The First Buike,

And shew vnto his seruants Noe,
That he wolde all the world deliuer,
Except him selfe and his menne:
Alas (saide Noe) when shall that be?
Then said the Lord, since that thou speakest
I shall prolong thy lease of yeeres:
Carrying vpon their repentance,
Ere I fulfill my iust sentence.
In the meantyme fall thou to worke,
Incontinent and builde an Arke.
Which Noe begane obedientlie,
And wrought on it continually:
And to the people daily preached.
To cry for grace he them taught,
And to them plainlie did declare,
That God his rodde no more wolde spare:
But on them he wolde worke vengeance,
To Noe yet they gave no credence,
And so they were incorrigible,
Vilting their lust abominable,
And tooke his preaching in despite:
By following their foule desire,
More and more till that deluful day,
Which all the world put in assay.

C. Farther you made me vnderstand,
When Adam brake the Lords command:
To augment his affliction,
God gaue his malediction
Vnto the Earth which was so faire,
That it should barren be and bare:
And without labour beare no corne,
Nor frute but thistle and thorne.
Now say you in the time of Noe,

Noe

of the Monarchie.

40

To see the Earth it was great joy:
Planted with frutes good and faire,
The sooth to this to me declare:
These sayings two make me consider,
How you make them agree together.

E. God made that promise sickerlie,
Howbeit it came not instantlie:
(saide he) as Clearkes doe conclude,
But after when the furious flude
Destructiue the Earth alutterlie,
Then came that promise sickerlie:
Euen as God did giue command,
Adam should not touch with his hand;
Nor eate of the forbidden tree,
If he did so, that he should dee:
Howbeit he died not but weete,
After that day nine hundredeth yeere,
Right so the Prophet Euias,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias:
Saying, the Childe is to be borne,
To saue mankind, that is forlorne.
As he had bene borne instantlie,
Yet was he not borne berlie:
After that saying many a yeere,
As in the Scripture thou maiest heere,
A thousand yeare who reckons right,
Is as no houre into Gods sight.
Examples many I might tell,
Were it not tedious for to dwell.

To our purpose let vs proceede,
Shewing the hight, the length and breed:
And quantitie of Noes Arke,
Which was a right excellent worke:

f

of

41. The First Briike,
 Of Syne tree made, bound well about,
 Laid ouer with pick wolthin and out:
 Joyned full close with nailes strong,
 And was thre hundreth cubite long:
 Fiftie in bredth, thirtie in hight,
 Thre chambers toynd well and wight:
 And euerie loft aboue an other,
 With out Anchor, Dore or Ruther.
 A right cubite as I heare tell,
 Of measure now might be an ell.
 In the mid side a dooze their wes,
 For beastes a full easle entres:
 This Arke which was both long and large,
 Made in the bottom like a Barge:
 Couered with boordes well aboute,
 Most like an house with set on ruse:
 Whose riging was one Cubite brade,
 Wherein there was a window made.
 Some saies wel closed with Chrystal cleare,
 Wherthogh the day-light might appeare,
 This worke the more was to be pyssed,
 Because by God it was deuyled:
 The making of this Arke but weir,
 Indured well an hundreth yeir.
 When Noe had ended this warke,
 God did him close within the Arke:
 With him his wyfe and sonnes thre,
 With their wyfes and no more menze.
 Of all the fowles of the air,
 Of euerie kinde entred on pair:
 Right so two beastes of euerie kinde,
 For whyt it was the Lords minde:
 That Generation should not faill,
 Wherefore of femall and of Maill,

of the Monarchie. 42
 A seuerie kinde were keeped two:
 But to rehearse my heart is wo,
 The dolent lamentation,
 That ruine of euerie Nation:
 Saying, alas a thousand yle
 When winde and raine beganne to rise:
 The Rocks with reird began to ruse,
 When vgly cloudes did ouer dyue:
 And darkned so the heauens bright,
 That Sun nor Moone might shew no light:
 The terrible trimbling of Earth quake,
 Made buildings bowe, and cities shake:
 The thunder rent the cloudes sable,
 With fearefull noise inuincible.
 The fireflaughts flew ouer thogh the fells,
 Then was their not but shouts and pelles.
 When they perced without remed,
 All Creatures to suffer dead:
 All fountaines from the earth by sprang,
 And from the heauen the raine down dang:
 Fourtie dayes and fourtie nights,
 Then ran the people to the heights:
 Some climbs on crags som climbs on trees
 Some to the highest Mountaines fies:
 With more terror then I can tell,
 But all for noght, the floodes fell:
 And winde did rent with such a reard,
 That euerie wight boaried his boord:
 Crying, alas that they were dozne,
 Into that flood to be forlorne.
 Men might make no helpe to their wyues,
 Nor yet support their childrens liues.
 The floodes rose with so great might,
 That

That they ouer couered all the hights.
 They might no more their liues length,
 But swimde so long as they had strength.
 And so with cryes lamentable,
 Ended their lyses miserable.
 Aboue Mountaines that were most hie,
 Fiftie Cubites did rise the sea.
 Men may imagine in their minde,
 All creature into their kinde:
 Both beastes and foules in the air,
 In their maner made mekle care.
 The fishes thought them selues begyde,
 When they swimde thzogh the woods wilde
 The whales tumbling among the trees,
 Wilde beastes swimming in the seas:
 Birdes with many a piticous peto,
 Affrayedlie in the earth they flew:
 So long as they had strength to see,
 Then swattered downe into the sea.
 Nothing on earth was left on life,
 Beastes nor foules man nor wife:
 For whollie God did them destroy,
 Except them in the Ark with Noe:
 The which lay fleeing on the floode,
 No altring among the streames woodde,
 With many terrible affrayes,
 Remained an hundred and fiftie dayes.
 In great langour and heauinesse,
 Ere wind or raine began to cease.
 Sometime effectuouslie praying,
 Sometime the beastes besyng.
 For by the Lords commandement,
 He made prouision sufficient;

For Noe dwelt in the Ark no doubt,
 A yeare complete ere he came out:
 How at more length in holte wyte,
 This dulefull Historie bene indite,
 And how that Noe gane to reioyce,
 When Conduites of the heauen had close:
 So that the raine no more descended,
 For yet the floode no more ascended,
 When he perceived the Heauens clare,
 He sent forth Corbie Hellingere,
 Into the Aire for to espy,
 If he saw any Mountaines dry:
 Some saies, the Rauen forth did remaine,
 And came not to the Ark againe.
 Forth flew the Dove at Noes command,
 And when she did perceiue dry land:
 Of an Olive she brake a branche,
 That Noe knewe the floode did stanche:
 And there no more she did twayne,
 But with the branche she did returne,
 That Noe might cleerlie vnderstand,
 That fellow floode was decayed:
 And so it did till at the last,
 The Ark vpon the ground stak fast:
 On the toppe of a Mountaine hie,
 Into the land of Armenie.
 And when Noe had one espy,
 How that the Earth began to dry:
 Then threw he downe the doozes all,
 And loosed them the which were thraff,
 The foules flew forth into the air,
 And all the beastes by pair and pair
 Went forth to seek their pasturages,

There was none but eight personages;
 For he the Sonnes and the Moones,
 On Earth that left was with their lues:
 Whom God did blesse and sanctifie,
 Saying, Increase and multiplye.
 God wait if For was blyth and glade,
 When of that prison he was freed.

When For had made his Sacrifice,
 Thanking God of his benefice:
 He standing on Mount Armente,
 Where he the Countrie might espy:
 He may beleue his heart was sore,
 Seeing the Earth which was before:
 The floodes so pleasant and perfit,
 Now high to beholde was great delite:
 That now was barren made and bare,
 Before which fructuous was and faire,
 The pleasant trees bearing frutes,
 Now lay and reuoln vp be the ruitis:
 The holm herbis and seagrant floures,
 Had tyme baith verteb and colouris:
 The feedis grene, and flurist miedis,
 Now spulzet of their pleasant weids.
 The earth quhill first wes so faire formit,
 Wes be that furious flude desoymit:
 Quhare vnyquyle war, the pleasant planis,
 Now holkit Glennis, and the montanis:
 From clattring craigis, greit and gray,
 The earth was westen quyte away.
 Bot For had greitest displeuris,
 Behald and the dede Creaturis:
 Quhill wes ane sicht richt lamentabill,
 Men, women, beistis innumercabill:

Seing

Seing thame ly vpon the landis,
 And sum wer sleeting on the strandis:
 Quhaillis, and monstouris of the seis,
 Sticket on Hobbis among the treis,
 And quhen the flude was detrelland,
 Thay wer left weltering on the land,
 For the flude, during that space,
 The Sey wes all into ane place.
 Richt so the earth, as bene deydit,
 In synde partis was nocht deydit:
 As bene Europe, and Asia,
 Deydit ar from Africa.
 Ze se now diuers famous Iis,
 Stand from the mene land mony mylis.
 All the greit Iis, I vnderstand,
 Vnder than equall with the ferme land,
 Thare was none sey Mediterrane,
 Bot onely the greit Oceane:
 Quhill did not spid sic bullering strandis,
 As it dois now ouerthort the landis.
 Than by the raising of that flude,
 The earth of verteb wes denude:
 The quhill afor was to be prysit,
 Quhose be wite than war disagysit,
 Than was the maledictioun knawin,
 Quhill was be God till Adam schawin,
 I reid how clerkis dois conclude,
 In during that most furious flude:
 North quhill the earth was so supprest,
 The wynd blew furth of the south west
 As may be sene be Experiences,
 How throw the watteris violence,
 The high montanis in euery qrt,

He bair forgane the South west part:
 As the mountanis of pyrenis,
 The Alpes and Rochis in the saig:
 Richt so the Rochis greit and gray,
 Dubilk standis into Rozoway,
 The hichest hillis in euery art,
 And in Scotland, for the most part:
 Throug weltering of that furious flude,
 The craigis of eirth war maid denude.
 Trauelling men, may consider best,
 The montanis bair, nyxt the South west.
 C. Declare (quod I) or ye conclude,
 How lang leuit Aoe efter the flude,
 E. (Quod he) in Genesis thou may here,
 How that Aoe was for hundreth zere,
 The tyme of his greit punisshement,
 And ay to God obedient:
 And was the best of Sethis blude,
 And alas he leuit efter the flude,
 The hundreth and systie zetis,
 As the Samyn Scripture witnes beiris,
 And was or he randerit the speit,
 Ayne hundreth and systie zetis complott.
 To schaw this hystorie miserabill,
 At lenth, my wittis ar nocht abill:
 And als my Sone (as I suppose)
 It langis nocht till our pu rpose:
 To schaw how Aoeis sonnis thrie,
 Gan to increas and multiplie.
 For how that Aoe plantit the wyne,
 And drank till he was daunkin syne:
 And slepit with his membris bair,
 And how Cham, maid for him an ear,

Genes. 9

Bot

Bot leuch to se his father so,
 Howbeit his brether war richt too.
 For how Aoe, but restrictioun,
 Gane Cham his maledictioun:
 And put hym under scrutude,
 To Sem and Japhet that war gude.
 For how God maid ane conuenient,
 With Aoe, to mak na punisshement:
 For be na flude the pepill droun,
 In signe of that conditioun,
 His Rane Bow set into the air,
 Of diuers heurtlie colouris fair:
 For to be ane perpetuall sing,
 Be flude to mak na punisshing:
 This hystorie, gif thou list to knaw,
 At lenth the Bibill sall the schaw.





THE SECVND BVKE:

I. Contening the building of Babilon

be Nimrod. And how King Ninus began
the First Monarchie of thair Idolatrie.

And how Semiramis gouernit the
Impyre after hir husband.
King Ninus.



After I pray you, to me tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediatlie after the Flude,
And quha did first schew saikles
blude:

And how Idolatrie began:

E. (Quod he) I sail do as I can:
Efter the Flude, I find na historie,
no outhy to put in memorie:

Genes. 9

Till Nimrod began to ring,
Abuse the pepill, as ane King:

Quhill wes the principall man of one,
That beildar wes of Babilone.

C. That historie Maister wold I knaw,
(Quod I) gif ze the surth wald schaw:

Quhy, and for quhat occasion,
Thay beildit sic ane strang Dungeoun:

E. Chan said to me Experience,
I sail declare with diligence,

Those

Those questions at thy command,
Bot first done, thow mon vnderstand
Of Nimrod, the Cerealogie,
His strength, curage, and quantitie:
Howbeit Moyses in his first buke,
That historie lichtlie did ouer luke,
Of hym na mair he doith declare,
Except he was ane strang Huntare:
Bot vtheris Clerkis curious
As Orose doith, and Iosephus:
Discryus Nimrod at mair lenth,
Baith of his nature, and his strength.
This Nimrod was the fourt person,
From Noe be lyne discending down.
Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the suthere bene thus.
This Nimrod grew ane man of might,
That tyme in eirth, wes none so wicht:
He wes ane Grand stout and strang,
Perforce wold beistis he down thrang:
The pepill of that hail Regioun,
Came vnder his dominium.
A man thair wes in all that land,
His stal wartnes that durst ganestand,
A maruell wes thocht he wes wicht
Ten cubitis large, he wes of wicht,
Proportionat in lenth and beid,
Efterand to his hicht we reid.
He grew so greit and glorious,
So prydefull and presumptuous:
That he come Inobedient,
To the greit God Omnipotent,
This Nimrod was the principall man

G 2

This

That first Idolatrie began.

Then gart he all he pepill call,
To his presence baith greit and small:
And in that greit Conuentioun,

Gene', 11

Did propone his Intentioun.

My freindis (said he) I mak it knawin.

The greit vengeance that God hes schawin,

In tyme of our fore father Noy

Whan he did all the world destroy

And dround thame in ane furious flude,

Wharefore, I think we suld conclude:

How we may mak ane strang defence,

Aganis sic watteris violence.

For to resist his furious Ire,

Contrair baith to flude and fyre.

Lat vs ga spy sum plesand feild,

Whare ane strang bigging we may heild,

Ane Cittie, with ane strang Dungeoun,

That none Ingyne may ding it down.

So hich, so thick, so large and lang,

That God till vs sall do na wrong:

It sall surmont the Planetis seuin,

That we from God may win the heuin.

Those pepill with ane ferme intent,

All till his counsell did consent:

And did espy ane plesand plais,

Hard on the flude of Euphrates.

The pepill thare did thame repair,

Into the plane feild of Smeat:

Whilk now of Chaldee beiris the name,

Whilk did lang tyme sureis in fame.

Thair greit Fortres thair did thay found,

And haist till thay gat souer ground,

All

All fell to work, baith man and chyld,

Sum holkit clay, sum bynt the tyld,

Nimrod, that curious Campioun,

Deuplar wes of that Dungeoun.

Na thing thay spairt thair laubouris,

Lyke belle beis vpon the flouris:

Oz Emmettis trauellung into Fume,

Sum vnder wrocht, and sum abume:

With strang Ingenious Masonrie,

Upwart thair work did fortifie,

With bynt tyld, stonis large & wicht,

That Toure thay raisit to sic hicht

Abuse the air is Regioun,

And Junit of so strang fallow:

With Symcnt maid of pik and ter,

Thay bilt nane vther moxer.

Thocht fyre oz watter it assalit,

Contrair that dungeoun nocht auailit.

The land about was fair and plane,

And it rais lyke ane hich montane:

Those fulische pepill did intend,

That to the heuin it suld ascend:

So greit ane strength wes neuer sene,

Into the world with mennis ene,

The wallis of that work thay maid:

Twa and fyttie saldome bzaid:

Ane saldome than, as some men sayis,

Nicht bene twa saldome in our dayis

Ane man wes than of mair stature,

For twa be now, thareof be sure.

Josephus haldis opinioun

Sayand the hicht of this Dungeoun,

Of large passis of measure bene,

G 3

True

fyue thousand, aucht score & fourtene,
 Be this rakning, it is full richt.
 Fyue mylis, and ane half in hicht:
 Ane thousand paise, tak for ane myle,
 And thow sall find it neir that stile:
 This toure in compass round about,
 Wer mylis ten, withoutin dout:
 About the Cete of Staidis,
 Foure hundreth, and four score & twis:
 And be this noumer in counpas,
 About thre score of mylis it was.
 And as Orosius reportis,
 That wes fyue score of brasin portis.
 The Translatour of Orosius
 Intill his Cronicle wyttis thus.
 That quhen the Sunne is at the hicht
 At none, quhen it dois schyne maist bricht:
 The schaddow of that hiduous strent,
 Sex myle, and mair, it is oflent,
 Thus may ze Judge into your thocht,
 If Babilon be hich or nocht.



How



How God maid the diuersitie
 of Languagis, and maid impediment to
 the Buildaris of Babilon.

II.

An the greit God Omnipotent,
 To quhom al thingis bene present,
 That wes, and is, and euer salbe,
 At present till his Pleasur:
 The hid secretis of mannis hart,
 From his presence may nocht depart:
 He seand the ambitiou,
 And the pybelill presumptioun:
 How this proude pepill did pretend,
 Up throuch the heuennis till ascend:
 Quhilk wes greit folie till deuple,
 Sic ane presumptuous interperle:
 For quhen thay wer most diligent,
 God maid thame sic impediment:
 Thay wer constraint with harts sore
 From thyme departe and beild no more.
 Sic Languagis on thame he laid,
 That none wold quhat ane ither said.
 Quhare wes bot ane language afore,
 God send thame languagis thre score.
 At that tyme all spak Hebreu,
 Than sum began for to speik Greu:
 Sum Dutche, sum language Sarasyne,
 And sum began to speik Latyne.

The

The Maister men, gan to ga wylde,
 Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tylde:
 Sum said bzing mortar heir atanis,
 Than brocht thay to thame stakis and stanis.

And Nimrod thair greit Campioun,
 Ran rage and lyke ane wylde Lyon,
 Manassing thame with wordis rude:
 Bot neuer ane worde thay vnderstod,
 Afoze thay fand hym guide and kynd,
 But than thay thocht hym, by his mynd,
 Quhen he so furiouslye did flyte,
 Than turnit his pryde into despyte.
 So dirk Eclipse it wes his gloze,
 Quhen thay wold wark for him no moze.

Behald howe God wes so gracious,
 To thame quhilk wer so outrageous:
 He nather brak thair leggis nor armis,
 Nor yet did thame none ither harmis:
 Except of toungis diuylsoun,
 And for synall conclusioun,
 Constraynit thay wer for till depart,
 ilk cumpane in ane synndie art,
 Sum past into the Orient,
 And sum into the Occident.
 Sum South, sum North, as thay thocht best,
 And so thair pollicie lest wast.
 Bot howe that cietie was repairit,
 Heir efter it salbe declarit.

Of the

Of the first invention of Idola-

trarie. How Nimrod compelled the Pepill
 till adorne the fire in Chaldea.

III.

Now sir (said I) shaw me the mā
 Quhilk first Idolatrie began.
 E. That sall I do with all my
 hart,
 My sone (said he) or we depart.

Quhen Nimrod saw his purpose failled,
 And his great labour not auailed:
 In maner of contemptioun,
 Departed forth of that Region.
 And as Orsius doeth rehearse,
 He past into the land of Persie:
 And many ane zeir did there remaine,
 And sine to Babilon came againe,
 And fand hudge pepill of Chaldie,
 Remainand in that great citie,
 That were glade of his returning,
 And did obey him as their king.
 Nimrod his name for till aduance,
 Among them made new ordinance:
 Sayand, I think ye are not wise,
 That to none God makes sacrifice.

Than to fullill his false desire,
 He gart be made ane flammand fire,
 And made it of sic breid and hicht,
 He gart it burne baith day and nicht.
 Than all the pepill of that land,
 Adored the fire at his command.
 Prostrerned on knies and faces,
 Besekand their new God of graces

D

Co

To giue them mair occasion,
 He made them great perswasion.
 This God (said he) is mair of might,
 Shewand his beimes on the night.
 Quhen Sunne and Moone are baith obscure,
 His heauenlic brightnes does indure.
 Quhen mens members suffers caid,
 Fire warms them euen as they wald.
 Then cryed the pepill at his desire,
 There is na God except the fire.

Oz there was any Imagerie,
 Began this first Idolatrie:
 At that tunc there was na vsage,
 To carue, nor for to paint Image.
 Then made he proclamation,
 Quha made na adoration
 To that new God, without remeid,
 Into that fire sould suffer deid.
 I fnde na man into that land,
 His tyranic that durst gainstand.
 Bot Abram and Aram his brother,
 That disobeyed, I fnde none vther:
 Quhilk dwelland were in that Cuntre,
 With their father called Tharic:
 Thir brether Nimrod did reprim,
 Sayand to him, Lord with your liue,
 This fire is bot ane element,
 Pray ze to God Omnipotent:
 Quhilk made the heauens be his might.
 Sunne, Moone and Starres to giue licht.
 He made the fisshes in the Seas,
 The Earth with beasts, herbs, and trees.
 And last of all for to conclude,

He made man to his similitude.
 To that great God giue praise and gloir,
 Quhose King indures euer moir.

Then Nimrod in his furious ice,
 Thir brether baith kest in the fire:
 Abraham be God he was preserued,
 Bot Aram in the fire he sterued.
 Quhen Tharic heard his sonne was dead,
 He did depart out of that stead:
 With Abraham, Nachor, and their wiues,
 As the Scripture at lenth descriues.
 And lest the land of Chaldea,
 And past to Mesopotamia.
 And dwell in Charan all his dayes,
 And died there as the storie sayes.
 The life of Abraham I suppose,
 Na thing langes to our purpose:
 Into the Byll thou may reid,
 His vertuous life in word and deid.
 Now to thee I haue shawen the man,
 That first Idolatrie began.

Of the great Miseric and skaiths

that comes of weirs: And how King Ninus began the first weirs, and Arak the first Battell.



III.
 Ether I pray you with my hart,
 Declare to me oz we depart:
 Quha first began thir mortal
 weirs.

Whilk euery faithfull hart effectis
 And euery policie downe throwes,
 Express against the Lords Lawes &
 Sen Christ our King Omnipotent,

Left peace intill his Testament.
 How does proceed this crueltie,
 Against justice and equitie.
 In land quhair any weires bene,
 Great miserie there may be sene.
 All thing on earth that God hes wrocht,
 Weir does destroy and put to nocht.
 Cities with many strang Doungeoun,
 Are brunt, and to the Earth dung down.
 Virgins and Matrons are destroyed,
 Temples that richlie bene decoyed,
 Are brunt, and all their Priests spulzied,
 Pure Ophelines vnder feit are fulzied.
 Many auld men maid childerles,
 And many childer fatherles.
 Of famous Schules the Doctrine,
 Baith Naturall, Science and Diuine;
 And euerie vertue tramped down,
 Na reuerence done to Religion.
 Strenths destroyed aluterlie,
 Fair Ladies forced shamfullie.
 Young widowes spulzied of their spouses,
 Pure laborars hounded from their houses.
 There dare na Marchant take on hand,
 To trauell nether be sea nor land:
 For bouthours that does them confound,
 Sum murtheris bene, and sum are droun.
 Craftsmen of curious Ingine,
 Aluterlie put to ruine.
 The Bestiall rest, the commons flane,
 The land but laboring does remaine.
 Of Policie the perste markes,
 Buildings, Gardines, pleasant parkes:

Aluterke

Aluterlie destroyed bene,
 Great Granges bynur there may be sene.
 Riches bene turned to pouertie,
 Plentie intill menuritie.
 Death, hunger, derth, it is well kend,
 Of weir, this is the fatall end.
 Justice turned in tyrantie,
 All pleasour in aduersitie.
 The weir aluterlie down thraues,
 Baith the Ciuill and Cannon lawes.
 Weir genners murther and mischief,
 Sore lamenting without releif.
 Weir doeth destroy Realmes and Kinges,
 Great Princes weir to prison bringes.
 Weir sheddies mekill saikles blude,
 Sen I can say of weir na gude.
 Declare to me, sir gif ze can,
 Quha first this miserie began.

¶ Ane short description of the
 foure Monarchies. And how King Ninus
 began the first Monarchie.

V.



Quha first this miserie began,
 He greit outrage
 Began into the secund age:
 He cruell, pridesfull, conetous
 kings,
 Reuers but richt of others riges
 Howbeit Cain after the flude,
 Was first shedder of saikles blude.
 Ninus was first and principall man,
 Quhilk wraungous conquessing began,
 And was the man withoutten fail.
 In earth that brak the first battell:

D 3

And

And first inuented Imagerie,
 Quhair throuch came great Idolatrie.
 No most knowe or we further wend,
 Of quhom King Ninus did descend.
 Ninus gif I can richt define,
 He was how soe the best be lyne.
 Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
 And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus:
 And Belus Ninus but lesing,
 Of Assyria the secund king.
 And beildar of that great Cirie,
 The quhilk was called Ninie:
 And was the first and principall man,
 Quhilk the first Monarchie began.
 C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
 Quhat signifes ane Monarchie?
 E. The suith (said he) Sone, gif thou knew
 Monarchie bene ane terme of Grew:
 As quhen ane Province principall,
 Had haill power Imperial:
 During thair dominations,
 Abuse all kings and Nations,
 Ane Monarchie, that men dois call,
 Of quhome I find foure principall:
 Quhilk hes rounge since the world began.
 C. Then (said I) Father, gif ze can,
 Quhilk foure be they, schaw me I pray zow
 E. My Sone (said he) that that I say zow:
 First rang the kings of Assyrians:
 Secundlie rang the Persians.
 The Greikis thridlie, with sword and fyre
 Perforce obtained the thrid Impyre,
 The fourt Monarchie, as I here.

The Romans buked many ane yeare.
 Lat vs first speik of Ninus king,
 How he began his conquering.
 The auld Greik Historiciane,
 Diodorus, he writtes plane,
 At richt great lenth of Ninus king,
 Of his Impyre and Conquering,
 And of Semiramis his wife,
 That tyme the lustiest on lpe.
 It wer to long to put in wypte,
 Quhilk Diodore hes done indyte.
 Bot I shall schaw, as I suppose,
 Quhilk maist belanges thy purpose,
 Quhen Nimrod, Prince of Babilone,
 Out of this wretched world was gone
 And his sone Belus dead alwa,
 The first king of Assyria,
 This Ninus quhilk was secund king,
 Triumphantlie began to regne,
 And was not satisfieit, nor content,
 Of his awne Region, nor his rent:
 Thinkand his glorie for to aduance,
 We his great people and puissance:
 Throuch pryde, cobetice, and vane glorie
 Did him prepare to conqueis more:
 And gaddered furth ane great armie,
 Contrare Babilon and Chaldie:
 Quhair of he had ardent desyre,
 To ioyne that land to his Impyre.
 Howbeit he had thairro na richt
 Bot he his tyrannie and might,
 Withouthen feir of God or man,
 His conquering thus he began.

His pepill beand in array,
 To Chaldea take the reddie way.
 When that the Babilonians,
 Together with the Chaldeans,
 Heard tell King Ninus was cummand,
 Made proclamations throughe the land:
 That ilk man after their degrie,
 Shuld come and sail their awin Cuntre,
 Howbeit they had na vse of weir,
 They past fordwaird withoutten feir.
 And put themselfes in gude ordour,
 To meet King Ninus on the boydour.
 In that time ye sall understand,
 There was na harness in the land:
 For till defend, nor till invade. (made.
 Whairthow mair slaughter there was
 They faucht throw strength of their bodie,
 With gaddes of iron, with stones and tries,
 With sound of horne, and hideous cry,
 They rushed together richt rudely.
 With hardle heart, and strength of hands,
 Till thousands dead lay on the lands.
 Whair men in battell naked bene,
 Great slaughter sone there may be sene.
 They faucht sa lang and cruellie,
 And with vncertaine victorie:
 Na man might iudge that stude on far,
 Wha gat the betrer nor the war.
 Bot when it did approach the night,
 The Chaldeans they take the flight.
 Then the King and his companie,
 Weren richt glade of that victorie:
 Because he wan the first battell.

That

That striken was on earth but fall.
 And peaceable of that Region,
 Did take the hiall Dominoun.
 That was he King of Chaldea,
 As well as of Assyria,
 As for the King of Arabie,
 In his conquest made him supplie.
 Of this ze was he not content,
 Bot to the Resime of Mede he went:
 Wher Fenus King of that Cuntre,
 Did meete him with ane great armie.
 Bot King Ninus the battell wan,
 Wher he slawe were many nobill man.
 And to their King wald giue na grace,
 Bot plainlie in ane publick place,
 With his seven sonnes and his Ladie.
 Cruellie did them crucifie:
 Of that triumph he did reioies,
 Sine forward to the feld he goes.
 Then conquest he Armenta,
 Persie, Egypt, and Pamphilia.
 Capadoce, Lyde, and Mauricane,
 Assyria, Phrygia, and Hyrcane.
 All Africa and Asia,
 Except great Inde and Bactria.
 Whilk he did conques afterwar,
 As ye sall heare of we depart.
 Now wald I for we farther wend,
 That his Idolatrie were kend.
 Sine after that without foryne,
 Till our purpose we sall retorne.

How

¶ How King Ninus invented

the first Idolatrie of Images.

VI

Ninus ane Image he gart mak.
 For king Belus his fathers said
 Maist lyk his father of figure,
 Of quantitie and pourtrature.
 Of fyne Gold was þe figur made

Ane craftie Crown vpon his head,
 With pretius Stones in tairning,
 His father Belus was ane King.
 In Babilon he ane temple made,
 Of craftie work both rich and braide.
 Quhairin that Image gloriouslie,
 Was throned vpon triumphantlie.
 Then Ninus gaue ane strait command;
 To all the people of that land.
 Allweill intill Assyria,
 As in Sinar and Chaldea.
 And this domination.
 They suld mak adoration,
 Vpon their kneis to that figure,
 Under the paine of forefature.
 Their was na Lord in all that land,
 His summonding that durst gancstand.
 Then young and auld baith great and small,
 To that Image they prayed all:
 And changed his name, as þe heir tell,
 From Belus to their great God Well.
 In that temple he did deyle,
 Preists for to mak sacrifice,
 Be consuetude, than came ane law,
 None vther God that they wald knaw,

And

And als he gaue to that Image,
 Of Sanctuarie the pruibledge:
 For quhatsumeuier great transgressor,
 Ane homicide, or oppressor,
 Seand that Image in the face,
 Of their great gylt gat the Kings grace.
 C. Declair to me twelt Sir (said I)
 Was there na mair Idolatrie?
 Efter that this fals Idole Bell,
 Was throned vpon as ze me tell,
 E. My Sone (said he) incontinent,
 The nouells throuch the world they went.
 How King Ninus as I haue said,
 Ane curius Image he had maid.
 To the quhilk all his Nation,
 Made deuote adoration:
 Then euerie Cuntrie take conceit,
 They wald King Ninus counterfeit.
 Quhen ony famous man was deid,
 Set vpon ane Image in his steid.
 Quhilk they did honour from the splene,
 As it immortal God had beine:
 Images sum made for the naings,
 Of fyne Gold, sum of staks and stains.
 Of siluer sum, and Iuorie bane,
 With diuers names to euerie ane,
 For sum they called Saturnus,
 Sum Jupiter, sum Neptunus.
 And sum they called Cupido,
 Their God of lufe, and sum Pluto.
 And sum the windle Colus.
 Sum Mars made lyke ane man of weir,

Enay

Enarm'd well with sword and speir:
 Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo:
 Of names they had a hundred mo.

Quhen ane Ladie of great fame,
 Was dead, for till eralt her name:
 Ane Image of her portature,
 Wald set vp in ane Oratour,
 The quhilk they called their goddess,
 As Venus, Juno, and Pallas:
 Some Cleo, some Proserpina:
 Some Ceres, Vesta, and Diana.
 And some the great Goddess Minerve,
 With curious cullours they wald carue.
 Among the poets thou may see,
 Of false Goddesses the genealogie.

So hir abominations,
 Did spred ouerthort all Nations:
 Except gude Abraham as we reid,
 Quhilk honoured God in word and deid.
 For Abraham had his beginning,
 Into the time of Ninus King.
 Ninus began with tiranie,
 And Abraham with humilitie.
 Ninus began the first Empire,
 Abraham of weir had na desire.
 Ninus began Idolatrie,
 Abraham in spirit and veritie.
 He prayed to the Lord alane.
 False Imagerye he wald haue nane.
 Of him discened I heere tell,
 The twelue tribes of Israel.
 Thir pepill made adoration,
 With humble supplication.

Till

With humble supplication.
 Till him quhilk was of kings King,
 That heaven and earth made of nothing.
 Dead Images they heid at nocht,
 That were with mens hands wrought.
 Bot the Almightie God of life,
 My Sone now haue I done describe
 Thir questions at thy command,
 The quhिल्s thou did at me demand.

C. Quhat was the cause (sir make me sure)
 Idolatrie did sa lang indure,
 Out throuch the world sa generallie,
 And with the Gentiles specialie?

E. (Quod he) some causes principall,
 I fande in my memori all.
 First was throuch Princes commandement,
 Quhilk did Idolatrie inuent.
 Sine singular profite of the Priests,
 Painters, Goldsmiths, Masons, Wrights,
 Thir men of craft full curiouse,
 Made Images so pleasandlie:
 And sauld them for ane sumptuous price,
 To be their craftie Merchandice.
 They were made rich aboue measure,
 As for the Priests I thee assure,
 Large profite gat ouerthort all lands,
 Throuch sacrifice and offerands.
 And be their fained sanctitude,
 Abused many ane man of gude.
 As in the time of Daniell,
 The Priests of this Idoll sell:
 Quhen Nabuchodonosor King,
 In Babylon royallie did ring.

Thir

691 The second Buke

Thir priests the King gart vnderstand,
That Image made be mens hand,
He was ane glorious God of liue,
And had sic ane prerogative,
That be his great power diuine,
Heald eat Beif, Button, Bread and wine.
And so the King gart euery day,
Besoir Well on his alter lay,
Fourtie fresh wadders fat and fine,
And six great roubours of wicht wine:
Twelf great loaves of boboted flour,
Which was all eaten in ane houre:
Not be that Image beif and dum,
Nor be the Priests all and cum.

Dani. 3. As in the Bybell thou may ken,
Whose number were thre score and tens
They and their wifes euerylk day,
Eat all that on the Altar lay.
Then Daniell in conclusion,
Shew the King their abusion:
And of their subtiltie made him sure,
How vnderneath the sempell sure,
Throuch ane passage they cam be night,
And eat that meat with candell light.
The King quhen he the mater knew,
Thir Priests with all their wifes he flew.
Thus subtiltie the King was cyled,
And all the pepill were begyled.
My soane (said he) now may thou ken,
How be the priests and craftsmen,
And be their craftines and cure,
Idolatrie did so lang endure.
Behold how John Boccacius.

hes

of the Monarchie

70

Hes written warke wondrous:
Of Gentiles superstition,
And of their great abusion.
As in his great Buke thou may see,
Of fals Goddes the genealogie:
Of Demogorgon, in speciall,
For Grandhir till the Goddes all.
Honoured amang Archadians,
And of the false Philistians,
With their great deuillish god Dagon,
With others Idoles many one,
But I abhor the trueth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israell.
Chosen be God Omnipotent,
How they brak his commandement.
King Salomon as the Scripture sayes,
He doated in his latter dayes:
His wanton wifes to compleis:
He cured nocht God to displeis.
And did commit Idolatrie,
Worshipping carued Imagerie:
As Moloch god of Ammonites,
And Chamos god of Moabites.
Asaroach god of Sodomians,
So for his inobediens,
And foull abomination,
Were punisht his succession.
His sonne Roboam, I heare tell,
Tint the ten Tribes of Israell.
For his fathers Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou may see.

2 Reg. 2

of

70 The secund Buke
Of Images vsed among Chri-
stiane Men.

VII.



Either yet anething I wald speir
Behald in euery Kirk & Queir,
Throuch Christendome in burgh
and land,
Images made with mans hand
To quhome be giuen diuers names,
Sum Peter and Paul, sum John & James:
Sanct Peter carued with his keyes,
Sanct Michaell with his wings and weyes
Sanct Katherin with her sword and wheill,
Ane hynd set vp beside sanct Geill.
It were to lang for to describe,
Sanct Frances with his wounds flue.
Sanct Credwall als there may be sene,
Quhilk on ane prick hes baith her ene.
Sanct Paul well painted with ane sword,
As he wald fecht at the first word.
Sanct Apolline on aulter stands,
With all her teith intill her hands.
Sanct Roch well leised men may see,
An: byle new broken on his thie.
Sanct Eloy he does stately stand,
Ane new horse schoe intill his hand.
Sanct Piniane of ane rotten rock,
Sanct Dutho bozed out of ane block.
Sanct Androw with his Croce in hand,
Sanct George vpon ane horse rydand.
Sanct Antonie set vp with ane sow,
Sanct Byrde well carued with ane bow.
With coastlie colours fine and fair,

Que

of the Monarchie.

73

Ane thousand ma, I might declare:
As sanct Cosme, and Damian,
The Sowdars sanct Christopher.
All this on aulter stately stands,
Preists cryand for their offerands.
To quhom we Commons on our knies,
Does worship all this Imagery:
In Kirk in Queir, and in the Cloister,
Prayand to them our Pater noster:
In pilgrimage from town to town,
With offerand, and with Orlain:
To them ay babland on our heids,
That they may help vs in our neids.
Quhat differs this, beclarte to me,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie?

E. Gif that be trew that thou reports,
It goes richt neir the famine sorts:
Bot we be counsell of Clergie,
Hes licence to make imagery:
Quhilk of vnlearned bene the bukes,
For quhen lawed for vpon them lukes:
It bringes to remembrance,
Of Sanctis lyues the circumstance.
How the faith for to forstie,
They suffered paine richt patientlie,
Seand the Image of the Rude,
Men could remember on the blude,
Quhilk Christ intill his Passioun,
Did shed for our Saluation:
Or quhen thou sees ane portraiture
Of blessed Marie virgin pure:
Ane bonny Babe vpon her knee,
Then in thy minde remember thee,

3

The

The words quibils the Prophet said
 How she should be both mother & maid:
 Bot quha that sits down on their knees,
 Pray and till any Imageries:
 With Orison or offerand,
 Knelaud with cap into their hand.
 Na difference bene, I say to thee,
 From the Gentiles Idolatrie.
 Richt so of diuers Nations,
 I read the abhominations,
 How Greiks made their deuotion hail
 To Mars, to saif them in battell.
 Till Iupiter come take their voyage,
 To saif them from the stormes rage.
 Some prayed to Venus from the spleene
 That they their loues might obtene.
 And some to Iuno for ritches,
 Their pilgrimage they wald addres.
 So does our comen populare,
 Quhilk were so long for till declare.
 Their superstitious pilgrimages,
 To many diuers Images.
 Some to Sanct Roch with diligence,
 To saif them from the pestilence.
 For their teith to sanct Apolline.
 To sanct Cred wall to mend their ene.
 Some makes offerand to saint Cloy,
 That he their horse may well conuoy.
 Th y run when they haue jewels tint.
 To seek sanct Syth etc euer they sint
 And to sanct Germane, to get reuincid,
 For maladies into their heid.
 They bring mad men on fute and horse,

And

And binds them to sanct Hungoes Cros.
 To saint Barbara they cry full fast,
 To saif them from the thunder blast.
 For gude Nouelles, as I heare tell,
 Some takes their way to Gabziell.
 Some wiues saint Margaret does exhort.
 Into their birth them to support.
 To saint Anthonie to saif the sow,
 To saint Byde to keip Calfe and Kow.
 To saint Sebastiane they run and ryde,
 That from the shot he saif their syde.
 And come in hope to get their heill,
 Runnes to the anld Rude of Kerrell.
 Howbeit this simpill pepill rude,
 Think their intention be bot gude.
 As be to Priests, I say for me,
 Quhilk could shaw them the veritie.
 Prelats quibils hes of them the cure,
 Shall make answer thereof be sure.
 On the great day of iudgement,
 When na tyme beis for to repent,
 Where manifest Idolatrie,
 Shall punisht be perpetuallie.

Ane exclamation agains Idolatrie.

VIIJ.



Impudent pepill, ignorant & blind,
 By quhat reason, law, or authoritie,
 Or quhat Autentick Scripture
 can ye finde,
 Lesome for till commit Idolatrie?
 Quhilk bene to bow your bodie or your knie,
 With deuote humble adoration,

I

Till

Till any Idoll made of stane nor tre,
Giue and to them offer and of oblation.

Why do ye giue the honour, laud & gloir
Pertening to God, which made al thig of nocht
Which was, and is, and shall be ever moir,
Till Images be wennes hands wrought:
O foolish folke, why haue ye succour sought
Of them which can not helpe you in distress?
Zit reasonable requale into your thocht,
In stock nor stane can be na holines.

In the desert the pepill of Israel,
Moses remaining in the Mount Sinai:
They made an molten Calfe of fine mettell,
Which they did honour as their God veray.
Bot when Moses descended, I heare say,
And did consider their Idolatrie,
Of that pepill thir thousand gart he slay.
As the Scripture at lenth does testifie.

Because the holie Prophet Daniell,
In Babylon Idolatrie repented:
And wald not worship their false Idoll well,
The hault pepill at him were sa aggrieved,
To that effect that he could be mitchiewed,
Delivered him to rampand Lyons seven,
Bot of that dangerous den he was releued,
Throuch miracle of the great God in heauen.

Behald how Nabuchodonosor King,
Furth the vale of Babilon, did yf here
An Image of fine gold, an marvellous thing.
This

This score of Cubits high and set in square,
As maie cleirly the Scripture does declare:
To whom all pepill be proclamation,
North hodies bowed, and on their knies bare,
Richt humbly they made adoration.

Dani. 3.

An great thunder that day was sene also,
How Nabuchodonosor in his ire
Toke Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago,
Which wald not bow their knie at his desire,
Till that Idoll: gart set them in the fire,
For to be burnt, or be sciered of that fire.
When he belened they were burnt band & lire,
Was not consumed ane small hair of their heid.

The Angell of the Lord was w them sene,
In that hail turnes passing by and down:
Intill ane rosie Garth, as they had bene,
None spot of fire distaining coat nor gown:
Of victorie they did obtaine the Crown,
And were to them that made adoration
To that Idoll, or bowed their bodie down,
Ane witnessing of their damnation.

What was the rade, at me thou may demand
That Salomon bled in the Ymagerie,
In his triumphant temple for till stand?
Of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor of Moses, their safeguard throuch the sea,
Nor Josue, thoir valliant Champion,
Because God did command the contrarie,
They could not vse sic superstition.

Ezo. 20.
Deut. 5.

Bes

Shall have the great God in worship;
To preferre: I pray you Idolatrie; in which
Directed them one strait commandment;
They could not make; name carved in silver or
Neither of gold, of silver, stone, nor tripple
Nor give worship till any similitude,
Beside in heaven, in earth, nor in the sea;
Not onely till his soueraine cellitude.

Barn. 6.
Pla. 115

The Prophet David plainly did reprove,
Idolatrie, to their confusion;
In grained stock or stone that did beleue,
Declairing them their great abusion.
Speik and in manner of derision;
How dead Idols, be mens hands worcht,
Whom they honoured; with horrible orison;
Were in the market daily laud and bocht.

The deuilles feard the euill condition
Of the Gentiles, and their vnfaithfulness;
For till augment their superstition;
In those Idoles, they made their entres;
And in them spak as stoues does arres;
Then men beleued of them to get relief,
Achaad them help in all their business;
Not finallie that turned to their mischeif.

Traist well in them is none diuinitie,
Wherewith and rough their fair cullour does fade;
Thocht they haue feir, one sute they can not free;
Howbeit the temple burne about their head:
In them is neither friendship nor remed;
In sic fig. ures what fauour can ye finde?

with

with mouth as a mans mouth; they be made
All men may see, they are dumb, deif and blind.
Howbeit they fall down flatlings on the sure;
They haue made therself to raise againe;
Thocht rattons ouer the run, they tak na cure,
Howbeit they biete their neck, they seill na pain,
Whyle they mend salmes to them sing or lane
Sen grow and triue; that pearls beare frute,
Are may to pike, I make it to the plane,
Nor curted flocks wanting with crop and rute.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abominations;
On their feast day, all creature may see,
They heir ane quid stob; image thow the tour
With talburne, trumpet, halme, and Clarioun;
Whilk has bene vied many ane yeare bygone;
With priests and friers into procession;
Siklike as Iul was borne throch Babilon.

Shame ye not ye secular priests and friers
Till a great hauesstion to content;
Idolaters ye haue bene many yeare,
Express agains the gods commandment:
Whaist for brother, I counsell you repent,
Giue na honour to carved stock nor bone;
Glue laud and gloir to God Omnipotent,
Allanerlie, as Iohannis witten John.

From you, friers that be set to preach;
And doe not forsake idolatrie;
Dye do ye not the ignorant pepill teach;

How and dead Iudge caried of our rite,
As it were halle, soules not honoured be it
Nor borne on Burges backs by and down.
Bot so shaw plainlie your hypocritie,
When ze passe forrest in processe toun.

If on you fosterars of Idolatrie,
That till ane dead stock does sic reverence:
In presence of the pepill publickly,
Feare ze not God, to commit sic offence?
I counsell you, do ye your diligence,
To gar suppress sic great abusyon,
Do ze not fa, I dread your recompence,
Shall be not else, bot cleane confusion.

Had S. Frances bein born out throto the toun,
Or S. Dominick, thocht he had not refused:
With them till haue past in processe toun,
Till that case, some wald haue you exused.
Now mon may see, how that ze haue abused,
That nobill toun, through your hypocritie,
The pepill trowes that they may richt wel vse it,
When ze passe with them into companie.

Some of you hes bene quiet counsellours,
Whoukand Princes to thes sailles blude:
Whilk neuer did your prudent pederessours,
Bot ze like furious Pharisies denude
Of Charitie, whilk vens Christ on the rude.
For Christs flock, without malice or ire:
Converted fragillifalours, I conclude,
Be Goddes word, without freyde or fire.

And

Reid ze not how Christ hes giuen command
Sif thy brother doeth unke the till offend,
Then secretlie correct him hand for hand,
In friendlie manner, et thou farther wend,
Sif he will not heare thee, then make it kend,
Till ane or twa, be the narration,
Sif he for them, will not be mis content,
Declare him to the Congregation.

Mat. 18.

And gif he yet remaines obstinate,
And to the holt Kirk in counsell labill,
Then like ane Turk bald him excommunicat,
And with all faithfull folks abhominabill,
Banishing him, that he be no more abill,
To dwell among the faithfull companie:
When he repents, be not vnnmercifabill,
Bot him resallie againe richt tenderlie.

Bot our dymd Doctours of diuinitie,
And ze of the last found Religion,
Of pure transgressours ze haue na pitie,
Bot tryes to put them to confusion.
As cryed the Jewes, for the effusion
Of Christs blude, into their birchand ire,
Crucifige, sa ze with ane vision,
Cryes ye, gar cast the faultoure in the fire.

Unmercifull members of the Antiochist,
Extolland your humane tradition,
Contrair the institution of Christ,
Effeir ze not bluing punishment?
Thocht some of you be gude of condition,
Readie for to resallie new recent wine,

Mat. 15.
Ephes. 6

I speik

Wisheth to you quid. Passes of perdition,
 Recyent in time, maye as unfortunate

From the peruerst prophets of Baal,
 Whiche did consent to the Idolatrie
 Of wicked Achaz, King of Israel,
 Whose number were fayne hundred and fiftie,
 Whiche honoured that Idol uponlie;
 Bot when Elias did proue their abusion,
 He gart the praye say them cruelie,
 So at anye house came their confusion.

I pray you haue in your remembrance,
 How the peis. freres for their Idolatrie
 In Scotland, England, France, Italy and France
 Upon one day were numberd by countie
 Behold how your amy. brother now I tell
 In Dutchland, England, Denmark and Norrway
 Are tramped down with their hypocritie,
 And as the snayle are melted cleane away.

I marvel that any Bishop thinks no shame
 To giue you freres, he prebendence;
 Till by their off. so to this great defame,
 Preaching for them in open audience,
 Bot mye, one bishop. till his abuserpence,
 For ilk Sermon ten Ducats in his hand,
 He wold ere he did waite that recompence,
 So preach himself, baith into buye and land.

I traist to see gude reformation
 From time we get ane faithfull prudent King,
 Whiche knawes the truth, and his vocation.

All this and more will I not chynge,
 And no more will I do his at carate as chynge;
 Corrupted Scriptures, nor said Idharience;
 Against the tenet, quibh plainly does maling,
 Till chaeking come, nor with take patience;
 How fair weel friends becaus I can not like,
 Howbeit I could, ye must haue me excused,
 Thocht I agains Idolatrie indite,
 Or then despite that will not be refused;
 I pray to God that it maye waile blessed,
 Among the scholars of this Region;
 That common pepill be no more abused,
 Bot giue him gloir that hure the cruell Crown.

Whiche teacheth us his diuine Scripture,
 Till richt playet, the peris readie way,
 As writes Mathew in his text chapture,
 In what maner, and to whom we should pray,
 Ane short compendious Dissoner with day,
 Maist profitabill baith for bodie and saill,
 The quibh is not directed, Theare say,
 To John nor James, to Peter, nor to Paull.

For to name vther of the Apostles twelf,
 For to na Sanct, nor Angell in the heauen,
 Bot only till our Father God him self,
 Whiche Disson it doeth contene full enen,
 Maist profitabill for haupertious sauen,
 Whiche we lamed folk the Pass poster call,
 Thocht ye say, Salmes, nine, ten, or eleven,
 Of all prayer this bene the principall.

Be reason of the Maker which it made,
 Quhilk was the Sonne of God, our Saviour.
 Be reason als, to quhom it shuld be said,
 Till the father of heauen, our Creator,
 Quhilk dwelles not in temple nor in toune:
 He cleerlie sees our thocht, will, and intent,
 Quhilk inebes vs, at others seek succour,
 Quhilk in all place his powver benepfent?

Ye Printers of the Wyllis, that shuld preach,
 Quhy suffer ye sa great abasoun?
 Quhy do ye not the simple pepill teach,
 How, and to quhom, to dyke their Ousen?
 Quhy thowill ye them, to run from toune to toune,
 In pilgramage, to any Imageries,
 To praynd to get there some saluation,
 To praynd to them to worthe on their knees.

This was the practik of some pilgramage,
 When ilkis ino fife began to son:
 North Toke and Thoun, then tike they their
 voyage,

In Angus to the field of Chapell Doun:
 Then kirkock there, als cadye as ane Con,
 Withour regarde, either to sin or shame,
 Gane Lotorie leane, at leaste to loup on,
 Far better had bene, till haue bidden at hame.

I haue sene pas ane maruellous multitude,
 Young men and woiethen Angand on their feet
 Under the forme of sained thierstrude,
 For till adorne aue Image in Lordeis:
 Many came with their marrowis for to mrit:

Com,

Committand there foull fornication,
 Sam kist the clagged tail of the Armit,
 Quhy thowill ye this abhominatioun?

Of fornication and Idolatrie,
 Apperandlie ye take bot littill cure,
 Scand the maruellous infelicitie:
 Quhilk hes sa lang done in this land indure,
 In your defaul, quhilk hes the charge a cure,
 This bene of truth, my Lords, with your leue,
 Sic pilgramage hes made many ane hure,
 Quhilk gif, I pleased, plainlie I might preue.

Quhy make ye not, the Scripture manifest,
 To pure pepill touching Idolatrie?
 In your preaching quhy haue ye not exprest,
 How many kings of Ieraell cruelle,
 Were punished be God so rigoroullie?
 As Jeroboam, and many ma but dout.
 For worshipping of carued Imagerie,
 Were from their Realmes rudellie ruted out.

Quhy thowill ye vnder your dominion,
 Ane craftie Priest, or sained false Armit,
 Abuse the pepill of this Region,
 Onely for their particulare pfoeit?
 And speciallie the Armit of Laureit,
 He pat the common pepill in beleue,
 That blind gat sight, and cruked gat their feet,
 The quhilk that Dalzard na way can appeue.

We married men that hes trim wanton wiues,
 And lustie dochters of young and tender age,
 Quhose

Whose honestie ye could loue as your liues,
 Permit them not to pas in pilgramage,
 To seik support at any flock Image,
 For I haue witten gude women passe fra hande
 Quhilk hes bene trapped with sic lusts rage,
 Hys done return, baith with great sin & shame.

Get by, thou sleips all to long, O Lord,
 And make ane haillie reformation
 On them quhilk does tramp down thy grations
 And hes ane deadlie indignation, (word)
 At them quhilk makes trew narration,
 Of thy Gospel, shawing the veritie,
 O Lord I make thee supplication,
 Support our Faith, our Hope, and Charitie.

¶ How King Ninus builded the
 great Cittie of Ninivie. And how he
 vincuist Zoroastes King of Bactria.

I X.



Ninus of Assyria King,
 Quhen he had made his conquering,
 To beild ane Cittie he him dyct,
 Chusing the place quhere he thocht
 best,
 Quhere he had first Dominion,
 In Assyria his awin Region.
 Thocht Assur as the Scripture sayes,
 Quhilk came afoir King Ninus dayes:
 And founded that famous Cittie,
 The quhilk was called Ninivie.
 Bot as rehearles Diodore,
 Ninus that Cittie did decoye

So

So maruellous triumphantlie,
 As ye sall heare immediatlie.
 Upon the skude of Cuprates,
 Quhilk to behald great wonder was,
 Ane hundredth and fiftie stages,
 That Cittie was of lenth & wis:
 The walles ane hundredth fute of hicht:
 A wonder was thocht they were wicht.
 Sic beid abuse the walles there was,
 Thrie Cartes nicht sydlings on them pas:
 Foure hundredth stages and soute scope,
 In circuite, but myn or moze,
 Of towres about those walles I wene,
 Ane thousand and five hundredth bene.
 Of hicht twa hundredth fute and moze,
 As wytes famous Diodore.

The Scripture makes mention,
 Quhen God sent Jonas to that town:
 To shaw them of his punishment,
 Out throuch the Cittie quhen he went:
 Thrie dayes journey to him it was,
 The Bybill sayes it was na les.

My Sonne, now haue I shawen to thes,
 Of the building of Ninivie:
 For the augmenting of his fame,
 Ninus gart call it after his Name.
 Quhen he that great Cittie had ended,
 To conques mair yet he intended:
 And did depart from Ninivie,
 And raised up ane great Armie,
 Of the maist stalwart men and stout,
 At all his Regions round about:
 In great ordour tuke their journey,

Toward the Realme of Bactria.
Of wight fute men, I vnderstand,
He had seuentene hundred thousand:
Without horse men, and weir like carts
Whom he ordoured in sundrie parts:
Whilk till describe I am not abill,
Whose number bene la vntrowdabill.

CZoroastes that nobill King,
Whilk Bactria had in governing:
That prudent Prince, as I heare tell,
Did in Astrologie precell:
And sand the Art of Magicks,
With naturall Science many ma.
Seand King Ninus on the field,
Forward he came with spirit and helld.
Foure hundred thousand men he weis,
In his armie there was na les.
And met King Ninus on the bordour,
Right valantlie, and in gude ordour:
On the vanguard of his Armie,
On them he rushed richt rudelle:
And of them slew, as I heare say,
Ane hundred thousand men that day.
The rest that chaped were vnslane,
To Ninus great Dist led againe.
Of that King Ninus was la noyed,
He rested neuer till he destroyed,
All hail the Region by and down,
And from the King did reave the Crown
And made the Realme of Bactria,
Subiected till Assyria.
And in that samu land I wis,
He take to wife Semiramis:

Quha

He take to wife Semiramis:
Quha as mine autho, does describe,
Was then the lustiest on line.
That beand done without sodgeone,
Till Ninus he did returne:
With great triumph of victorie,
As mine autho, does speke.
Baith Occident and Orient,
Were all to him obedient.
It wald abhor thee til heare red,
The saikles blude that he did shed.
Quhen he had rung, as thou may heare,
The space of thrie and fourtie yeare:
Beand in his excellent gloir,
The dolent death did him deuoir.
In quhat sort I am not certain,
Some autho, sayes that he was slane:
And left to bruke his heritage,
Ane littill Babe of tender age.
Young Ninus was the Childs name,
Whilk after flourishid in great fame.
Some sayes, that he his wifes treason,
King Ninus died in prison.
As I call shaw ere I hyne fare,
Whilk Diodore has dons declare.

¶ Of the wonderfull deeds of
the Queene Semiramis.

X.



Ninus loued la ardentlie,
Semiramis his fair & adie:
There was na thing she wald
command,
Bot all obeyed was fra hand.

It

She

She leand him so amorous,
 She grew proud and presumptuous.
 And at the King she did desire,
 Five dayes to gouerne his Empire.
 And he of his beneuolence,
 Did grant her that preeminence:
 With Septour, Crowne, and Rob royal,
 And haill power Imperiall.
 Till five dayes were come and gone;
 That she as King could raigne alone.
 ¶ Then all the princes of the land,
 During that time made her ane band,
 With banket royall merelle,
 She treated them triumphantlie.
 Sa the first day the pepill all,
 Cams till her seruice bound and thfall.
 Bot ere the secund day was gaue,
 She tuke sic gloir to ring alane,
 He ane decret made them amang,
 The King she put in prison strang.
 I read well of his prisoning,
 Bot not of his deliuering.
 How euer it was intill his flowres,
 He did of death suffer the showres,
 And might not lenth his life ane houre,
 Thocht he was the first Conquerour.
 Quhose conquessing for to conclude,
 Was nocht but great shedding of blude.
 Now haue ye heard of Ninus King,
 How he began, and his ending.
 Howbeit mine author Disdore,
 Of him hes witten meikill more.
 Quinces for wraungous conquessing,

Doeth

Doeth make oft times ane euill ending.
 Thocht he had lang prosperitie,
 He ended with great miserie.

¶ Of King Ninus Sepulture.



He Quene ane sepulture she made,
 Whers the King Ninus bodie lade:
 Of curious crafty work and wicht
 The quhill had saids nine of hicht
 And ten saids of byed it wes,
 Diadore sayes it was na les.

For aucht saides ane myle thou take,
 And thereafter thy number make.
 Sa be this compt it was full richt,
 Ane myle and als ane said of hicht.
 Except the towne of Babilone,
 Sa heich ane warke I read of none.

Semiramis this iustie Queene,
 Considering what danger bene:
 To haue ane King of tender age,
 Quhill micht not vse na bassalage.
 She tuke ane couragious consait,
 Thinkand that she wald make debate,
 Gif any made rebellion,
 Contrair her Soune or his Region.
 Quhom she did loke tenderlie,
 And helped him full quyetlie.
 She laid a part her awin cleithing,
 And tuke the rayment of ane King.
 Quhen she was in ill armour dight,
 Micht na man knaw her by ane knicht.
 She valiantlie went to the weir,

2

And

And to giue battell tike na feir:
 Daunting all Realmes round about,
 That all the world of her had doubt.
 Fair fortunate in her Conquering,
 For was her husband Amis King.
 ¶ Babilon she did fortifie,
 Temples and towres triumphantlie:
 So pleasantlie did them prepare,
 Nihilik in the Earth had na compare.
 Howbeit Nimrod, of quhom I spak,
 The hiddeous Dungeon he gart make:
 And of the Cirtie the fundament,
 To quhom God made impediment,
 Where Nimrod left there she began,
 And put to worke many an man.
 Of all the Realmes round about,
 Of maist ingyne she toke them out.
 She had workand with tree and staves,
 Twelf hunder thousand men at armes.
 So reid the buke of Diodore,
 And thou sall finde the number more.
 On euer ilk side of Euphrates,
 That nobill Cirtie builded was:
 And sa that Riuer of renown,
 Ran through the mid part of the town.
 Quier thort that side she bigs made,
 Of maruellous strength baird lang and braid.
 They were fine staides large of leith,
 On euer ilk big she made ane strength.
 The circuite as I said afore,
 Foure hundred staides and foure score.
 The walles hieit quha wald deserue,
 Thrie hundred fute, thrie score and thir.

For Cartis nicht passir richt castle,
 Aboue the walles of that Cirtie.
 By bling without impediment,
 Consider be your judgement,
 Gif those walles were hieit as mocht,
 And also curiouse were wrought.
 As Diodore has done define,
 Dubilk both transcended my rude ingyne
 Of Babylon the magnificence,
 To quhom ye wald giue na credence:
 Gif I at leith wald put in wyte,
 Nihilik Diodore has done indite.
 Compare of Cirties faine I none,
 Till Ninus and Babilone,
 From Ninus in Assyria,
 Till Babilon in Chaldea:
 Be bigs pleasantlie ye mappas,
 Upon the studes of Euphrates,
 Among the studes of Paradyse,
 This Euphrates may beare the pyce.
 All works quhilk the Quene beg an,
 Transcended the ingyne of man.
 The proud Quene Penthesilea,
 The Princes of Amazona:
 With her Ladies triumphantlie,
 At Troy quhilk sauchd so valiantlie.
 For yet the fair Maiden of France,
 Danter of English ordinance,
 To Semiramus to her dayes,
 Were na compar, as bukes sayes.
 Except triumphant Julius,
 Strang Hanniball, or Pompeius.
 Or Alexander the Conquerour,

I finde no greater meritorious thinge then I as
 wolde I rehearse; as wondrous things I haue
 her wonderfull and wondrous things, signifyinge
 It were to me ane great labour to be so diligent
 And tedious to the auditor, as I haue done
 What she did in Ethiopia, and in the lande
 And in the land of Arabia, and in the land of
 Beeldand, Egypte, Persia, and in the land of
 Parke and Cardene of pleasures.
 For the exalting of her name;
 And immortal to make her fame.
 Of Arcius the high Mountaine,
 She gart ring downe & make them plains
 Great Mountus thit Mountaine wight,
 Twentie and foue flades of hight:
 Till her Palace to drawe one Loch,
 Be force of men she ran it through.
 Had she kept her chastitie,
 She might haue bene ane A. per fed.
 When she had ordoured her Empire,
 Of Venus warke she toke desire:
 Ane secret mansion she gart make,
 Where she pleasantlie might take
 Young Gentle men for her pleasure.
 The quibik she used a man of wit,
 Ane man all in white of beards
 To stanche her luste of her
 When she was satisfied of one,
 She gart ane other come anon.
 The lustiest of all the land,
 Came quyetlie at her command.
 When they at length had spent her by,
 She slew them all right cruelly.

When

When her Sonnes came till age perste,
 Of him she toke a great desire:
 She caused him to be brought to ly,
 Among the rest right quyetly.
 Some sayes through sensuall lusts rage,
 She band him into marriage:
 And held him under tutorie,
 To vphald her authoritie.

How the Queene Semiramis with

XIJ.

ane great armie past to Inde, and faucht with the
 King Sargobates. And of her miserable end.



When she had long time liued in rest
 To conques maie she her addrest:
 Becaus of diuers she heard tell,
 How that the Inde Orientell,
 Excelled in great commodities,
 As beestall, cornes, and frutefull trees.
 All kinde of spyrre delicious,
 Golde, silver, stones pretious.
 And how that plenteous land did beare,
 Corne, frute, and wyne twise in the year
 With Elephants innumerable,
 In battell wonder terrybill.
 She heard and this, and much more,
 Beleue and till augment her glorie,
 Gart make strait proclamations,
 In all and sundrie Nations,
 Shew and how it was her desire,
 All Princes under her Empire,
 In Egypt and Arabia,

In Persie, in Medea, and Cheldea:
 In Grece, in Caspia, and Hyrcane,
 In Capadoce, Lidia, and Paurtane:
 In Armenie, and Phrygia,
 In Pamphylie, and Asipia.
 That ilk ane after their degrie,
 Shold bring till her ane great armie:
 In all the gudellie haist they may,
 And meit her intill Bactria.
 Declairing them that her intent,
 Was till pas to the Orient:
 And make weir on the King of Inde,
 Fra time they knew what was her minde.
 Then be their selues ilke Region,
 Came fordwaird with their Garison:
 Triumphantlie in gude array,
 Till Bactria tuke the readie way.
 And made their mustours to the quene,
 Bot sic ane sight was neuer sene:
 In battell ray sa many ane man,
 Itanes, sen God the world began,
 Bot Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
 Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
 Were not inhabite in those dayes,
 Nor lang after mine author sayes.
 Ethelias he, does specifie,
 The number of this great armie:
 Say and there came at her command,
 Fute men, threttie hundred thousand:
 Of hoile men mounted galzeardlie,
 Five hundred thousand verraylie,
 One hundred thousand Camels wicht,
 On euerilk Camell raid ane knicht:

Prepared

Prepared to passe into all parts,
 There was ane hundred thousand Cartes,
 Two thousand Boates with her the caries,
 On Hoile, Camelles, and Dromedaries,
 Bigs so; to make the disconclade,
 Quertthorpe Indus that furious fude:
 Quhill bene of Inde the out maine baydome,
 On the quhill fude withrichte gude ordour.
 Of her Barges the bigs made,
 Quhairon her great Gilt sailie rade.

C. Father I wald men understade,
 How sic ane maruelous multitude,
 Might be at anes bracht to the feld,
 Readie to fight with speir and sheild.
 Some men will iudge this bene ane fadill,
 The mater beie sa vntreasonabill.

E. It may well be my Sonne, said he;
 As be exampill we may see:
 How Dauid King of Israel,
 His pepill gart number and tell,
 Be Joab his cheefe Capitane,
 As holy Scripture shawes plane:
 Of sechtand men into that land,
 He sand threttie hundred thousand.
 Sen Dauid in that small Cuntre,
 Might haue raised sic ane armie.
 To this Ladie it was na wonder,
 The quhill had greater Realmes ane hundred.
 Nor Dauid's itill Region,
 Thocht he had many ane Legion,
 Of men, ma nor I wald afor,
 Therefore my Sonne maruell no more.

C. Stauredaten the King of Inde,

Greeting

Greatly perturbed in his minde,
 Hearing that he was multitude,
 To make defence he did conclude:
 And sent out messengers to the Queene,
 To say and her desires to her grace,
 That she would of her speciall grace,
 Give him licence to live in peace,
 For he and of that, thought he could die,
 That he could gar her feche office,
 And till his God and home be made,
 If na peace might of her be had,
 And if he want the victorie,
 That he the Queene should crucifie,
 At his besting the queene made haards,
 Sayand, it shall not be na wounde,
 Shall gar me pas from my purpoe,
 Bot rightis fraiks as I suppose,
 The Messenger shew to the king,
 Of her presumptuous and weiring,
 Then Staurgates wife and wight,
 Came forward like an nobill knight,
 With many an thousand speir & shield,
 Arrayed royally on the field,
 Thinkand he would his land defend,
 Or in the battell make an end,
 The Queene upon the other side,
 Full of presumption and of pride,
 In a banners pleasantlie displayed,
 With hardie heart and unfraied,
 Upon Indus that famous flode,
 They met, quhere shed was mekill blude,
 In Boat, in Balinge, and Barges,
 The two armies on ether charges.

Scot.

Semiramis the millicentiall
 Quhere dygunt Semiramis the millicentiall
 So that the water of the Indus
 Ran rid mixed with the Indus
 The king of Indus with all their might
 From Indus flode he would the Indus
 Till his cheefe of the Indus
 wherethin the Indus
 In battell and in the Indus
 Of right inuincibill
 with Elephants and bidden
 whilk after word
 Semiramis and her company,
 In the meane time full couerlie,
 Destroyed the boydours of that land,
 Take prisoners in a then
 She take ane vout ageous consort
 Great Elephants to counter said,
 She had ten thousand open hydes,
 Well sewed together both back and hydes,
 With mouth and hole, recte, eare, and ene,
 Quick Elephants as they had bene,
 Richt walled and full of hay and hay,
 whercof the Indians told
 Upon Camels and
 Those false figures with
 Here Indians quhen the
 Effredie the Indus
 For the Indus
 Of natural beastes they had bene,
 The king him selfe was richt
 Till he the veritie had spired,
 And knew be his

Ther

They were bot slain fals figures,
 Then marfullie like in mid of war,
 Forward they came withouten fear,
 Right as Semiramis the Queene,
 Quhilk for aue man was ay sicne,
 Thir two armies full cruellie,
 They rushed togethes full rudellie,
 With hiddeous cry, and trumpets found
 Till thousands dead lay on the ground,
 Semiramis had sic aue number,
 Till ordout them it was great number.
 Then the great Elephant of Inde,
 Richt strang and hardie of their kind,
 Forward they came and maid not cede,
 Till throch the middes of the preie,
 Of the great host they rudellie rushed,
 There men on horse till erd they dashed,
 Those feined beaks withouten spirit,
 Were crushed and fulgied vnder feet.
 The King of Inde with courage bene,
 Met with Semiramis the Queene:
 He ryband on aue Elephant,
 Bot she with him fawcht hand for hand,
 And gane the King aue great aillay,
 That he was woun in sic a way,
 To strait as in the cooke was lay,
 So well he bled was in war:
 His straits he had bot littill compted,
 Wer not the King was so well mounted,
 Either at vther strait so fast,
 Till they were towd at the last,
 The King he thocht him selfe ashamed,
 With aue woman to be defamed:

And

And was determed not to flee,
 Thocht in that battel he soult dec:
 As men the quhilk dyspared bene,
 He rudellie ran vpon the Queene:
 And throuch the arme gane her aue wound,
 Quhilk till her heart it gane aue found,
 That she constrained was to flee,
 Then all the rest of her armie:
 When they persqued that she was gane,
 Till Indus fude they fled aue.
 The Queene our thocht the fude she made,
 On bygs quhiks were of boats made,
 With her aue sober companie,
 Quhilk with her fled affrayellie,
 The Indians followed on the chais,
 Then on the bygs came sic aue prais
 Of fceand folkes, quhiks was great wonder,
 So that the bowys brake in funder:
 Some ranke, some down the riuer ran,
 Then drowned were many aue nobill man,
 Quhilk was great pittie till deploze,
 As wyptes famous Diadore,
 And finallie for till conclude,
 Was neuer shed sa meikill blude
 At aue time, sen the world began,
 For slane sa many aue sailles man:
 And all throuch the occasion,
 And the pydefull perswasion,
 Of this ambitious wicked Queene,
 Sic aue was neuer heard nor seene,
 Staurobotos the King of Inde,
 Greatlie reioyced in his minde,
 Of this triumph and victorie;

Semi-

Semiramis with heart full soie,
 Seand sa many tane and flane,
 Till her Countrie returned agane:
 Lamentand fortunes variance,
 Quhilk brocht her to sa great mischance,
 Moze quhilk was sa fortunare,
 And then of comfort desolate.

Per Sonne ane man of perfection,
 Considerand his subjection:
 His libertie he did desire,
 That he might gouerne his Empire.
 Seand his mother vicious,
 And with that sa ambitious;
 As mine authoꝝ does specifie,
 He slew his mother cruelle.
 Quhat vther cause of intention,
 I finde na speciall mention.
 Some sayes to be at libertie,
 Some sayes for her adulterie.
 None vther cause I can define,
 Except punition deuyned.
 Of this fair Ladie couragious,
 Behald the ending dolorous.
 Quhilk was bot twentie yeares of age,
 Quhen she began her bassalage,
 And rang triumphantlie bot weir,
 The space of twa and fourtie yeir.
 Quhen she was flane, she was threescore,
 With yeares twa, she was no more.
 As Diodore writes in his buke,
 His Chronicle quha list to luke.
 Of this Ladie I make ane end,
 Thinkand na way I can commend.

Wemen for till be manlie,
 Nor men for to be womanlie.
 For quhy? it bene the Lordis minde,
 All Creature till bse their kinde.
 Men for till haue preeminence,
 And women vnder obedience.
 Thocht all women inclyned be,
 Till haue the souerantie.
 As this Ladie, quhilk wald not rest,
 Till she her husband had suppress,
 Till that intent that she might ring,
 Allane to haue the gouerning.
 Ladies na way I can commend,
 Presumptuousslie that does pretend,
 Till bse the office of ane King,
 Or Realines take in gouerning.
 Howbeit they valiant be and wicht,
 Going in battell like ane knight.
 As did proud Penthesilea,
 The Princes of Amazona,
 In mens habite agains reason,
 Sic like I thinke derision,
 Ane Prince to be effeminate,
 Of knightlie courage desolate:
 Neglectand his authoritie,
 Throuch beand lie sensualitie.
 Accompanied baith day and nights,
 With women maid nor valiant knights
 Sic kings I discommend at all,
 Exempill of Sardanapall.
 C. father, said I, shaw me how lang
 The succession of Minus rang.
 E. That sall I do with diligence.

My Sonne, said he, ere I go hence.
 Sen I haue shawen at thy desire,
 What man began the first Empire.
 Now wald I it were to thee kend,
 Of that Empire the fatall end.

XIIJ.

¶ How King Sardanapalus for his
 vitious life, made ane miserabill end.

BEttid this Conqueror Ninus,
 And sensuall Sardanapalus:
 I can not finde na spectrall storie,
 Worthie to put in memorie:
 Except quhilk I haue done describ
 Of Semiramis King Ninus wife,
 Bot I can finde na guide at all,
 To write of King Sardanapall,
 Quhilk was the last and chyetie King,
 Be lyne from Ninus descending:
 At lenth his life for to declare,
 I thinke it is not necessarie.
 Because that many cunning Clarke,
 Hes him descriued in their works.
 How he was last of Assyrians,
 Quhilk had the hail preeminence,
 That time of the first Monarchie,
 In Chronicles as thou may see.
 The last and the maist vitious King.
 Quhilk in that Monarchie did ring.
 That Prince was sa effeminate,
 With sensuall lust inordinate.
 He did abhor the companie,
 Of this maist nobill Cheualerie:

That

That he might haue the maij delite,
 Till use his heathlie appetite:
 Conuersed with women night and day,
 And clothed him in their array,
 Sa that na man that him had sene,
 Could iudge ane man that he had bene:
 Sa in hure dome and harlatrie,
 Did keip himseife sa quetlic.
 The Princes of Assyens,
 Of him they could get na pretens,
 Thus liued he continuallie,
 Agains Nature inordinate.
 When to the Perses and the Medes,
 Reported was his vitious deeds:
 With the Rulers of Babilone,
 They did conclude all in till one:
 They wald not suffer for till ring
 Aboue them, sic ane vitious King.
 Bot Arbaces ane Duke of Mede,
 He derkie foke on hand that deed.
 Bot first he came to Ninus lute,
 To see the Kings Majestie,
 And till ane of the Kings garde,
 He gaue ane secret rich rewarde:
 Till put him in ane secret place,
 Where he might see the Kings grace:
 And be vnseene with any wicht,
 Bot he saw neither King nor knicht,
 In till his Majesties companie,
 Except women allanettie:
 And as ane woman he was cled,
 With women counselled and led,
 And shamefullie he was sittand,

A

notch

With spindle and with rock spinners
 Onben Arbaces that sight had seen
 His courage raise by from the spine:
 And thocht it small difficultie,
 For till deppine his Majestie.

¶ Then raised he the Persians,
 With Medes and Babilons
 Enarmed well with speir and sheilds,
 Triumphantlie they take the field.

¶ The king raised Assyrians,
 Together with the Chaldeans:
 And them resisted as they might,
 Bot finallie he take the sight:
 To save him selfe in minute,
 Then seiged they that great Citty,
 Continuallie two yere and moze,
 As wrytes famous Diodore,
 Till that the flude of Euphrates,
 Araise with sic ane furiousnes,
 Onhere thoch ane great part of the town,
 Be violence was doung in down.
 Then quyen the king sa vna remed.
 Bot to be taken, or to be dead:
 As man dispaired full of yre,
 Gatt make ane furious flamm and fire,
 And take his golde and jewels all,
 Wit sceptour, Croun, and Rob royall:
 With all his tender seruitures,
 That of his Corps had greatest cures,
 Together with his lustie Queenes,
 And all his wanson Concubines:
 And in that fire he id them cast,
 Spue lay him selfe in at the last.

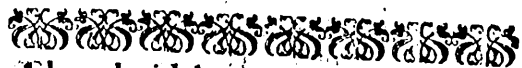
¶ Dubere

Dubere all were burnt in pouder small.
 Thus ended King Sardanapall:
 Withoutten any repentance,
 As may be sene be this sentence,
 Here following, quilk he did indite,
 Befoir his death in great despit:
 Quhilk is ane richt vngodlie thing,
 As ye may see be his docting:

Sc. Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortaliū moris, præsentibus exple
 Delitijs animum, post mortem nulla voluptas:
 Et Venere, & Cænis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now haue I shewen with diligence,
 The Monarchie of Assyrience:
 The quhilk that King Ninus began,
 And ended at this wicked man:
 And did indure withoutten weir,
 Ane thousand, two hundred and fourtie yere,
 As does indite Eusebius,
 Read him and thou sall kinde it thus.



¶ The thrid buke of the miserabill
 destruction of the five Citties, called

*Sodome, Gomorre, Sebaïm, Segor, and
 Adama, with their haill Region.*

Nether. I pray you to me tell,
 The notabill thinges that befell:
 During the ring of Assyriens,
 Quhilk had sa lang preeminence.
 I meane of vther Nations.

A. 2

Under

Under their Dominations.

E. That must be done in termes short,
Said he, as **Stories** does report:
Induring this first Monarchie,
Became that wofull miserie,
Of **Sodome, Gomor.** and their Region,
As **Scripture** makes mention:
Whose pepill was so sensuall,
In filthie sinnes vnaturall.
The quihik into my bulgare verse,
My tongue abhorettes to rehearse:
Like brutall beasts out of their mindes
Vnnaturallie abuse their kindes:
By filthie stink and lecherie,
And maist abhominabill sinne of **Sodomie**.
As holie **Scripture** does descriue,
In that Countrie were Citties foue,
Whihk were **Sodome** and **Gomorha**,
Seboim, **Segor**, and **Adama**.
Among them all found was there none,
Vndespyled, bot **Lot** alone.
How **Abraham** dwelt neare hand by,
Whihk prayed for **Lot** effectually,
For **God** made him aduertisment,
That he wolde make such punishment.
To **Lot** two Angels **God** did send,
Him from that furie to defend.
When the pepill of that Region,
Saw the Angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken
And abuse them vnaturallie,
With their foull stinking **Sodomie**.
Of that gude **Lot** was wonder woe,

And offered them his dochters two:
Them at their pleasure for to vse,
Bot they his daughters did refuse.
And then the Angels with their might,
These men deppriued of their sight,
And so perforce left them alane,
From **Lots** ludging quhen they were gane,
They him commanded haistlie,
For to departe of that Cittie:
That foull abhominabill Lecherie,
Ane vengeance from the heauen did cry.
The quihik did moue **God** to sicke,
That from the heauen bymstane a fire,
With awfull thundering rained down,
And did consume that haill Region.
Of all that land scaped name,
Except **Lot** and his dochters twa.
His wife was turned in a stone,
So wifeles he was left alane.
For he was inobedient,
And kepted not commandement,
When the Angel gaue them command
Sune to departe out of that Land,
He charged them vnder great paine,
Never to luke back ward againe.
When **Lots** wife heard the thundering,
Of flaming fire, and the lightning:
The wofull cryes lamentabill,
Of people, maist espouentabill:
For none of them had force to flee,
She lamented that sicke to see:
And as she turned her anone,
She was transformed in aue stone:
Where she remaines to this day,

Of her I haue na mair to say.
 To shaw at lenth I am not ab ill,
 That pittous proces lamentabill:
 How Citties, Castels, touns and toures,
 Villages, Bastalies and boures,
 They were all into poudre driuen,
 Forrests be the rutes byzeauen.
 Their King, their Queene, and pepill all
 Downe and auld burnt in poudre small.
 As creature was left on life,
 The foules, beastes, man nor wife,
 The earth, the coigne, hearbe, frute and tree,
 The children on the Auries knee.
 Richt suddenlie in ane instant,
 Unwarlie came that judgement.
 As it came in the time of Noe,
 When God did all the world destroy,
 For the selfe sinne of Sodomie,
 And maist abhominabill bougerie.
 That vice at lenth for to declare,
 I thinke it now not necessarie.
 When all was burnt, flesh, blude and banes,
 The hilles, the balies, Rocks and stanes.
 The Countre farke for to conuide,
 Where now there standes ane vgly flude.
 The quhyll is called the dead sea,
 Nert to the Countre of Indie:
 Quhole stinking strands black as tar,
 The floure of it men seeles on far.
 Into Mountius thou may read,
 Of that Countre the lenth and bread.
 Of lenth fiftie myles and two,
 And fourtene myles in bread also.

Lot of his wife was sa agast,
 That to ane mountaine wilde he past:
 Of companie he had na mae,
 Except his lustie dochters twa:
 And by their prouocation,
 As Moyles makis narration,
 Alane into that Mountaine wyld,
 His Daughters baith he got with childe:
 For they beleued in their thoct,
 That all the warld was gane to nocht.
 As it became of that Nation,
 Think and that generation
 Wold fall, except they craftely,
 Cause their father with them to ly.
 And sa they found ane craftie wyle,
 How they their father might begyle:
 And caused him to drinke toicht wine,
 Quhyll men to Lecherie does incline.
 When he was full, and fallen on slepe,
 His Daughters quyetlie did creepe
 Into his bed, full secreetlie,
 Prouck and him with them to ly.
 He knew not how he was begilde,
 Till both his Daughters wer with childe
 And bore twa sonnes in certaine,
 They being in ane wyld Mountaine.
 Of quhom twa Nations did proceed,
 As in the Scripture thou may read:
 In the quhyll Scripture thou may see,
 At lenth this wooll miserie.
 This miserie became but weir,
 From Noahs flude thrie hundredth yere,
 Together with fourescore and elleuen,

As compted Carion full euen.
 And after Noahs death I ges,
 Ane and fourtie yeare there wes.
 Quhen Abraham was of age I wene,
 Foure score of yeares and ninetene:
 Then this foull sinne of Sodomie,
 Was punished sa rigorouſlie.
 Great God preferue vs in our time,
 That we commit not sic ane crime.
 Tedious it were for me to tell,
 This Monarchie during quhat befell:
 And wonders that on earth war wrought,
 Quhilk to thy purpose langes nocht.
 As how the pepill of Israel,
 Did lang time into Egypt dwell,
 And of their great punition,
 Throch Pharoes persecution:
 And how Moyses did them conuoy,
 Throuch the read sea with meikill joy.
 Quhere King Pharao richt miserablie,
 Was drowned with ane hudge armie.
 Ezod.2. And how that people wandering was,
 Fourtie yeares in the wilderness:
 Moyses that time, as I heare say,
 Received the Law on Mount Sina.
 That time Josua from Jordan,
 Led the pepill to Chanaan:
 Quhere Saul, Dauid and Salomon,
 With hebrew Kingis many ane,
 Did richlie ring in that Countrie,
 Induring this first Monarchie.
 The siege of Thebes miserabli,
 Quhere blude was shed incomparabil.

Of nobill men into those dayes,
 With vther terrible escapes;
 As how the Greeks wrought vengeance,
 Upon the nobill Trovance:
 Because that Paris did conuoy,
 Perforce fair Helan to Troy:
 Quhilk was King Priam's daughter,
 Quhere many a thousand lost their life.
 That time the ballant Hercules,
 Throuchout the world his him addres,
 Quhere he did many ane woithie deed,
 As in his Storie thou may reed:
 And how throuch Dejanira his wife,
 That Champion did lose his life,
 In flaming fire furiouslye,
 The death he suffered cruſhlye.
 That time Remus and Romulus,
 Did found that Cittie maist famous,
 Of Rome, standing in Italy,
 As in their storie thou may see.
 Noaid thou read Titus Livius,
 Thou couldst finde warkeis wondrous:
 Quhose woithie deedis are well kend,
 And sall be to the worldis end.
 Thocht they began with crueltie,
 And ended with great miserie.
 As bene (the mater to conclude)
 Of all shedders of sailles blude.
 In Grece the opiate Poetrie,
 During the first Monarchie began,
 By Homerus that famous man:
 Together with Hesiodus,

As diuers authors shawes vs.
 It were too long to put in ryme,
 The bukes that they wait in thei r time.
 These were the actes principall.
 That Monarchie during quihik befell.
 As for gude Abraham and his seed,
 Into the Wyell thou may reed.
 How in his time, as I heare tell,
 Begane the Kingdome spiritual.
 As I haue shawen to thee befor,
 Quherefoir I speik of them no moir.

¶ Ane short descaipion of the se-
 cund, third, and fourt Monarchies.



Ather, said I, quihik was the man
 That the next Monarchie began?
 E. Cyrus, said he, the King of Perse
 As Chronicles hes done rehearse:
 Prudent and full of policie,

Began the Secund Monarchie.
 For he was the maist gubellie King,
 That euer in Perse or Medes did ring,
 For he of his benignitie,
 Deliucred from Captiuitie
 The haille pepill of Israell,
 Into the time of Daniell,
 The quihik had bene prisoners,
 In Babilone, full sequencie yeares.
 Therefoir God of his grace bening,
 Gawe him ane diuine knowledging.
 During his time, as I heare tell,
 He bled counsell of Daniell.

Caron

Caron at lenth does specifie,
 Of his maruellous staturie:
 And of his verteous bypynging,
 And how he banquished Crefus King.
 With many ane uther valiant deed,
 As into Caron thou maist reed.
 Quhole succession did indure,
 To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
 Bot after his great conquestring,
 Richt miserable was his ending.
 As Herodorus does deserue,
 In Scythia he lost his line,
 Quhere the vndantoned Scythianes,
 Vanquished the noble Perstianes.
 And after that Cyrus was dead,
 Queene Compe hacked of his head.
 Quhik was the Queene of Scythians,
 In despite of the Perstians.
 She kest his head for to conclude,
 Into ane vessell full of blude:
 And said these wordes cruelly,
 Drink now thy fill if thou be dry,
 For thou did ay blude shedding thirst,
 Now drinke at leasure, gif thou list.
 After that Cyrus succession,
 Of all the warld had possession.
 Till Alexander with sword and fyre,
 Obteined perforce the thrid Emper:
 Quhik was the King of Macedone,
 With valiant Grekes many one:
 In battell fell and furious,
 Vanquishd the mightie Darius?
 Quhik was the tenth and the last King,

quhik

Quhilk did after King Cyrus ring.
 As for this potent Emperour,
 Alexander the Conquerour:
 Eft thou at lenth wald read his ring.
 And of his cruell conquessing.
 In English tongue in his great buke.
 At lenth his life there thou may luke:
 How Alexander that potent King.
 Was twelfe yeares in his Conquessing.
 And how for all his great Conquest,
 He liued bot ane yeare in rest:
 Quhen by his seruant secretlie,
 He poisoned was full pittouslie.
 Lucane does Alexander compare.
 To thunder, quhen he lauchit in the air:
 The cruell planet, ane may all weid.
 Down thyringing peill with his tweid.
 Ganges that most famous Rude,
 He mired with the Indians blude.
 And Euphrates with the blude of Persie.
 Quhole crueltie for to rehearse.
 And giltye blude that he did shed.
 Were richt abhominable to be red.
 After his great prosperitie,
 He died with great miserie.
 It were too long for to decide it,
 How all the Realmes wer deuided.
 By quhill that Cesar Julius,
 Quhen he had vanquishit Pompeius:
 Was chosen Emperour and King,
 Aboue the Romans for to ring:
 That potent Prince was the first man,
 Quhilk the fourth Monarchie began.

And

And had the hail Dominion,
 Of euerie land and Region:
 Quhole succession rang without weir.
 Quer the world manyane hundreth yeir
 Bot gentill Julius, alas,
 King Emperour bot litill space.
 Quhilk I think pitie to deplore.
 In fewe moneths and litill moire:
 Be false exorbitant treasoun,
 That prudent Prince was troden down,
 And murthured in his Counsell house.
 Be cruell Brutus and Cassius.
 After that Julius was flane,
 Did ring the great Octauiane:
 Of Emperours ane of the best,
 During his time was peace and rest.
 Quer all the world in ilk Region,
 As Stories makes mention.
 And eke I make it to the plaine,
 During the time of Octauiane,
 The Sonne of God, our Lord Iesu,
 True mankind of the Virgin true:
 And was that time in Bethlehem bozne,
 To saue mankind that was forlozne.
 As Scripture makes narration,
 Of his blessed incarnation.
 Now haue I tauld thee as I can,
 How the fourt Monarchie began.
 Bot in thy minde thou may consider,
 How worldlie pompe bene bot slider.
 For all their great Empires are gane,
 Thou seest there is na Prince alane,
 Quhilk hes the hail Dominion,

Thou

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 And how for all his great Conquest,
 He liued bot ane yere in rest:
 Quhen by his seruant secretlie,
 He poysoned was full pittouslie.
 Lucane does Alexander compare,
 To thunder, quhis slaught in the air:
 Ane cruell planer, ane marvell weird,
 Doun thringing peill with his weird.
 Ganges that most famous Rude,
 He mired with the Indians blude.
 And Euphrates with the blude of Persie,
 Quhose crueltie for to rehearse,
 And gilles blude that he did shed,
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 Of euerie land and Region:
 Quhose succession rang without weir,
 Ouer the world manyane hundreth yeir.
 Bot gentil Julius, alas,
 Rang Emperour bot litill space.
 Quhilk I think pitie to deplore.
 In sue moneths and litill moire:
 Be false exorbitant treasoun,
 That prudent Prince was troden down,
 And murthered in his Counsell house,
 Be cruell Brutus and Cassius.
 After that Julius was slane,
 Did ring the great Octauiane:
 Of Emperours ane of the best,
 During his time was peace and rest.
 Ouer all the world in ilk Region,
 As Stories makes mention.
 And eke I make it to the plaine,
 During the time of Octauiane,
 The Sonne of God, our Lord Iesu,
 True mankind of the Virgin true:
 And was that time in Bethlehem borne,
 To saue mankind that was forloorne.
 As Scripture makes narration,
 Of his blessed incarnation.
 Now haue I tauld thee as I can,
 How the fourt Monarchie began.
 Bot in thy minde thou may consider,
 How worldlie pompe bene bot slider.
 For all their great Empires are gane,
 Thou seest there is na Prince alane,
 Quhilk hes the hail Dominion,

This

This time of euerie Region.

C. f. ather quhat reason had these Kings
Reauers to be of others kings,
Without any right or iust querrell,
Quhere thooch that they might make battell
And common pepill to down thing,
To this (say I) make answereing?

E. My Sonne (said he) what shall be done,
As I best can, and that right tunc:
These Monarchies I vnderstand,
Inordinate were be the command
Of God, the Plafmatour of all,
For to down thing, and to make thrall.
And antoned pepill vicious,
And eke for to be grations,
To them quhilk vertuous were and gude,
As Daniell hes done conclude,
At lenth into his Prophecies,
How there could be foure Monarchies.
His secund chaptout thou may see,
How after the first Monarchie,
When Nabuchodonosor King,
The Image saw in his sleeping,
With ansele luke in licht and bryd,
And of fine pure golde was his head:
His brest and armes of siluer brycht,
His wombe of copper hard and wight:
His loynes and limbs of yron richt strang,
His feete of clay, yron mixt amang:
From the Mountaine chebe came alane,
Without mans hand ane full great stane,
Quhilk on that agours feete did fall,
And beate him all in pouder small.

Of quhose interpretation,
Dorcours does make narration:
The head of gold does signifie,
First the Assyrians Monarchie:
The silver brest that did apply,
The Persians quhilk rang secundly.
The wombe of copper or of bras,
Thirddie of Grekes compared was.
His loynes and limbs of yron and steill,
Clarks hes them compared weil,
To Romans thooch their diligence,
To haue the fourth preeminence,
Aboue all other Nation,
Be this interpretation.
The mixed feete with yron and clay;
Did signifie the latter day,
When that the world shall be diuided,
As afterward shall be decided.
As Christ is signified the stane,
Quhose Monarchie shall neuer be gane.
For vnder his Dominion,
All princes shall be troden down.
When that great God Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall iudgement:
His Monarchie shall then be knawen,
As after shall be to thee shawen.
And as the scripture shall thee tell,
How in the richt of Daniell,
He saw in a his vision,
By ane plaine exposition,
How that the Gre. kes could worke vengeance,
Upon the Medes and Persience.
Comparing Grekes to ane Gate,

with ane horne. fierce, furious and hate:
 Quhilk kild the Ham with hontis rwe,
 Compared to Perle and Wyde also:
 And sa be Daniels prophecies,
 All their great michtis Monarchies,
 The quhilk all vther Reames surpassed,
 Be the great God they were drested.
 As he of Titus the Romaine,
 Sonns and heire to Vespasiane.
 Made him ane furious instrument,
 To put the Jewes to great torment:
 Quhilk I purpose, ere I hence fare,
 Shortlie that proces to declare.

¶ Of the maist miserabill, and maist
 terribill destruction of Jerusalem.

IJ.



After (said I) declare to me.
 Induring this fourt Monarchie.
 The maist infortune that befell,
 E. My Son (said he) that sal I tel
 The maist and manifest miserie,
 Became vpon that great Cittie,
 Jerusalem, quhen it was suppress,
 As Stories makes manifest:
 Bot as the Scripture does deasse,
 Jerusalem was destroyed twise.
 First for their great Idolatrie,
 Quhilk they committed in Jewrie:
 The honour aucht to God alane,
 They gaue to figures, stock and itane:
 Before Christs incarnation,
 Came this first desolation:

Five

five hundred yeares, fourscore and ten.
 In Chronicles, as thou may ken.
 How Nabuchodonosor King,
 That famous Cittie did doon thing:
 Their King with pepill many one,
 Brought them all bound to Babilone.
 Quhere they remained prisoners,
 The space of threescore and ten yeares.
 And that first desolation,
 Was called the transmigration:
 Was na man left in all their Lands,
 Bot pure folke labouring with their hands:
 Till michtie Cyrus King of Perle,
 As Daniell hes done rehearse,
 Was moued be God for to restore,
 The Jewes, quhere that they were besore.

¶ If I neglect, I were to blame,
 The last sieg of Jerusalem:
 Quhole ruine was maist miserabill,
 And for to tell richt terribill:
 Was neuer in earth, cittie nor town,
 Gat sic extream destruction:
 The townes of Tyre, Thebes nor Troy,
 They suffered neuer halfe sic noy.
 The Emperour Vespasiane,
 He did devise that sieg certaine.
 There was the prophetic complite,
 Quhilk Christ spak on Mount Oliuete:
 Quhen he Jerusalem beheld,
 The teares from his eyes disteld:
 Seting be diuine prescience,
 The great destruction and engener,
 Quhilk was to come on that Cittie,

¶

¶

The thrid buke

His heart was pearced with pittie,
 Saying, Ierusalem gif thou knewest,
 Thy great ruyne, sair wald thou reuolt,
 For ought that I can to thee shaw,
 The veritie thou wilt not know:
 For hes in consideration,
 Thy halie visitation.
 Thy pepill will na way consider,
 Quhom gathered I wald haue together
 As wandering sheepe are with their hirdes,
 Or as the hen gathers her birdes
 Under her wings richt tenderlie,
 Quhilk they refused despitefullie:
 Quherfor sall come that dulefull day,
 That na remedie make they may.
 Thy doungions sall be beaten in sunder,
 Sa all the warld sall on thee wonder:
 Thy temple now maist triumphant,
 Sall be trade down amang the sand.
 And as he said, sa it befall.
 As heirafter I sall thee tell.

C. Shau me (said I) with circumstance,
 The speciall cause of that mischance.

E. (Said he) as Scripture does conclude,
 For shedding of the guiltles blude
 Of Prophets, quhilk God so them send,
 And eke because that they miskend,
 JESVS, the Soune of God soueraine,
 Quhen he amang them did remaine:
 For all the miracles that he shew,
 Malitiouslie they him miskenow.
 Thocht by his great power diuine,
 The water cleare he turned in wine.

And

of the Monarchie.

And by that selfe same power and might,
 To the blinde boyme he gaue the sight:
 And gaue the cruikd men their feet,
 And made the lpper hault compleet.
 He helped all, and raised the dead,
 Met help they him at mostall need:
 Because he shew the heritie,
 They did conclude that he sould die.
 The Bishopp, Princes of the Priestis,
 They grew sa bowden in their briesis:
 The Scribes and Doctours of the Law,
 Of God nor man quhilk stude na aw,
 On Christ, Iesus to worke vengeance,
 Richt sa the false Pharisience,
 And sect of fained Religion,
 Denied his confusion:
 And sent their seruants at the last
 And with strang cords they bound him fast:
 Then scourged him on back and side,
 That naue for blinde might see his hide.
 There was not left one pennie bread,
 Unwounded, from his feet to head.
 In maner of derision,
 They plat for him ane cruell Crown,
 Of prynce and thornes sharpe and lang,
 Quhilk on his heauenlie head they thrang:
 Then caufde him for the greater lack,
 Beare his awin gallous on his back,
 To the vile place of Caluarie,
 Quhere many ane thousand man might see,
 That innocent they take perforce,
 And plat him backward to the Croce,

Mat. 21.
 Mat. 27.

Throuch

Throch feete & hands great nailes they thrust,
 Till blude aboundantie out burst,
 Without grudging, clamour or cry,
 That paine he suffered patiently.
 And for augmenting of his greues,
 They hanged them betwene two thyues
 Quhere men might see the bludie strands,
 Quhilk sprang furth of his feete and hands;
 From thornes thrust on his head,
 Ran down bullering streames red,
 In the presence of many ane man.
 That blude royall on Roches ran:
 Shortlie to say that heauenlie King,
 In extreme dolour there did hing,
 Till he said, Consummatum est,
 With ane loud cry he gaue the gaist.
 Quhen he was dead, they tuke ane dart,
 And pearced the Prince out throch the heart:
 From quhom there ran water and blude,
 The earth then trembled to conclude,
 Whebus did hide his beames bryht,
 That throch the world there was na licht:
 The great bale of the temple rane,
 The dead men rais out of the graue,
 And in the Cittie did appeare,
 As in the Scripture thou maist heare.
 Then Ioseph of Ari mathie,
 Did burie him richt honestlie.
 Bot yet he rose full gloriously,
 On the thrid day triumphantlie:
 With his Disciples in certaine,
 Fourtie dayes he did remane:
 After that, to the heauen ascended,

These

Nor gaue na credence to his sayes,
 As at moir lenth the Storie shawes.
 Bot cruellie they did oppresse,
 All men that Christs Name did profess,
 And persecuted many one,
 They prisioned both Peter and Iohne.
 And Steuen they boned to the dead,
 From James the les they strak the head
 This was the cause in conclusion.
 Of their cruell confusion.
 The prudent Jew Ioseph sayes,
 That he was present in those dayes,
 And in his buke makes mention,
 How after Christs ascension,
 The space of twa and fourtie yeares,
 Began these cruell mortall weirs:
 The secund yeare of Vespasiane,
 Quhere many taken were and slane.
 Iosephus plainlie does conclude,
 Was neuer sene such ane multitude,
 Before that time into the toun,
 Quhilk came for their confusion:
 Their great infortune sa bressell,
 That all the Princes of Israell
 Conuened agains the time of Belshe.
 Bot to returne they had na grace.
 The bald Romanes with their Chistane,
 Titus the Sonne of Vespasiane:
 Their armie ouer Iudea spred,
 Then all men to the Cittie fled:
 Beleuing there to get releif,
 Bot all that turned to their mischeif.
 The Romanes lopped them about,

M 3

That

That be na way they might win out.
 Sir Moneths did that sieg endure,
 Quhere lost were many creature:
 Quhilk there in miserie did remaine,
 Till they were taken all and slane.
 During the time of this assaillie,
 Their meate and dzink and all did failzie
 For there was sic aue multitude,
 That thousands died for fault of fude.
 Necessitie caulde them eat perforce,
 Dog, Cat and Ratton, Ass and horse.
 Rich men behoued to eat their golde,
 Then died for hunger many folde:
 Such hunger was without remeid,
 The quick behoued to eat the dead.
 The filth of priues many eate,
 To lenth their life, they thocht it sweete.
 The famous Ladies of the toun,
 For lack of fude they fell in soun.
 Quhen they might get na vther meate,
 They slew their proper bairnes to eate.
 Bot all for nocht, despitefullie,
 Their awin souldiers full greedelie,
 Rest them that flesh maist miserabill,
 And they with mourning lamentable,
 For extreme hunger yeeld the spirit,
 There was the Prophecie compleete,
 As Christ before made narration,
 The day of his grim passion.
 Quhen that the Ladies for him murned
 Full pittouslie he to them turned,
 And said, Daughters mourne not for mee,
 Mourne on your awin posteritie:

within

with in short time shall come that day,
 That men of this Citty shall say,
 When they are troden in the snare,
 Blest be the wombe that neuer bare:
 The barren papes then shall they blesse,
 That dulefull day thou shall not misse.
 This Prophecie it came to pas,
 That they cryed many loud alas.
 Sic sorrowfull lamentation,
 Was neuer heard in na Nation.
 Seing these luffie Ladies sweete,
 Dying for hunger on the streete.
 Their husbands nor their children,
 Nicht giue to them na comfortyng:
 Nor yet releue them of their harnes,
 Bot some dying in vthers armes.
 After this wofull indigence,
 Among them rais sic pestilence:
 Quherein there died many hunder,
 Quhilk to declare it were great wonder.
 And for small conclusion,
 Those weirlike walles they beat them down.
 Prince Titus with his Cheualrie,
 With sound of trumpet triumphantlie,
 He entered in that great Citty,
 Bot to deplore I thinke it pittie:
 The painfull clamour horrible,
 Of wounded folk maist miserable.
 There was na thing bot take and slay,
 For there might na man win away.
 The strands of blude ran throuch the streets,
 Of dead folke troden vnder fete.
 Auld widowes in the prease were smored,

¶ 4

Young

Young blyrgines shamefullie dedozed:
 That great temple of Salomon,
 With many ane curious carued stone,
 With perste pinnacles on hicht,
 Quhilk wer baith bewotfull and wicht:
 Quherin rich seruels did abound:
 They rushed rudelie to the ground:
 And set into their furious ire,
 Sancta Sanctorum into fire,
 And with extream confusion,
 All their great doingeon they beate down:
 There bruisen were the golden breastis,
 On Bishoppes, Princes of the Priestis.
 There taken was the great vengeance,
 Of false Scribes and Pharisee.
 All their painted hyppocrisie,
 That time might make them na supplie.
 That day they dulefullie repented
 That to the death of Christ consented.
 Thocht it was our Salvation,
 It was to their damnation.
 The vengeance from the blude giltles,
 From Abell to Zacharias,
 That day vpon Jerusalem fell,
 Bot tedious it were to tell,
 That great extream confusion,
 And of blude sic effusion.
 Was neuer slane sa many ane man,
 At ane tunc since the world began.
 The Jewes that day gat their desire,
 Quhilk they did aske lito their ire:
 As is in Scripture specified,
 That day quhen Christ was crucified:

Mat. 23

Quhen

When Donce Plat the President,
 Said to them I am innocent
 Of the just blude of Christ Jesus,
 They cryed his blude be vpon vs,
 And on our generation,
 They got their supplication,
 That day with many careful cry
 Their blude was shed abolidantly.
 Josephus writes in his buke,
 His Chronicle quha list to luke
 During that cruell siege certaine
 Were elleuen hunder thousand slane:
 Of prisoners well told and sene,
 Fourescore of thousands and seuentene.
 Out of the land they did expell,
 All the pepill of Israell.
 And for their great ingratitude,
 They liue yet vnder seruitude.
 There is na Jew in na Countrie,
 Quhilk hes ane fute in propertie:
 Nor neuer had withoutten weir,
 Since this day sittene hundred yere.
 Nor neuer tall, I to thee shaw,
 Till that they turne to Christs Law,
 Some sayes, that Jewes manifold,
 Were threttie for ane pennie sold.
 As Judas sauld the King of gloze,
 For threttie pennies and no more.
 After that many were mischaud,
 Quhen nouels past how lang they liued,
 Vpon their gould withoutten doubt,
 They cut their bellies to searce it out.
 The rest in Egypt they did send,

Prisoners

Prisoners to their liues end.

Citus take in his companie,
Great number of the maist worthie:
With him to Rome he led them bound,
Then cruellie did them confound.
His victorie for to decoze,
And for augmenting of his gloze,
Cause put them into publick places,
Wher ilk man might behald their faces
Then with wyld Lyons cruellie,
He caused deuoure them dulefullie.
This high triumphant michtie toun,
At Pasche was put to confusion.
Because that in the time of Pasche,
They crucified the King of Grace.
Some hes this mater done indite,
Whair ornatie then I can write:
Whereloir of it I speik no moir,
Onely to God be laud and gloir.

¶ Of the miserabill end of certaine

Tyrannous Princes, and speciallie the beginners of the foure Monarchies.



Now haue I done declair at thy desire,
As I demanded into terms short,
And quha began the pzincipall
Empires,
As Chronicles and stozies does report.
Whereloir (my Sonne) I heartlie the exhort,
Persticlie print in thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant world the variaunce.

The

The Princes of these four great Monarchies
In their maist highest pompe Imperials:
Trusting to be maist sure set in their seag,
The fraudful world gaue to them mortal salles,
For their rewarde and darke memoriales:
Thocht ouer the world they had pzeeminence,
Of it they gat na vther recompence.

For likewise as the snaw does melt in May,
Throch the rcker of phebys beames bright:
These great Empires, richt sa are went away,
Gane is their gloir, their power & their might,
Because they were reautrs withoutten richt,
And blude shedders full cruell to conclude,
Richt cruellie therefore was shed their blude.

Behald how God euer since the world began
Hes made oft times Kings instruments
To scourge pepill, and to slay many ane man,
Whilk to his Law were inobedients,
When they had done performed his intents,
In danting wraungous pepill shamefullie,
He suffers them be scourged cruellie.

Euene as the scule-master does mak a wand,
To dant and beate schollers of rude ingine,
The quhilk will not studie at his command,
He scourges them, and onely to that fine,
That they could to his gude counsell incline,
When they obey, and meast is his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of King Pharaon made ane instrument,
Quhilk

Exod. 7. **N**ahilk was the great King of Egypciencie:
 His abominable peccable pevill to torment,
 Exo. 13 That he and done, he wrought on him vengeance,
 And let him fall through disobedience:
 And finally, he with his great armie,
 In the read sea them drowned dulefullie.

Richt sa of Nabuchodonosor King,
 God made of him ane furious instrument:
 Jerusalem and the Jewes to down thring,
 Dan. 13 When they to God were disobedient:
 Then rest him from his riches and his rent,
 And him transformed in ane beast brutall,
 Seven yere and more, as writes Daniell.

Alexander through pydefull tyranie,
 In yeaeres twelf did make his great Conquest:
 By shedding guileles blude full cruellie,
 Till he was King of Kings he tike na rest:
 In all the world quhen he was full possest,
 In Babylone, throned triumphantlie,
 Through poyson strong decessed dulefullie.

Duke Hanniball the strang Carthagiane,
 The daunter of the Romanes pompe and glorie
 By his power were many thousand slane,
 As may be read at lenth into his storie:
 At Cannas, quhere he won the victorie,
 On Romans hands that dead lay on ground,
 Thie heaped bulhels were of rings found.

Into that mortall battell I heare cane,
 Of the Romanes most worthie warriors,
 Atouer

Atouer Capitaines were fourtie thousand slane,
 Of quhom there was theire wife Serrantours
 And twenty lordes: quhilk had bin protectours
 That died eke, in defence of their Countrie,
 And for to hald their Land at libertie.

What rewarde gat this cruell Champion
 When he had slane sa great ane multitude?
 And quhen the glas of his vain glorie was run,
 His shamefull beath, and hostlie to conclude
 This is rewarde of all shedders of blude,
 For he gat sic extreame confusion,
 He kild him selfe in drinking strang poyson.

Behald the twa mainst famous Champions,
 That is to say, Julius and Pompey,
 Quhilk did conquesse all earthlie Regions,
 All well by land, as Iles in the Sey.
 And to the town of Rome caused them obey:
 For Pompeus subdued the Orient,
 And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

Bot finally, these two did strue for state,
 And by thie hundred thousand me wer slane
 Bot Pompeus after that great debate,
 He murdered was, the storie telles plaine:
 Then Julius was prince and soueraine,
 Aboue the hail world Emperour and King,
 Bot into rest short time indured his ring.

Within sue moneths and litill moir,
 Amid his Lords, into the Counsell house:
 He murdered was, quhat useds proces moir,

As I haue said, be Brutus and Cassius:
 If thou wald know their deeds dolourous,
 Thou may at lenth ga read the Romane storie,
 Quhilk hes this mater put in memorie.

Gane is the golden world of Assyriens,
 Of quhom King Ninus was first and principal
 Gane is the siluer world of the Persians,
 The copper world of Grekes now is thzall,
 The world of yron, quhilk was the last of all,
 Compared to Romanes in their gloze,
 Are gane richt so, of them I heare no more.

Now is the world of yron, mixed with clay,
 As Daniell at lenth hes done indite,
 The great Empires are molten cleane away:
 Now is the world of dolour and despire,
 I see not else bot trouble infinite:
 Quherfor (my Son) I make it to thee end,
 This world I know is drawing to an end.

Takens of berth, hunger and pestilence,
 With cruell weirs baith be sea and land:
 Realme agais Realme, with mortal violence,
 Quhilk signifies the last day euen at hand:
 Quherfor (my Son) be in thy faith constant,
 Raising thy heart to God to cry for grace,
 And mend thy life quhile thou hes time & space.

111.

¶ Of the first Spirituall and
 Papall Monarchie.

Father



Either is there na prince ringand,
 That hes the world now at command,
 As had the Kings of Assyriens,
 The Perses, Grekes, or Romanes
 Quha hes now maist Domition,
 Of crerie Land and Region?
 E. There is na Prince (my Sonne) said he,
 That hes the principall Monarchie,
 Aboue the world vniuersall,
 With whole power imperall:
 As Alexander or Darius,
 Or as had Cesar Julius:
 For Orient and Occident,
 Were all to them obedient.
 Notwithstanding I ane and King,
 Quhilk into Europe now does ring,
 That is the potent Dape of Roine,
 Emppyring ouer all Christendome,
 To quhoim na prince may be compare,
 As Cannon Lawes can declare:
 All Princes of the Cristianite,
 Are to his grace obodient:
 For he hes hailt power compleit,
 Baith of the bodie and the spieit:
 Quhilk neyther had na prince before,
 Except the mightie Prince of gloze.
 To Christ he is great Lieutenant,
 In holie Peters place sitand:
 Sa he is of all Kings King,
 Quhilk into Europe now does ring,
 And as the Romane Emperours,
 Hauing the world vnder their cures:
 Had Princes, Knights and Campions,

Kewlers

Revolers into all Regions:
 Upholding their authority,
 Using Justice and policie:
 Right is this potent Pope of Rome,
 The soueraine King of Christendome:
 His into euerie Countie,
 His Princes of great granitie,
 And some Countie his Cardinales,
 In their maist pretious appaile.
 Archbishops, Bishops thou may see,
 Defending his authoritie.
 With vther potent Patriarchs,
 Colleges full of cunning Clarke:
 Abbots and priours as ye ken,
 Misrevolers of Religious men:
 Officialles with their procurators,
 Anyole langsome lawes shooldst be pure.
 Archdeacons, and Deanes of dignitie,
 Great Doctours of diuinitie:
 Their Chaniers and their Sacristanes,
 Their Chelaurers and their Suddenes:
 Legions of priests secreters,
 Persons, Vicars, Monks and Friers:
 Of diuers orders many one,
 Whilk langsome were for to shone:
 In sundrie habites, as ye ken,
 Differing from vther chaste men,
 Fair Ladies of Religion,
 Professed in euerie Region,
 False Hermits fastome like the Friers,
 Proud parishes Clarke and pardoners.
 Their Brynters and their Chamberlains,
 With their temporell Courtillians.

Thus

Thus all the world be land and sea,
 His sanctitude they do obey.
 Not onely his spirituall kingdome,
 Bot the great Emperour of Rome,
 And Kings of euerie Region,
 That day quhen they receaue their Crown,
 They make oath of fidelitie,
 To defend his authoritie.
 Hairouer, with humbill reuerence,
 They make to him obedience,
 Be them selues or Ambassadors,
 Or vthers ornate Oratours,
 Quha did gainst and his Maestie,
 His Lawes or his Libertie,
 Or halde any opinion,
 Contrare his great Dominion:
 Either be way of deed or words,
 At put to death be fire or sword.
 Sanct Peter styled was Sanctus
 Bat he is called Sanctissimus.
 His stile at lenth gif thou walde know,
 Thou must ga luke the Cannon Law,
 Baith in the Sext and Clementene,
 His statelie stile there may be seene:
 There sall thou finde, read gif thou can,
 How he is neither God nor man.

C. Quhat is he then be your iudgement,

E. (Said he) me thinkes him different
 Far from our Soueraine Lord Iesus,
 And to his kinde contrarius:

Ioh. 14.

For Christ was naturall God and man.

C. Gif he be neither, what is he than?

E. The Cannon Law, my Sonne. (said he)

That

That question will declare to thee.
 It does transcend my rude ingine,
 His sanctitude for to define:
 Or to shaw the authoritie,
 Pertaining to his Majestie.
 Sa great ane Prince quhere sall thou finde,
 That spirituallie may louse and binde.
 Nor be quhom sinnes are forgiven,
 Be they with his Disciples shruen:
 Quhom euer he binds with his might,
 They bounden are in Gods sight:
 Quhom euer he louse in earth here down,
 Are loused be God in his Region.
 Als he is Prince of Purgatorie,
 Deliuering saulles from paine to glorie.
 Of that darke Dungeon without doubt,
 Quhom euer he pleases he takes out.
 Our secret sinnes euerie yere,
 We most shaw to sum Priest or frior,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else we get na rem Mon.
 Sa be this way they clearlie ken,
 The secrets of all seculare men.
 Their secrets we know not at all,
 Thus are we to them bound and thall.
 Quhat euer their ministers commands,
 Must be obeyed without demands.
 Quherfor (my Sonne) I say to thee,
 This is ane macuellous Monarchie:
 Quhilk hes power Emperiall,
 Baith of the bedie and the saul.
 C. Father (said I) declare to mee,
 Quha did beginne this Monarchie.

E. Said

E. Said he, Christ Iesus God and man,
 That Empire gracioullie began:
 Not be the fire nor be the sword,
 Bot be the vertue of his word:
 And lest into his testament,
 Many ane deuote document:
 With his Successours to be vled,
 Thocht many of them be now abused.
 For Peter and Paul, with all the rest,
 Of their byetheren, made manifest
 The Law of God, with trew intent,
 Preaching the auld and new Testament:
 They led their life in pouertie,
 Deuotion and humilitie.
 As did their Master Christ Iesus,
 And were not halfe sa glorious,
 As their Successors now in Rome,
 Empiring ouer all Christendome
 After the deith of Peter and Paul
 And Christs trew Disciples all.
 Their Successours within few yeares,
 As at main lenth their Storie beares,
 Richt craftelie clam to the hicht,
 From spirituall life to tempozall richt.

C. Father ere we pas farther moze,
 Quhen did begin their tempozall gloze?

E. Sonne (said he) thou sall vnderstand,
 Ere euer ane Pape gat any land:
 Twa and threttie great Papes of Rome,
 Receaued the Crown of Marterdome:
 Bot not the thirifald Diadame,
 To weare thrie Crowns they thocht great shame
 Till Syluester the Conf. flour.

A 2

From

Ephes. 1
 Luc. 9.

From Constantine the Emperour,
 Reccaued the Realme of Italie,
 Richt sa of Rome the great Cittie:
 What was the rute of their riches,
 Then spring the well of wealthines?
 Quhen that the Pape was made ane King,
 All Princes bowed at his bidding.
 This act was done withouten weir,
 From Christs death thrie hundred yeur.
 Then Ladie Sensualitie,
 Take luding in that great Cittie:
 Quhere she since then hes done remaine,
 As their awin Ladie soueraine.
 Then Kings into all Nations,
 Made Priestes great foundations:
 They thocht great merite and honour,
 To counterlute the Emperour.
 As did Dauid of Scotland King,
 The quhilk did found during his ring,
 Fiftene Abbayes with temporall lands,
 Withouten teendes and Offerands:
 Be quhose holie simplicitie,
 He left the Crown in pouertie.

¶ Now haue I shawen thee as I can
 How their temporall Empire began:
 Ascending ay vp greie be greie,
 About the Emperours Majestie.
 So quhen they gat amang their hands
 Of Italie all the Emperours Lands,
 After that in like Countrie,
 Sprang up their temporalitie,
 With the great riches and licent,
 That they gan to be negligent,

In

In making ministration,
 To Christs trewe Congregation
 And take na more pains in their preaching,
 And meikell les treueth in their teaching:
 Changing their spiritualitie
 In temporall sensualitie.

C. Father think ye that they are sure,
 That their Empire sall lang indure?

E. Apperandis it may be herd,
 (Said he) their glorie sall haue ane end:
 I meane their temporall Monarchie,
 Sall turne into humilitie.

Thoch Gods word without debate,
 They sall turne to their first estate.
 As in Daniels propheticke appears,
 Thereto sall not be many yeares.
 Albeit Christs faith sall neuer fail,
 Bot moir and moir it sall preuail.
 Thoch Christs trewe Congregation,
 Suffer great tribulation.

C. Father (said I) be qubas reason,
 Think ye their Empire may come down,
 Considering their preeminence?

E. (Said he) for inobedience,
 Abusing the Commandement,
 Quhilk Christ left in his testament:
 Using their awin tradition,
 Contrare Christs institution:
 For Christ in his last conuention,
 The day of his ascension,
 To his Disciples gave command,
 That they should passe in aerie land,
 To teach and preach with aue intent,

In

3

His

Mat. 25

Mat. 18

Ioh. 15.

A.C. 1.

His Law and his Commandement.
 As other office he to them gaue,
 He did not bid them seek nor craue,
 Corpes presents nor Offerands.
 Nor get Lordships of temporall lands.
 Bot now it may be heard and sene,
 Both with thine eares and thine ene,
 How prelates now in euerie land,
 Takes litrill cure of Christs command?
 Neither into their deed nor lawes,
 Neglecting their awin Cannon Lawes:
 Using them selues contrarius,
 For the maist part to Christ Iesus.
 Christ thocht as hame to be a preacher,
 And to all pepill of trueth ane teacher:
 Ane Pape, Bisshope and Cardinall,
 To teach and preach will not be thail:
 They send furth Friers to teach for thame,
 Quhilk makes the pepil mock them with thame
 Christ walde not be ane temporall King,
 Richlie into na Realme to ring:
 Bot seld temporall authoritie,
 As in the Scripture thou may see.
 All men may knawe how Papes rings,
 In dignitie aboue all Kingis:
 As well in temporalitie,
 As into Spiritualitie.
 Thou may see be experience,
 The Papes princelie preeminence:
 In Chronicles gif thou list to luke,
 How Carlon writes in his buke,
 Ane notabill narration,
 Of the ycare of our saluation.

Elleuen

Elleuen hundred and sax and astie,
 Pape Alexander presumptiuillie:
 Quhilk was the thrid Pape of that name,
 Frederik the Emperour he did defame,
 In Venice that triumphant toun,
 That nobill Emperour he causde ly down
 Upon his wambe with shame and lack,
 Then trade his feet vpon his back:
 In taken of obedience,
 There he shew his preeminence.
 And caused the Clergie for to sing,
 These wordes after following,
 Super Aspidem & Basiliscum ambulabis,
 Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem: that is, Psal. 91.
 Thou sall ga vpon the Adder and Cocatrice,
 And thou sall trade down the Lyon and dragon.
 ¶ Then said this humbill Emperour,
 I do to Peter this honour:
 The Pape answered with words wrath,
 Thou sall me honour and Peter baith.
 ¶ Christ for to shew his humbill spirit,
 Did wash his pure Disciples feet.
 The Papes holines I wisse,
 Will suffer Kingis his feete to kisse.
 Birds had their nests, and todg their den,
 Bot Christ Iesus, sauer of men,
 In earth had not a pennie bread,
 Quhereon he might repose his head.
 Albeit the Papes excellence,
 Hes Castelles of magnificence:
 Abbots, Bisshoppes, Cardinales,
 Hes pleasant pallaces Royalles:
 Like Paradise are these prelates places,

¶ 4

wan?

Luc. 9.

wanting na pleasure of their laces:

John, Androw, James, Peter his brother,
Had feto houses among them all.

Quhair anes they knew the verttie,

Ioh. 19. They did contemne all propertie:

And wcre richt heartfull content,
Of meate, drinke, and abulzment,

To saue mankind that was forlorne,
Christ bure ane cruell Crown of thorne.

The Pape thie Crownes for the noies,

Of gould powdered with pretious stonies.

Of gould and siluer fair sure,

Christ Iesus tuke bot littill cure:

And left not quhen he yeild the spirit,

To buy him selfe ane winding sheet.

Bot his successour gude Pape John,

Quhen he decessed in Auinon,

He left behinde him ane treasour,

Of gould and siluer great measour,

Be ane iust computation.

Weill fise and twentie Million.

As does indite Palmerius,

Read him, and thou sall finde it thus.

Christis Disciples were well knawen,

Thoch vertue quhilk was in the shawen

Bot speciallie, feruent Charitie,

Great Patience and Humilitie,

The Papes flock in all Regions,

Are knawen best be their clipped crowns

Ioh. 2. Christ he did honour Matrimonie,

Into the Cane of Galilie:

Quhere he be his power diuine,

Did turne the water into wine.

And

And eke chused some married men,

To be his seruants, as ye ken:

And Peter during all his life,

He thocht na sinne to haue ane wife.

He sall not finde in na passage,

Quhere Christ forbiddes Mariage:

Bot lawfull to ilk man to marie,

Quhilk taiks the gift of Chastitie.

The Pape hes made the contrair lawes,

In his kingdome, as all men knawes,

None of the Priests dare marie wiues,

Under the paine euen of their liues:

Thocht they haue Concubines sene.

Into that case they are ouer sene.

Quhat chastitie they keepe in Rome,

Is well knawen ouer all Christendome.

Christ did shaw his obedience,

Unto the Emperours excellence:

And caused Peter for to pay,

Tribute to Cesar for them tway.

Paul bids vs be obedient,

To kings, as the maist excellent.

The contrare did Pape Celestine,

Quhen that his sanctitude serene.

Did Crown Henrie the Emperour,

I thtike he did him small honour:

For with his hand he did him crown,

Then with his fute the Crown beat down

Saying I haue authoritie,

Men to exalt to dignitie,

And to make Emperours and kings,

And then depriue them of their rings.

Peter be my opinion,

Did

Did neuer vse sic Dominion:
 Appearandlie be my iudgement,
 The Pape red neuer the new Testament
 Gif he had learned at that lore,
 He had refused sic vaine gloze.
 As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
 And richt sa Christs Disciples all.
 The Capitaine Cornelius,
 Quhen Sanct Peter came to his hous,
 To worship him fell at his feet,
 Bot Sanct Peter with humbill spirit,
 Did raise him vp with diligence,
 And did refuse sic reuerence.
 Richt sa Sanct John the Euangelist,
 The Angels feet he wolde haue kist:
 Bot he refused sic honour,
 Saying, I am bot seruitour,
 And eke thy fellow and thy brother,
 Gue gloir to God, and to na bther.
 And likewise Barnabas and Paul,
 Sic honour did refuse at all:
 In Lистра quhere they wrocht great warkes,
 The Priest of Jupiter and his Clarks:
 And all the pepill with their auice,
 Walde haue made to them sacrifice:
 Of quhilk they were sa discontent,
 That they their cloathing raue and rent.
 And Paul amang them rudelie ran,
 Saying, I am ane mortall man.
 Gue gloir to God of Kingis King,
 That made heauen, earth, and euerie thing.
 Sen Peter and Paul vaine gloir refused,
 With Papes quhy could sic gloir be used?

Peter,

Peter, Andrew, John, James and Paul,
 And Christs true Disciples all:
 Be Gods word their faith defended,
 To burn and scald they neuer pretended
 The Pape defends his traditions,
 Be flaming fire without remissions.
 Albeit men break the Law diuine,
 They are not put to sa great pine:
 For huredome nor Idolatrie,
 For Incest nor Adulterie:
 Or quhen young Virgines are deflored,
 For sic thing men are not abhored.
 Bot quha that eates flesh into Lent,
 Are terrible put to torment.
 And gif ane Priest happen to marie,
 They do him banish, curke and warie:
 Thocht it be not against the Law,
 Of God, as men may clearlie knaw.
 Betwene thir thos quhat differēcs bene
 Be faithfull folke it may be sene.
 Sic antitheses many ma,
 I might declare, quhilk I let ga:
 And may nos tarie to complee,
 Of ilk ordour the statelie stile.
 The sillie Nun will think great shame,
 Withouth she called be Madame.
 The pure priest thinks he gets na richt,
 Bot he be styled like ane knight:
 And called sir befor his name,
 As sir Thomas and sir William.
 All Monkes ye may heare and see,
 Are called Penes throuch dignitie:
 Albeit his mother milke the flow,

be

He must be called Dene Androw,
 Dene Peter, Dene Paul, and Dene Robert;
 With Christ they take ane painfull part,
 With doubill cloathing from the calde,
 Eating and drinking quhen they walde.
 With curious countering in the Quere,
 God knowes gif they buy heauen full deare.
 My Lord Abbot richt venerabill,
 My marshalled vpmast at the tabill.
 My Lord Bishoppe richt reuerent,
 Set aboue Carles in parliament.
 And Cardinals during their rings,
 Fellowes to Princes and to Kings.
 The Pape exalted in honour,
 Aboue the potent Emperour.
 The proud Person I thinke true he,
 He leades his life richt lustelle:
 For quhy? he hes na vther pyne,
 Bot take his tiend, and spend it syne.
 Bot he is obliht be reason,
 To preach vnto his parishon:
 Thocht they want preaching seuentene yeare,
 He will not want ane peck of beare.
 Some Person hes at his command,
 The wanton wenches of the land.
 And they haue grent prerogatiues,
 That they may paye ay with their wiues,
 Without diuorces or sunnouding,
 Then take ane brider without wedding.
 Some men walde thinke it ane lustie life,
 My quhen he is to change his wife,
 And take ane brider of maist bewtie,
 Bot Seculiers want that libertie:

The

The quhilk are bound in Mariage,
 Bot they lik Hammes into their rage,
 Unpissed runnes amang the ewes.
 So lang as Nature in them growes.
 And eke the Vicar, as I trow,
 He will not fail to take ane how,
 And vpmast claieth (thocht the babes them ban)
 For ane pure fillie husband man:
 Quhen that he lyeth for to die,
 Hauing small childeren twa or thrie,
 And hes thrie kye withoutten ma,
 The Vicar must haue ane of tha,
 With the gray clock that hays the bed,
 Albeit that he be purelie cled.
 And gif the wife die on the morne,
 Thocht all the babes could be forlorne,
 The vther how he takes away,
 With the pure coat of raploch gray:
 And gif within twa dayes or thrie,
 The eldest childe happinnes to die,
 Of the thrid how he will be sure,
 Quhen he hes all then vnder cure,
 And father and Mother baith are dead
 Beg must the babes without remeid.
 They hald the Corps at the Kirk stile,
 And there it must remaine ane quhyle,
 Till they get sufficient souertie,
 For their kirk richt and deutie.
 Then comes the lands Lord perforce,
 And takes to him ane heriold horse.
 Pure labourers wald that law were doun,
 Quhilk neuer was founded be reason.
 I heard them say vnder confession,

That

That Law is brother to Oppression

My Sonne, I haue shawen as I can,
How this fifth Monarchie began:
Whose great Empire for to report,
At lenth the time bene all to short.

IIIIJ. ¶ Ane description of the Court of Rome.



After (said I) what rule keip they
in Rome,

Whilk hes the spiritual dominion
And Monarchie aboue all Chri-
stendome,

Shaw me I make you supplication?

E. My Sonne, wald I make true narration,
(Said he) to Peter & Paul, thocht they succeed,
I thinke they proue not that into their deid.

For Peter, Andriow, & John wer fishers ane
Of men and women, to the Christian faith:
Bot they haue spred their net with huk & lyne
On rents, riches, on gould and vther graith:
Sic fishing to neglect they will be laith,
For quhy? they haue fished ouer throch & strands
Ane great part truckie of all tempozall lands.

With the tenth part of all gud's moucabill,
For the vphalding of their dignities:
Sa bene their fishing very profitabill,
On the dry land, als well as on the seas,
Their Herrie-water, they spred in all Cuntries,
And with their Hoke-net, daily draws to Rome
The

The maist ane gould that is in Chyistendome.

I dar well say, with in this laste yeare,
Rome hes receaued furth of this Region,
For Bulles & benefices, quhilk they buy ful deare
That might ful well haue paid a kings ransom:
Bot were I worthie for to weare ane Crown,
Priests suld na mair our substance sa consume,
Sending pearlie sa great riches to Rome.

Into their Cramalt net they sangd ane fische,
Whair then ane Quhale worthie of memorie:
Of quhom they had many ane daintie dish,
Bot quhilk they are exalted to great gloxie,
That maruellous Monstour called Purgatorie
Albeit to vs it be not amiable,
It hes to them bene very profitabill.

Let they that frutefull fische escape their net,
Bot quhilk they haue sa great commodities:
Ane mair fat fsh I trust they sall not get,
Thocht they wald serch ouerthort & Ocean seas
Adew the daily dolorous dirigies,
Sillie pure Priests may sing with hart ful sois:
Lack they that painfull palice Purgatorie.

Fairwel Monkrie, & Channon, Nun & Frier
Alas, they will be lichtlied in all lands:
Cowls wil na mair be knawon in kirk nor queir
Let they that frutefull fsh escape their hands,
I counsell them to bind him fast in bands:
For Peter, Andriow, nor John could neuer get,
Sa profitabill ane fische into their net.

The

Their merchandice into all Nations,
As printed Lead, their wox, and Parchment:
Their Pardones and their Dispensations;
They do exceed ane temporall Princes rent:
In sic traffick they are not negligent,
Of Benefice they make gude merchandice.
Throch Symonie quhilk they hald litill byce.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheepe;
And sa he did feed them full tenderlie:
Of that command they take but littill keepe,
Bot Christs sheepe they spuilzie pitteouslie,
And with the woll they clath them curiouse,
Like greddie wolfes they take of them their fude
They eat their flesh, & drinke baith milk & blude.

Mat. 16. For their office they serue bot littill hire,
I think sic Pastours are not worth to prync:
Quhilk can not guide their sheepe about ymmito
They are sa busie in their merchandice:
Thocht Peter was porter of Paradise,
That pleasant passage craftelie they close,
Throch them richt few gets entres I suppose.

Mat. 24. Christ Iesus said, as Mathew does report,
Woe be to Scribes, and to Pharisiene:
The quhilk did close of Paradise the port,
Of them we haue the same experience:
To enter there they make small diligence,
They take sic cure of temporall busines,
Richt sa from vs they stop the plaine entres.

The spirituall keyes that Christ to Peter gaue
Their

Their cullour cleir with smoke & roust ar faded
Unexercised they hald them in their noume,
Of that office they serue to be degraded.
Of Gods word, without that they remeid it.
Spining y port quhilk lang time hes bene closed
That we may enter with them and be rejoised.

Contrare to Christs institution,
To them that dies in habite of ane frier:
None hes to them granted full remission,
To pas to heauen straicht way wautten weir:
Quhilk bene in Scotland bled many ane yeir.
Is there sic vertue in ane fr. rs hude,
I think in vaine Chrys Iesus shed his blude.

Wald God the Pope quhilk hes preeminence
With aduise of his counsell generall:
That they wald do their debtfull diligence,
That Christs Law might be kept ouer all.
And truelie preached both to great and small,
And giue to them spirituall authoritie,
Quhilk can perstrelie shaw the veritie.

Quha can not preach, a priest suld not be named
As may be prouen be the Law diuine:
And be the Cannon Law they are defamed,
That takes Priest-hude, bot onely to that fine,
To all vertue their hearts they suld incline,
In speciall, to teach with true intents,
And minister the needfull Sacraments.

As for their Monks, their Channons & their
And lustie Ladies of Religion, (Fr.ers,
I know

I know not quhereto their office effectes,
 Bot men may see their great abusion,
 They are not like into conclusion,
 Neither into their words nor in their works,
 To the Apostles, Prophets, or Patriarchs.

Wif presentlie these Prelats cannot preach,
 Then let like Bishop haue ane suffragane,
 Or successor, quhilk can the pepill teach,
 On their expences yearelie to remaine,
 To cause the pepill from their vice refraine:
 And quhen ane Prelate happing to decease,
 Then put ane perfitte preacher in his place.

Do they not sa, on them fall by the charge,
 Giving vnabill men authoritie,
 Als quha wald make ane steir-man to ane Barge
 Of ane blinde bovie, quhilk can na danger see:
 Gif that ship droun, forsooth I say for me,
 Quha gaue the steir-man sic commission,
 Schuld of the ship make restitution.

The humane Lawes that are contrarious,
 And not conforming to the Law diuine,
 They could expell, and haud them odious,
 Quhen they were iue them come to na gude fine
 Inuented bot by sensual men's ingine,
 As that Law quhilk forbiddes Mariage,
 Causing young Clarks burne into lustis rage.

Rom 8.

Full hard it is Chastitie to obserue,
 Without great grace, labour and abstinence:
 Into an. viij. rings till we sterue,

That

That first originall sinne Concupiscence,
 Quhilk we throuch Adams inobedience,
 Haue done incur, and shall indure for euer,
 Quhile that our saull and bodie death discuer.

Quheresoir God made of Mariage the band,
 In Paradise (as Scripture does record)
 In Galilie, richt sa I vnderstand,
 Was Mariage honoured, be Christ our Lord:
 Wuld Law and new therero they do concord, Ioh. 2.
 I think for me better that they had slept,
 Nor to haue made ane Law, and neuer kept it.

Take not Christ Iesus his humanitie
 Of ane Virgine, in Mariage contracted:
 And of her flesh cled his diuinitie,
 Quhy haue ye done this blefsul bond defected
 In their kingdome? wald God it wer corrected
 That young Prelats might marie lustie wines,
 And not to sensuall lust to leid their liues.

Mat. 1.
Luc. 2.

Did not Christ chuse of honest married men,
 As well as they had kept Chastitie:
 For to be his Disciples, as ye ken,
 As in the Scriptures clearlie thou may see:
 They kept still their wiues with honestie:
 As Peter, and his spoused bytheren all,
 Obserued Chastitie Matrimoniall.

Bot now appeares the prophecie of Paul,
 How some could rise into the latter age:
 That from the true Faith should depart and fall,
 And some forbid the band of Mariage:

1. Tim.

D 2

And

And then fall kinde into that same passage,
They shoulde command from meats to abstain,
Nuhilk God create his pepil to sustein.

Bot sen the Hape our spirituall Prince & king
He does ouer see sic vices manifest:
And in his kingdome suffers for to ring,
The men be quhom the veritie is suppress,
I excuse not him selfe maiir nor the rest:
Alas, how shoulde we members be well bled,
When thus our spiritual heads are so abused?

The famous ancient doctour Auicene,
Saies, quhen all the roome discends from þ head
Into the members genners meikill paine,
Without there be made hastily remed:
When þ cold humour downward does proceed
In stinewes it causes Arthetica,
Right sa iuso the hands Chiragra.

Of maladies it genners many mo,
Without men get some soueraine preserue,
As in the thoes Sympathica passio,
And in the breast some time the strang Catarue
Nuhilk causes men right hostile to sterue,
And Podagra difficult for to cure,
In mens feet, quhilk lang time does indure.

As to this maist triumphant Court of Rome
This similitude I may full well comyate,
Nuhilk hes bene her ship ouer all Christendome
And to the world an euill examplare,
That some time was lech-star and luminaire,
And

And the maist sapient seat of sanctitude,
Bot now, alas, bare of beatitude.

Their kingdome may be called Babylone,
Nuhilk sometime was ane brycht Ierusalem:
As plainlie meanes the Apostill Iohn,
Their maist famous Cittie hes lost the same,
Inhabiters thereof their nobill name:
For quhy? they haue of Saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made ane tabernacle.

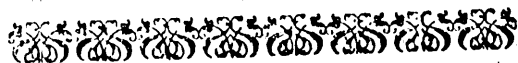
Ane hojrbill baill of euerie kinde of vice,
Ane stithie pule of stinking Lecherie,
Ane cursed Cane corrupt with constice,
Bordered about with pryde and Symonie:
Some sayes ane Cistern full of Sodome,
Whose vice in speciall, gif I wald declare,
It were enouch for to perturbe the Aie.

Ostrueth the haill Christian Religion,
Throach them are scandalized and offended:
It can not faill, bot their abusion,
Bfore the thyrne of God it is ascended:
I feare na doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of Iohnes Reuelation.
Shall fall vpon their generation.

O Lord, quhilk hes the heart of euerie King
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Conuert that Court, that of thy grace bening,
They wald make generall reformation
Among them selues, in euerie Nation,
That they may be ane holie examplare,

To vs, thy pure laik common populare.

Hungred, alas, for laik of spirituall fude,
Because from vs is hid the the veritie:
O pynce, that shew for vs thy pretious blude,
Kendill in vs the fire of Charitie,
And saue vs from eternall miserie,
Now labouring in thy kirk militant,
That we may come to thy kirk triumphant.



¶ The fourt Buke, making mention of the death of the Antichrist. Of the generall iudgement, &c. with ane Exhortation be Experience to the Courtier.

I.

Pudent Father Experience,
Benye of your beneuolence,
Hes caused me for to consider,
How worldlie pompe and gloir
bene siddir,

Be diners stoyles miserabill,
Quhilk to rehearse bene lamentabill.
Let ere we pas furth of this baile,
I pray you giue me your counsaile,
Quhat I shall do in time coming,
To haue the gloir euerlasting.

E. My Sonne (said he) set thy intent,
To keepe the Lord's Commandement:
And prease thee not to climb ouer hye,
To an warlike authoritie,
Quha in this warid does maist resollr,

Are

Are sette far from his purpose.
No albe thou leaue waridlie vanities,
And think on foure extremities,
Quhilk are to come, and that shortly,
Thou walde neuer sinne wilfullie,
Print these foure in thy memorie.
The death, the hell, and heauens gloir,
And extreame iudgement generall,
Quhere thou must render count of all,
Thou shall not fail to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent:
Considering na man can be sure,
In earth one house for to indure;
Sa all waridlie prosperitie,
Is mixed with great miserie.
Were thou Emperour of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great Dominatour of the sey,
And thocht the heaueus did thee obey:
All thyngs swimming in the brand,
All beastes and foules at thy command;
Concluding thou werte King ouer all,
Vnder the heauen Imperiall:
In that maist hich authoritie,
Thou shall finde least tranquillite.
Exempill of King Salomon,
Quhair prosperous life had neuer none:
His riches with sa great pleasour,
Had neuer King nor Emperour:
With maist profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience:
His pleasant habitations,
Decelland all vther Nations:

D 4

Gardens

i. Chre.

Gardens and Parkes for Parks and Pindes
 Stanks with like of divers kindes:
 Fair profound Masters of Musick,
 That in the world was none them like:
 Sicke treasure of gould and pretious stanes,
 In earth had neuer na king at anes.
 He had seven hundred lustie Queenes,
 And thye hundred fair Concubines.
 In earth there was na thing pleasaunt,
 Contrarious to his command,
 Yet all his great prosperitie,
 He thocht it paine and vanitie:
 And neuer found repose compleit,
 Without affliction of the spirit.

C. Father (said I) it maruelles me,
 He having sic prosperitie,
 With sa great riches aboue mesure,
 As he had infinite pleasure.

E. My Sonne (said he) gif thou wald knaw,
 The veritie I tell thee shaw:
 There is na worldlie thing at all,
 May satisfie one mans saull,
 For it is sa insatiabill,
 That heauen and earth may not be abill
 Ane saull alane may to be content
 Till it see God Omnipotent.
 No as neuer hane, noz neuer fall be,
 Satiat, that sight full that he see.
 Wherefore (my Son) set not thy cure
 In earth, quhere nathing may be sure,
 Except the death allanerill:
 Quhilk followes man continuallie.
 Wherefore (my Son) remember thee.

no thing

Wolth in short time that thou must bee:
 Fast knowing quhen, how, or quhat place,
 Not as it pleases the King of grace.

Of Death.



I miserio most miserabill,
 Is death, and most abhominabill:
 That dreadfull Dragon with his darts
 By robbie for to pearle the hearts
 Of every creature on line,
 Contrare quhose strength may na man strue.
 Of dolent Death, this soe sentence,
 Was given throuch inobedience,
 Of our Parents, alas; therefore,
 As I haue done declare before,
 Upon they and their posteritie,
 Were all commanded for to die.
 Albeit the flesh to Death be thall,
 God hes the saull made immortall.
 And sa of his benignitie,
 Hes mixed his Justice with Mercie.
 Therefore call to remembrance,
 Of this false world the variance:
 Upon we like Pilgrimes euen and morrow,
 Are traoulling throuch the baile of sorrow:
 Some time in vaine prosperitie,
 And some time in great miserie.
 Some time in bles, some time in baill,
 Some time richt felix, & some time hail.
 Some time full rich, and some time pore,
 Wherefore (my Sonne) take litill cure,
 Neither of great prosperitie,

1J.

Rd

Noz ye of greater miserie:
 Bot pleasant life and hard mischance,
 Wonder them both in one ballance:
 Considering na authoritie,
 Riches, wisdome, noz dignitie.
 Empire of Realmes, be wote noz strength,
 May not one day our liues length.
 Sen we are sure that we must die,
 Fairwell all vaine felicitie.
 Grentlie it does perturb my minde,
 Of doient death the diuers kinde.
 Choct Death to euerie man resorts,
 Yet strikes he into sunderie sortes.
 Some be hit fevers violence,
 Some be contagious pestilence.
 Some be justice execution,
 Vene put to death without remission.
 Sum hanged, sum does los their heads
 Some burnt, some sodden in the leads:
 And some for their vnlawfull acts,
 Are rent and reauen on the racts.
 Some are dissolued be poyson,
 Some on the night are murdered down.
 Some failes into phrenetic,
 Some dies in hydropisie.
 And others strange infirmities,
 Wherein many a thousand dies:
 Whilk humane Nature does abhorre,
 As in the Gut Grauell and Soze.
 Some in the Sore and feuer quartane,
 Foray the houre of death vncertaine.
 Some are dissolued suddenlie,
 Be Catharre or Apoplexie.

Some

Some does destroy their selfe also,
 As Hanniball, and wise Cato.
 Be thunder death does some consume,
 As he did the thirde king of Rome,
 Called Cullius Hostilius,
 As wites great Valerius:
 For he and his household at ones,
 Were burnt be thunder flesh and bones.
 Some dyes be extreme excesse,
 Of joy, as Valere does expresse.
 Some be extreme melancholie,
 Will die withoutten maladie.
 In Chronicles thou may well ken,
 How many hundereth thousand men
 Are slane, sen first the world began,
 In battell, and how many a man
 Upon the seas does los their liues,
 Quhen shippes on the rocks rines.
 Choct some dies naturallie throch age,
 Far ma dies raving in a rage.
 Happie is he the quhilk hes space,
 At his last houre to cry for grace.
 Albeit Death be abhominabill,
 I thinke it could be comfortabill,
 To all them of the faithfull number,
 For they depart from care and cumber,
 From trouhill, trauell, sturt and strife,
 To joy and euerlasting life.
 Polidors Virgilius,
 To that effect he wites thus,
 In Thrace quhen any childe is borne,
 Their kin and friends comes them beforne,
 With doient lamentation,

For

For their great tribulation,
 A calamitie, cumber and cure,
 That they in earth are to indure.
 Bot at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banquetting.
 That they haue past from miserie
 To rest and great felicitie.
 Sen death bens final conclusion,
 What auails worldlie prouision
 When wisdom may not contramand.
 No, brent that stant may not gainstand?
 Ten thousand Million of treasure,
 May not prolong thy life one houre.
 After quhase doleant departing,
 Thy spirit sall without tarying,
 & traicht way to joy inestimabil,
 Or to strang paine intolerabil.
 The byle corrupted Carion,
 Shall turne to putrifaction:
 And sa remaine in powder small,
 untill the Iudgement generall.

¶ Ane short description of the Antichrist.

111.



And I, father I heare men say,
 That there sall rise before that day
 Quhilk you call general iudgment,
 Ane wicked man from satan sent;
 And contrare to the law of Christ,
 Called the cruell Antichrist.
 And some sayes, that mischeuous man,
 Descend sall of the Tribe of Dan:

And

And sould be bozne in Babilone,
 The quhilk deceiue sal many one.
 In doels fall of euerie airt,
 With that fals prophet tak a part.
 And how Enoch and Mikah,
 Sall preach contrare that false Messias.
 Bot finallie this false doctrine,
 And he sall be put to roringe.
 Bot neither be the Monox word,
 Bot be the vertue of Gods word.
 And gif this be of veritie,
 The luth I pray you say to me.

E. My Sonne (said he) as writes John,
 There sall not be one man alone,
 Hauing that name in speciall,
 Bot Antichrists in generall,
 Hes bene, and now are many one,
 And richt sa in the time of Iohne
 were Antichrists, as him selfe saies,
 And presentlie now in these dayes.
 Are richt many withouten doubt.
 were their false lawes well socht out.
 Quha was ane greater Antichrist,
 And mair contrarious to Christ,
 Then the false Prophet Mahomet,
 Quhilk his curst lawes made sa sweet.
 In Turkie yet they are obserued,
 Quherethroch the hell he hes deserued.
 All Turkes, Sarazens and Jewes,
 That they the Son of God not troues,
 Are Antichrists I thee declare,
 Because to Christ they are contrare.
 Daniell sayes in his prophecies,

That

For their great tribulation,
 A calamitie, cumber and cure,
 That they in earth are to endure.
 Bot at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banquetting.
 That they haue past from miserie
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 Nor strength that stout may not gainstand?
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And should be borne in Bablone,
 The quhilk deceiue sal many one.
 In diuels fall of euerticair,
 With that fals prophet tak a part.
 And how Enoch and Methuselah,
 Shall preach contrare that false Messias.
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 That they the Son of God not trowes,
 Are Antichrists I thee declare,
 Because to Christ they are contrare.
 Daniell sayes in his propheties,

That

That after these great Monarchies,
 Shall rise ane maruellous potent King,
 Quhilk with ane shameles face sal ring
 Richtie and wise in dark speakings,
 And prosper in all pleasant things.
 Throughe his falsheude and craftines,
 He sall flow into wealthinges:
 The godlie pepill he sall noy,
 Be cruell death, and them destroy.
 The King of Kings sall him gainstand,
 Then be destroyed withoutten hand.
 Paul sayes, befor the Lordys comming,
 That there sall be ane departing:
 And that man of iniquitie,
 Do all men be sall opened be:
 Quhilk sall sit in the halle sate,
 Contrare God to make debate.
 Bot that Sonne of Perdition,
 Sall be put to confusion,
 Be power of the halie spirit,
 When he his time hes done complete.
 Belene not that in time comming,
 Ane greater Antichrist to ring,
 Nor there hes bene, and presently,
 Are now, as Clarke can espy.
 Therefore my will is that thou know,
 Quhat euer they be that makis the law,
 Thocht they be called Christian men,
 Be naturall reason thou may ken:
 Be they neuer of sa great valour,
 Pape, Cardinall, King or Emperour,
 Extolling their traditions,
 Aboue Christs institutions.

Making

Making Lawes contrare to Christ,
 He is ane verie Antichrist.
 And quha does fortifie or defend
 Sic Law, I make it to thee kend,
 Be he Pape, Emperour, King or Quene,
 Great sorrow sall be on them sene,
 At Christs extreme Judgement,
 Withouthat they in time repent.

¶ Ane short remembrance of the
 maist terribill day of Judgement. IIIJ.



After (said I) with your licence,
 Since you haue sic Experimce,
 Set ane thing at you wald I speir
 When sall this dreadfull day ap-
 peir,

Quhilk you call Judgement generall.
 Quhat thing be fore that day sall fall:
 Quhere sall appere that dreadfull Judge
 Or how may faultours get refudge?

E. Said he, as to thy first question,
 I can make na solution.
 Wherefore perturbe not thy intent,
 To know the day, houre or moment:
 To God alane the day is known,
 Quhilk neuer was to angell shawen.
 Albert be diuers conjectures,
 And principall Expositours,
 Of Daniell and his Prophecie,
 And be the sentence of Clee:
 Quhilk hes declared as they can,

How

How lang it is sen the world began:
 And for to shew hes done their cure,
 How lang they trust it sall indure.
 And eke how many ages bene,
 As in their workes may be sene.
 Bot to declare these questions,
 There are diuers opinions:
 Some writers hes the world diuided,
 In six ages, as bene decided:
 Into Falciculus temporum,
 And Chronica Chronicorum.
 Bot be the sentence of Clee,
 The world diuided is in thre:
 As cunning Master Carion,
 Hes made plaine exposition:
 How Clee sayes withouten weie,
 The world sall stand six thousand yere:
 Of quhom I follow the sentence,
 And lets the other bukes ga hence.
 From the creation of Adam,
 Twa thousand yere to Abraham.
 From Abraham be this narration,
 To Christs Incarnation.
 Richt sa hes bene twa thousand yeres,
 As be their prophesies appeares.
 From Christ, as they make to vs kend,
 Twa thousand to the worlds end.
 Of quhilk are bygane sickerlie,
 A thousand, six hundredeth, thre & fiftie.
 And sa remaines withouten weie,
 Four hundredeth, with seven and fourtie yere.
 And then the Lord Omnipotent,
 Shuld come to his great iudgement.

Christ

Christ sayes the time sall be made short,
 As Mathew plainlie does report:
 That for the worlds iniquitie,
 The latter time sall hastened be:
 For pleasure of the chafest number,
 That they may pas from care and cumber.
 So be this compt it may be kend,
 The world is drawand neir an end:
 For Legions are come but doubt,
 Of Antichrists, were they sought out:
 And many tokens doeth appeare,
 As after hostlie thou sall heare,
 How that sanct Ierome doeth indite,
 That he hes red in Hebrew wyte,
 Of stene signes in speciall,
 Before that Iudgement generall:
 And some of them I take na cure,
 Quhilk I find not in the Scripture:
 One part of them thoct I declare,
 First will I to the Scripture sure.
 Christ sayes, before that day be done,
 There sall be signes in Sunne and Mone:
 The Sonne sall hide his beames brycht,
 Sa that the Mone sall gine na licht.
 Starres be mens iudgement,
 Sall fall furth of the firmament.
 Of thir signes ere we farther gone,
 Some morall sence we will expone,
 As cunning Clarke hes declared,
 And hes the Sonne and Mone compared.
 The Sonne to the state spirituall,
 The Mone to princes temporall.
 Richt sa the starres they do compare,

Ioh. 18.

Mar. 24

Mar. 13

D

Co

To the laik common populare.

The Mone and starres hes na licht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bricht.

So quhen the Sunne of licht is darke,
The Mone and starres must be marke.

Richt sa quhen Pastours spirituals,
The Papes, Bishoppes and Cardinales,

In their beginning shew great licht,
The tempoꝛall state was reuled richt.

Bot now, alas, it is not so.

Their shynning lampes bene ago:

Their radious beames are turned in reek,
For now in earth nothing they seeke,

Except riches and dignitie,
Following their sensualitie.

Many Prelats are now ring and,
The quhilk na mair does understand

What does pertaine to their office,
Nor they can kendill fire with yce.

As a be to Papes I say for me,
That suffers sic enormitie:

That ignorant warldlie creatures,
Shuld in the kirk haue any cures:

Na maruell thocht the pepill slide,
Quhen they haue blind men to their guide.

For ane Prelate that can not preach,
Nor Gods Law to the pepill teach:

Esay compares them in his warke,
To ane dumb dog that can not barke.

And Christ him calles in his greefe,
What like ane murtherer or ane thief.

The cunning Doctour Augustine,
To wolves and deuilles does them defame.

The

The Cannon Law does them define,
That of ane Prelate beares the name,
And will not preach the diuine Lawes,
As the decrees plainlie shawes:

Bot these that hes authoritie,
To prouide spirituall dignitie,

Micht, gif they pleased to take paine,
Cause them licht all their lampis againe.

Bot euer, alas, that is not done,

So darkenned bene baith Suane and Mone,
Where kings liues well declared,

The quhilk are to the Mone compared:
Men micht consider their estate,

From charitie degenerate.

I thinke they shuld think mekill shame,
Of Christ for to take their surname:

Then liue not like to Christians,
Bot mair like Turkes and Pagans.

Turke contrare Turke maks littil weir:
Bot Christian princes takes na feir:

Quhilk shuld agrie as brother and brother,
Bot now ilk ane beats down ane ither.

I know na resonabill cause querefore,
Except, pryde, couetous, and vaine gloire.

The Emperour moues his ordinance,
Contrare the potent King of France:

And France richt sa with great rigour,
Contrare his friend the Emperour.

And richt sa France against England,
England also against Scotland:

And eke the Scots with all their micht,
Does fecht for to defend their richt.

Betweene the Realme of Albione,

Quhere Battels hes bene many one,
 Can be made nane affinitye,
 Nor yet nane Consanguinitie:
 Nor be nane way they can consider,
 That they may haue lang peace together:
 I prayd that weir makes nane ending,
 Till they be baith vnder one King:
 Thocht Christ be soueraine King of Grace,
 Left in his testament loue and peace:
 Our Kings from weir will not refraine,
 Till there be many one thousand name:
 Great her ships made be sea and land,
 As all the world may vnderstand.

C. Father I think that temporall Kings,
 May fecht for till defend their rings.
 For I haue sene the spirituall state,
 Make weir, their richts till debate:
 I saw Pope Julius manfullie,
 Was to the Aid triumphantlie,
 With ane richt awfull Ordinance,
 Contrare Lawes the King of France.
 And for to do him mair despise,
 He did his Region interdice.

E. My Sonne (said he) as I suppose,
 That laiges well to our purpose,
 How Sonne and Bone are baith denude
 Of licht, as Clarke does conclude:
 Comparing them as ye heard tell.
 To spirituall state and temporall:
 And common pepill haile disparde,
 Quhilk to the starres bene compared.
 Lawed pepill follow ay their heeds,
 And speciallie into their heeds.

Quhat

The maist part of Religion,
 Vene turned to abusion.
 Quhat does auill Religious woordes,
 When they are contrare in their heeds?
 Quhat holines is there within,
 Ane wolle cled in ane wadders skin.
 Sa be their tokens does appeare,
 The day of Judgement draws neare.

C. Now let vs leaue this morall sence,
 Proceeding to our purpose hence,
 And of this mater speake no more,
 Beginning quhere we left before.
 The Scripture sayes, after these signes
 Shall be sene many maruellous things.
 Then shall rise tribulations.
 In earth, and great mutations:
 As well here vnder as aboue,
 When vertues of the heauens fall moue:
 Sic cruell weirs shall be ere than,
 Was neuer sen the world began:
 The quikill shall cause great indigence,
 As death, hunger and pestilence.
 The horribill sounds of the sey,
 The pepill shall pertarbe and sey.
 Jerome sayes, it shall rise on hicht.
 Aboue Mountaines be mens sight:
 Bot it shall not spyed ouer the Land,
 Bot like ane wall straicht vp stand:
 Then settill down againe sa law,
 That na man shall the water know.
 Great Quhales shall vnmisch, rout and rair,
 Quhose sound rebound shall in the air.
 All fishe and monstours maruellous,

D 3

Shall

Shall cry with sounds odious:
 That men shall wither on the earth,
 And weeping wearie fall their weight,
 With loud, alas, and wela way,
 That euer they liued to see that day:
 And speciallie those that dwelling be,
 Upon the coastes of the Sea.
 Right sa as Jerome concludes,
 Shall be seene maruelles on the fudes;
 The sea with mouing maruelous,
 Shall burne with fudes furious.
 Right sa shall burne fountaine and fude,
 All hearbe and tree shall sweat like blude,
 Foules shall furth out of the air,
 Wilde beasts to the plaine repair.
 And in their maner make great mone,
 Weeping with many greifful groane.
 The bodie of dead creatures,
 Appare shall on their sepulchres.
 Then shall baith men, women and bairns
 Come crying furth of darke cauerns:
 Where they for bread were hid before,
 With sigh and sob, and hearts sore.
 Wandring about as they were woth,
 Effamished for fault of fude.
 None may make others comforting,
 Nor doubtill greife and lamenting.
 What may they do but weepe and wonder,
 When they see Roches shake insunder.
 Throughe trembling of the earth and quaking
 Of sorrow then shall be no straking.
 They that are lining in those dayes,
 May tell of terribill affrayes.

Then

Then riches, rents, no treasure,
 That time shall do them small pleasure.
 Nor when sic wonders does appeare,
 When may be sure that day drawes near
 Then iust men shall passe to the gloze,
 Vniust to paine for euer more.

C. Father said I, we daily read,
 The article into our Creede,
 Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
 Into that generall Iudgement?
 Shall iudge baith quick and dead also,
 Wherefore declare me ere you go,
 If there shall any man or wise,
 That day be founden vpon life?

E. Said he, as to that question,
 I shall make sure solution:
 The Scripture plainlie does expone,
 When all tokens are come and gone,
 Yet many are hundereth thousand,
 That same selfe day shall be liuant:
 Albeit there shall no creature,
 Neither of day nor houre be sure:
 For Christ shall come so suddenly,
 That no man shall the time espy.
 As it was in the time of Noe,
 When God did all the world destroy.
 Some on the field shall be labouring,
 Some in the temples marring.
 Some before Iudges making pley,
 And some men sayling on the sey.
 Those that bene on the field going,
 Shall not retorne to their lodging.
 Wha bene vpon the house aboue,

id 4

Shall

Shall haue na leasure to remoue.
 Two shall be in the myll grinding,
 Nuhilk shall be taken without warning.
 The one to enuerlasting glore,
 The other lost for ever more:
 Two shall be lying in one bed,
 The one to pleasure shall be led:
 The other shall be left alone,
 Weeping with many greifful groane.
 And sa my Sonne, thou maist well trow,
 The world shall be as it is now:
 The pepill vsing busines,
 As holie Scripture does expies.
 Sen na man knowes the houre nor day,
 The Scripture bids vs watch and pray.
 And for our sinne be penitent,
 As Christ wold come incontinent.

¶ The maner how Christ fall
 come to Iudgement.

V.



When all taken are brocht to end,
 Then shall the Son of God descend,
 As fire-flacht passilie glansing,
 Descend shall the maist heauenlie
 King:
 As Phobus in the Orient,
 Richtens in haist the Occident:
 So pleasantlie he shall appeare,
 Among the heauenly cloudes cleare,
 With great power and mightie,
 Aboue the Countrie of Indis:
 As Clarke has concluded baill,

Direct

Direct aboue the lustie baill
 Of Josophat and Mount Oleeit,
 All prophete there shall be compleit.
 The angels of the ordours nine,
 Inuiron shall the Throne diuine:
 With humble consolation,
 Making him ministracion:
 In his presence there shall be boine,
 The signes of Croce and Crown of thorne,
 Pillar, Staffes, Scourges and Speare,
 With enery thing that did him deare:
 The time of his grim passion,
 And for our consolation,
 Appeare shall in his hands and feet,
 And in his side the print compleet,
 Of his due woundes pretious,
 Schynning like Rubies radious.
 To reprobate confusion,
 And for final conclusion:
 He sitting in his tribunall,
 With great power Emperiall.
 Then shall one angell blaw one blast,
 Nuhilk shall make all the world agast:
 With hideous voice and vehement,
 Rise dead folke come to Iudgement.
 With that all reasonabill creature,
 That euer was formed be nature,
 Shall suddenlie rise vp at aues,
 Conjoined with soul, flesh, blud & banes.
 That terribill trumpet I heare tell,
 Bees heard in Heauen, in Earth and Hell.
 Those that were drowned in the Sey,
 That boisteous blast they shall obey.

Dubere

Wher euer the bodie buried was,
 All sall be found into that place.
 Angells sall pas in the four airts,
 Of earth, and bying them from al parts,
 And with ane instant diligence,
 Present them to his Excellence.
 Sant Jerome thocht continually
 On this iudgement sa ardently.
 He said, quhither I eat or drink,
 Or walk, or sleip, forsooth I think
 That terribill trumpet like ane bell,
 As quicklie in mine eare does knell,
 As instantlie as it were present,
 Like dead folke come to iudgement.
 Gif sanct Jerome take sic ane fray,
 Alas, quhat sall we sinners say?
 All those that sall be found on line.
 Then sall immortall bene beline,
 And in the twinkling of ane eie,
 Noith are they sall translated be,
 And neuer for to die againe,
 As diuine Scripture hatwes plaine.
 As readie baith for paine and gloze,
 As they quhilk died lang time before.
 The Scripture sayes, they sall appeare,
 In age of thrie and threttie yeare:
 Quhither they died young or auld,
 Quhose greit number may not be tauld
 That day there sall not lack ane man,
 Quhilk bozne was sen the warld began.
 The angell sall then separate,
 As hird the sheepe does from the gate.
 And those that be of Belieis band,

Trembling

Trembling vpon the earth sall stand:
 On the left hand of that great Indge,
 Noithoutten hope to get refudge.
 Bot those that are predestinate,
 Sall from the earth be eleuate.
 And that maist happie companie,
 Sall ordeoured be triumphantlie.
 At the right hand of Christ our King,
 Rich in the air with loud louing:
 Full gloriouslie there sall compear,
 Quair bricht then phebys in his spheare.
 The Virgine Marie Queene of Queenes,
 With many ane thousand Virgines.
 The fathers of the auld Testament,
 Quhilk were to God obedient:
 Father Adam sall them conuoy,
 With Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noe.
 Abraham with all his faithfull markes,
 As with all the prudent Patriarkes.
 John the Baptest there sall compeir,
 The principall and last Messengeir,
 Quhilk came bot half ane yeare before
 The comming of that King of gloze.
 Moyses and Eliaas honourabill,
 With all true Prophets venerabill.
 Dauid with all the faithfull Kings,
 Quhilk verteouslie did rule their rings.
 The nobill Chistane Josue,
 With gentill Judas Machabe:
 With many ane nobill Campion,
 Quhilk in their time with great renown,
 Mansfullie to their lines end,
 The Law of God they did defend,

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The fourt buke

With Cus that day shall be present,
 The Ladies of the auld Testament:
 Deboir, Adams daughter deare,
 With the foure lustie Ladies cleare,
 Quhilk keepest wot in the Arke with Noe,
 Sara and Cethura with Ioy,
 The quhilk to Abraham wiues bene,
 With gude Rebecca there shall be sene,
 The prudent wiues of Israell,
 Gude Lea and the fair Rachell:
 With Iudeth, Hester and Susanna,
 And the right ancient Queene Saba.
 There shall compeare Peter and Paul,
 With Christs true Disciples all.
 Lawrence and Steuen with his blest band,
 Of Martyres ma then ten thousand.
 Gregore, Ambrose and Augustine,
 With Confessours ane triumphant true
 With sanct Frances and Benedick,
 Sanct Bernard and sanct Dominick:
 With small numbers of Monks and friers,
 Of Carmalites and Cordeliers:
 That for the loue of Christ onely,
 Renounced the world unfainedly.
 With Elizabeth and Anna,
 All gude wiues shall compeer that day.
 The blest and holie Magdalene,
 That day before our Souerane,
 Richt pleasantlie she shall present,
 All sinners that were penitent,
 Quhilk of their gilt here asked grace,
 In heauen with her shall haue ane place.
 But wo be to that baillfull band,

Quhilk

of the Monarchie.

Quhilk shall stand law at his left hand.
 We then to Kings and Emperours,
 That were vnrighthouse conquerours:
 For their gloze and particulare gude,
 Caused God samewhilk sathies blude.
 Both Scepter, Crown and Rob royall,
 That day they shall make compt of all.
 And for their cruell tyrannie,
 Shall punisht be perpetuallie.
 He Lords and Barons mair and les,
 That your pure tenements did suppress,
 Be great gersome and doubill mail,
 Wair then your Lands were of auaill:
 With fair exhibitant caringe,
 With mercheits of their marriage.
 Tormented baith in peace and weir,
 With burding mair then they may beir.
 Be they hane payed to you your mail,
 And to the Dielk their teinds haill:
 And quhen the Land againe is lawen,
 Quhat rests behinde, I wald were knawen.
 I traist they and their pure household,
 May tell of hunger and of cold:
 Without ye hane of them pittie,
 I dread ye shall get na mercie,
 That day quhen Christ Omnipotent,
 Comes to his generall Judgement.
 We bees to publick oppressours,
 To tyrants and to transgressours:
 To murderers and common theues,
 That did not mend their great mischeues:
 Fornicatours and Ockerers,
 Common publick Adulterers:

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All manner with hereticke,
 All kind of dissauful schismatiks:
 All shall be present in that place,
 With many lamentabill alas.
 The cursed Caph that neuer was gude,
 With all Medders of gilles blude.
 Nimrod founder of Babilone,
 With false Idolaters many one.
 Ninus the King of Assyria,
 With great dule shall compeare that day,
 Nuhik first inuented Imagerie,
 Where throuch came great Idolatrie:
 For making of the Image Well.
 That day his hye shall be in hell.
 The great oppressour King Pharao,
 The tyrant Emperour Nero,
 Shall with them cursed King Herod byng,
 With many vther carefull King.
 The cruell King Antiochus,
 With the maiest furious Holofernus.
 Great oppressours of Israll,
 That day their hye shall be in hell.
 With Judas shall compeir a clan,
 Of fals traytours to God and mā
 There shall compeir of euerie land,
 With Ponce Pylate and bailfull band.
 Of tempozall and spirituall states,
 False Judges with their Adoucates.
 There shal our Sunzours & the Session,
 Of all their faults make clear confession
 There shall be sene the fraudfull faulzies,
 Of Schirefs, Prouests and of Baillies.
 Of ciar's with their consistoriall Clerks,

Shall

Shall make comyt of their wyangous warke;
 They and their peruerse procutours,
 Oppressours baith of rich and pures.
 Throch delatours full of false dissait,
 Nuhik many ane could beg their meat.
 Great dule that day to Judges bene,
 That comes not with their conscience cleue.
 That day shall pas be Peremprours,
 With Cautill of Delatours,
 Na duplicandum nor triplicandum,
 Bot hostile pas to sententiandum:
 Without continuations,
 Or any appellations:
 That sentence shall not be retreated,
 Nor with na man of Law debated.
 Be labourers be Sea and Land,
 Beside Craftisinen, and rich Merchands,
 Leane your dissait and craftie wyles,
 Nuhik sille compill folke begyles:
 Make recompence here as ye may.
 Remembering on this dreadfull day.
 With Mahomet shall compeare na dout,
 Of Antichrists ane hideous rout.
 Bishop Annas and Caiphas,
 With him ane companie shall pas,
 The Scribes and false Pharisiene,
 Nuhik wrought on Christ great violence:
 With many ane Turke and Saracene,
 With great sorrow there shall be sene.
 Papes for their traditions,
 Contrare to Christs institutions.
 With many ane Coule and clipped crown,
 Nuhik Christs law hes bratten down:

And

And wold not suffer for to preach,
 The veritie, nor the pepill teach,
 Bot laik men put to torment,
 Quhilk vled Chyftis testament.
 All kings and Queenes there fall be kend,
 The quhilk sic lawes did defend:
 Into that court fall come many one,
 Of the hudge heape of Babilone.
 The innocent blude that day fall cry,
 Ane loud vengeance fall pittreously,
 On thole cruell bludie bentchours,
 Marttyres, Prophets and prechours:
 Some with the fire, some with y^e sword,
 Quhilk plainlie preached Gods word:
 That day they fall rewarded be,
 Conforme to their iniquitie.
 The Sodomites and Gomozientes,
 On quhom God wrought sa great vengeance,
 With Choz, Bathan and Abirone,
 With their assistance many one,
 The holie Scripture will thet tell,
 How they sank down all to the hell.
 With Simon Magus fall refort,
 Of proud Pryests ane shamefull sort.
 The false same day there fall becene,
 Many ane cruell cairfull Queene:
 Queene Semirame King Pinus wife,
 Ane tyger full of sturt and strife:
 Together with Queene Tefabell,
 Quhilk was couctous and cruell.
 The false disaiftfull Dalila,
 The cruell Queene Clytemnestra,
 The quhilk did murder on the night,
 Agamemnon

Agamemnon with his wif, and his son,
 The quhilk was his eldest and Lord,
 His Grekes Souldiours, and his men,
 With cruell King Priame, his son,
 Quhilk lawgane were for to expone.

O ye wairden Ladies and Burges wifes,
 That now for siddis railes frives,
 Flapping the ditch among your feet,
 Raising the dust into the street:
 That day for all your pompe and pryde,
 Your taites fall not your hippes hyde.
 These vanities ye fall repeat,
 Unless that ye be penitent:
 With Whitonisa I haue tell,
 Quhilk raised the spirit of Samuell:
 That day with her there fall refort,
 Of rank witches ane sorowfull sort,
 Wocht from all parts many ane myle,
 From Hauoy, Achole, and Argyle:
 And from the ryndes of Galloway,
 With many wofull walloway,
 Be hyether of Religion, or of the law,
 In time leane your abusouris can be saw:
 With quhilk ye haue be hard abused,
 O ye that day fall be refused.
 I speake to you all gentillie;
 Not till ane of our speciallie,
 That day all creature shall be tryed,
 Oif ye were canes or watilmen,
 Oif ye were rube the shapillarie,
 That ye nicht lide maie pleasantlie,
 And get ane gude gros portion,
 Oif ye hadlie deuotion.

That

That day your sainted sanctitudes,
 Shall not be knowne by your hudes,
 Your superstitious ceremonies,
 Participant with Idolatries:
 Cord, cutted shoes, nor clipped head,
 That day shall stand you in no stead;
 For Coules black, gray, nor begarde,
 We shall that day get no rewarde.
 Your polite painted flatterie,
 Your dissimulate hypocrisie:
 That day they shall be cleerly knowen,
 When they shall reape as they haue sown.
 Therefore in time be penitent,
 Or else that day ye shall behent.
 I pray you bractitie, as I may,
 Remember on that dulefull day.
 We Abbot, Wyze, and Wyze,
 Consider quhat ye haue proles:
 And how that your promotion,
 Was nothing for deuotion,
 Not to obtaine the Abbacie,
 We made your vowe to Chastitie,
 Of pouertie and obedience,
 Therefore rememb your Conscience,
 How these thrie vowes haue obserued,
 And quhat rewarde ye haue deserued.
 Wherefore repent quill ye haue sinned,
 Then God is liberall his grace.
 C. Father (and I) declare to mee,
 Where shall your Idolatries be,
 Quhill now are in the world liued,
 With quhom shall come that spirituall band?
 E. Said he, as Sanct Bernard describes,
 Without

without that they amend their liues,
 And leaue these wanton vicious warke,
 Not with the Prophets or Patriarks,
 Nor with the Apostles or Confessours,
 The quill to Christ were true preachers
 Their superstitions be for and was!
 That day will they be knowne at all
 So shall they not, I say for mee,
 With the Apostles shalld be,
 I traist they shall be well on the border,
 Of hell where there shall be no order,
 Ending the slide of Pylegeton,
 Or on the byres of Acheton,
 Crying on Charon I conclude,
 To carie them ouer the furious fude.
 Coeternall confusion,
 Without they leaue their abusion.
 I traist these Idolatrs mair and les,
 Shall make cleir compt of their riches,
 That dreadfull day with heart's sore,
 And quhat seruice they did therefore.
 The princelie pompe or apparall,
 Of Pope, Bishoppe, nor Cardinall:
 Their royall rents nor dignitie,
 That day shall not regarded be.
 There shall na tassel, as I heare say,
 Of Bishoppes be borne vp that day:
 Come they not there with conscience cleane,
 On them great sorrows shall be sene,
 Without that they their life amend,
 In time, and so I make ane end.

¶ The maner how Christ fall

VJ.



When all the Congregations
 Bees brocht forth from all nations
 Quhen I was hungrie, ye gaue me to eat,
 Quhen I was thirstie, ye gaue me to drinke,
 Quhen I was naked, ye gaue me to clothe,
 Quhen I was in prison, ye came to seeke me,
 Quhen I was in paine, ye comforted me,
 Quhen I was in death, ye buried me,
 Quhen I was in hell, ye redeemed me,
 Quhen I was in purgatorie, ye purged me,
 Quhen I was in heauen, ye crowned me,
 Quhen I was in glory, ye glorified me,
 Quhen I was in paine, ye comforted me,
 Quhen I was in death, ye buried me,
 Quhen I was in hell, ye redeemed me,
 Quhen I was in purgatorie, ye purged me,
 Quhen I was in heauen, ye crowned me,
 Quhen I was in glory, ye glorified me.

Therof

Therofore fall now begin your glorie,
 Quhen I was in paine, ye comforted me,
 Quhen I was in death, ye buried me,
 Quhen I was in hell, ye redeemed me,
 Quhen I was in purgatorie, ye purged me,
 Quhen I was in heauen, ye crowned me,
 Quhen I was in glory, ye glorified me,
 Quhen I was in paine, ye comforted me,
 Quhen I was in death, ye buried me,
 Quhen I was in hell, ye redeemed me,
 Quhen I was in purgatorie, ye purged me,
 Quhen I was in heauen, ye crowned me,
 Quhen I was in glory, ye glorified me,
 Quhen I was in paine, ye comforted me,
 Quhen I was in death, ye buried me,
 Quhen I was in hell, ye redeemed me,
 Quhen I was in purgatorie, ye purged me,
 Quhen I was in heauen, ye crowned me,
 Quhen I was in glory, ye glorified me.

Q 3

The

The fourth buke

The euermasting bird and tree:
 But grace, but peace, by comforting,
 Then shall they cry full sore weeping,
 That we were made, alas, gude Lord,
 Alas, is there name misericord.
 Bot thus withouten hope of grace,
 No se presence of thy pleasant face.
 Alas, for vs it had bene gude,
 We had bene smozed in our cude:
 Then with one raie the earth shall clue,
 And swollie them baith man and wise.
 Then shall those Creatures forlorne,
 Warie the houre that they were borne,
 With many zammer, zolit and zell,
 From time they fell the flames fell,
 Upon their tender bodie byre,
 Quhose torment shall be indynte.
 The earth shall close, and from their sight,
 Shall taken be all kinde of light.
 There shall be gowling and greiting,
 But hope of any comforting,
 In that inestimabill paine,
 Eternallie they shall remaine,
 Burning in furious flames reid,
 Euer dyand, bot neuer be deid.
 That the small minute of an houre,
 To them shall be sa great Dolour,
 They shall thinke they haue done remaine
 One thousand yeare into that paine.
 Alas, I trynmell to heare tell,
 The terribill tormenting of hell.
 That painfull pit, quha can deplore,
 Quhilk mon indure for euer more?

Then

of the Monarchie.

Then shall those glorious Creatures,
 With mirth and infinite pleasures,
 Conuoyed baith for Angelicall,
 Was to the heauen Imperiall,
 With Christ Iesu, our soveraine King,
 In gloze Eternallie to ring,
 Of man quhilk passed the iugine,
 The thousand part for still define:
 Allanerie of the least pleasure,
 Proordinate for an Creature.
 Then shall one see, as Clarke saie,
 Make all the hills and vales plaine:
 From earth vp to the heauen Empire,
 All bees renoued be that fire:
 Purging all thing materiall,
 Under the heauen Imperiall.
 Baith earth and water, fire and air,
 Shall be maie perfect made and fair,
 The quhilk before had mixed bene,
 Shall then be purified and made cleane,
 The air like cristall shall be cleare,
 And euer ilke Planet in his Sphair,
 Shall rest withouten maie mouing,
 Baith sterry heauen and Cristilling:
 The first and best heauen more abill,
 Shall stand but turning fraie & stabill,
 The Sunne into the Orient,
 Shall stand, and in the Occident,
 Rest shall the Mone, and be maie cleir,
 For now bene Phedus in his Sphair.
 And als that Lantern of the heauen,
 Shall giue maie licht, be grees coler,
 For it gaue sen the world began.

Q 4

The

The fourt buke

The heauen reuealed shall be than,
 Right as the earth with its denise,
 Compared to heauenlie Paradise.
 So heauen and earth shall be all one,
 As meanes the Apostoll Iohn.
 The great Sea shall his main appeare,
 Not like ane Chittall pure and cleare:
 Passing Imagination,
 Of man, to make narration
 Of gloze, quihik God hes done prepare,
 To euery thing that comes there.
 The quihik with eares nor with ene,
 Of man, may not be heard nor sene:
 With heart it is unthynkabil,
 And with tongue vnpronouncabil.
 Quwhose pleasures shall be so perfit,
 Hauing in God so great delite.
 The space now of one thousand yere,
 That time shall not ane houre appeare:
 Quhik can not comprehend be,
 Till we that pleasant sight shall see.
 When Paul was rauished in his spirit,
 To the thirde heauen of gloze compleet:
 He sayes, the secrets quihik he saw,
 They were not lawfull for to shaw
 To na man on the earth liuand,
 Quherfore please not to vnderstand:
 Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
 The secrets of the heuens Empire.
 The main men lukes on whebus blycht,
 The main seebik shall be their sight.
 Nicht sa let na man set their cure,
 To search the hich diuine Nature.

of the Monarchie.

The main men thout I saydote,
 Shall be the main from their purpose.
 To know quhereto souls men intend,
 Quhik Angels can not comprehend.
 But after this great Iudgement,
 All thing to vs shall be patent.
 Let vs with Paul our mindes addres,
 He being full of heauenlines.
 Full humbelle he teacheth vs,
 Not for to be our cuttings:
 Albeit men be of great ingine,
 To seek the hich secrets diuine.
 Quwhose iudgements are vnsearchabil,
 His wates strange, and inuestigabil:
 That is to say, past our finding,
 Of quhom na man may fnde ending.
 It suffices vs for to impleze,
 Great God to bying vs to his gloze.

Of certa ine pleasures of the
glorified bodies.

VII.



En there is nane in earth may com-
 prehend,
 The heauenlie gloze and pleasures
 infinite:
 Quherfore (my Sonne) I pray
 thee not pretend,
 Quere far to seek that matter of delite,
 Quhik passeth naturall reason to indite,
 That God before that he the world create,
 Prepared to them quhik are predestinate.

All most all men shall be made immortall,
That is to say, neuer to die againe:
Impassibill and so celestiaill,
That fire nor sword may do to them no paine,
Nor hate, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor raine,
Thocht sic thing were, may do to them no hurt
Those creatures right so shall be as cleare,

As Samming Whebus in his mansion,
Consider then gif there shall be great light,
When euerie one into their Region
Shall shine like to the Sun, and be as bright:
Let vs desire with Paull to see that sight,
To be dissolued Paull had aue great desire,
With Christ to be into the heauens Empire.

And mairouer as Clarke can describe,
These maruellous mirthes they bin incōparabil
Among the rest in all their wits sue,
They shall haue sensuall pleasures delectabill,
The heauenly sound which shall be inenarrabill,
Into their eares continuallie shall ring,
And eke the sight of Christ Iesus our King.

In his triumphant churche Empiriall,
With his mother & Virgin Queene of Queenes
There shall be sene the Court Celestiaill,
Apostles, Martires, Confessours and Virgins,
Brighter then Whebus in his speache & shynes,
The Patriarches and Prophets venerabill,
There shall be sene in glorie inestimabill.

And with their spirituall eyes shall be sene
That

That sight which is most super excellent
God as he is, and euer marches bene,
Continuallie that sight contemplant,
Augustine sayes, he rather take on hand,
To be in hell; he semg the Essence
Of God, nor be in heauen without his presence.

Quha sees God in his diuinitie,
He sees him in all other pleasant things:
The which with tongue can not pronounced be,
Quhat pleasure bene to see that King of Kings
The greatest pain & damned folk down thynge,
And to the Devils maist puniton,
It is of God to want fruition.

And maie ouer they shall feill sic aue smell,
Surmounting far the stoure of earthlie stoures,
And in their mouth aue taste, as I heare tell,
Of sweet and super naturall sapours,
And they shall se the heauenlie bright cullours,
Shynning among those Creatures diuine,
Which to describe transcends mans ingine.

And eke they shall haue sic agilitie,
In an instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand myles in twinkling of an eie,
So that their ioyes shall be without measure:
They shall reioyes to see the great dolour
Of damned folke in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the iust judgement.

Subtiltie they shall haue maruelouslie,
Supponing that there were a wall of bras,
Aue

One glorified bodie may fight his kille,
 Out throughe the wall without impeachment pad
 Sic like as does the sun beame throughe the glas
 As Christ to his Disciples did appeare,
 All entres clos, and none of them did feire.

Albeit in heauen thocht euery creature,
 Haue not alike felicitie and gloze;
 Yet euery one shall haue sa great pleasour,
 And sa content that they desire no more;
 To haue mair ioy they shall no way employe,
 Bot they shall be all satisfied and content,
 Like to this rude exampill subsequent.

Tak one crovat, one pint floup, & one quart,
 One gallon pitcher, one puncheon and one tun,
 Of wine or balm, giue euery one their part,
 And fill them full till that they be ouer run;
 The litill Croma in comparison,
 Shall be sa full, that it shall hold no more,
 Of sic measures thocht they were twentie scoze.

Into the tun or in the puncheon,
 Sa all these vessels in one qualitie,
 May hold na mair, without they be ouer run,
 Yet haue they not alike in quantitie,
 Sa be this rude exampill thou may see,
 Thocht euery one be not alike in gloze,
 Are satisfied, sa that they desire no more.

Thocht presentlie be Gods purueyance,
 Beastes, foules, and fishes in the seas,
 Are necessarie for mens sustenance,

with

With cornes, beastes, fowles, and fowls fall trees
 They shall there be none sic commodities,
 The earth shall beare no plant, nor beaste but all,
 Bot as the heauens bright like burall.

Suppone sum be on earth walking here down
 Of high above, quhere ener they please to go:
 Of God they haue no cleare fruition,
 Bot East and west, bp, down, or to and fro:
 Clarke declares pleasures many mo,
 Nuhill does transcend all mortal mans ingine
 The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the heauen they shall perfectly know,
 Their tender friends, their father & their mother
 Their predecessours whom they neuer saw,
 Their spouses, childre, their sisters & their brether
 And euery one shall haue sic loue to vther,
 Of vthers glorie and ioy they shall repose,
 As of their awin, as Clarke does repose.

Then shall be sene that bright Jerusalem,
 Nuhill John saw in his Reuelation
 No mortall men, alas, are soze to blame,
 That will not haue consideration,
 And one continuall contemplation,
 With hait desire to come into that gloze,
 Nuhill pleasure shall indure for euer moze.

O Loz our God and King Omnipotent,
 Nuhill knew ere thou the heauen & earth creat
 Nuhill wold to thee be disobedient,
 And sa deserue for to be reprobate,

Thou

Thou knew the number of predestinate,
Whom thou did call, and has them fulfilled.
And call in heauen with thee be glorified.

Grant vs to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
Whilk of thy mercie super excellent:
Did purifie, as Scripture does report,
With the blude of that holie Innocent,
Jesus, quhilk made him selfe obedient
Vnto the death; and scorned on the Rude,
Let vs, O Lord, be purged with that blude.

All creature that euer God create,
As wytes Paul, they wyl to see that day:
When the childzen of God predestinate,
Shall so appeare in their new fresh array:
When corruption becs clenged quite away,
And changed becs their mortall qualitie,
In the great gloze of immortallitie.

And mair ouer all things corpozall,
Vnder the Concaue of the heauens Empire:
That now to labour subiect are and thfall,
Sun, Moone, stars, earth, water, air and fire,
In one maner they haue one hait desire:
No thing that day that they may be at rest,
As Cratimus expounds manifest.

No see the great Glob of the Firmament,
Continuallie in moving maruellous:
The seuen planets contencie their intent,
Are vnto about with course contrarious:
The winde and sea, with stormes furious,

The

The troubled air w frowns, snaw and raine,
Vntill that day they trauell ay in paine.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
Hauing compassion of our miserie:
They wyl after that day, and to that tyme,
To se vs freed from our infirmities.
And delensed from these great calamities.
And troublous life, quhilk neuer sal haue end,
Vntill that day, I make it to thee kend.

¶ Ane Exhortation giuen be Fa-
ther Experience vnto his Sonne
the Courteor.

VIIJ.

M^y Sonne now marke well in thy me-
morie,
Of this false world the troublsome tran-
sitorie,
Whose dreadfull dayes drawes near ane end,
Therfor call to God to be thy adiutorie,
And every day with vnto Memento mori,
And wait not quhen nor quhere þ thou sal w^ed.
Here to remain I pray thee not pretend,
And sen thou knowes the time is very short,
In Christs blude let all thy hait comfort.

Bot samekill solist in tempozall things,
Sen þ pertaynes pape, Emperour nor kings,
Into the earth hec na place permanent,
Thou sees that death the dulsfully down thinges
And reuog the from their rents, riches & rings:
There:

Therefore on Christ confirms the haill intent,
 And of the calling be richly well content.
 When God that feedes the foules of the air,
 All needfull thing for them heall prepare.

Consider in the contemplation,
 My sen the worlds first Creation,
 How kinde hee shaled this miserie mortall,
 My tormented with tribulation,
 With dolour, dread, and desolation:
 Gentiles and chosen peopill of Israell,
 To this vnhappy, all subject are and shall.
 Whilk miserie but doubt shall euer indure,
 Till the last day, my Son, thereof be sure.

That day as I haue made narration,
 Shall be the day of Consolation,
 Till all the children of the chosen number,
 There ended be their desolation.
 And also I make thee Supplication,
 In earthlie matters take thee no more cumber,
 Dread not to die, for death is but an slumber,
 Line and full life, and with this joyous heart,
 And of the guides take pleasaunt the part.

Of our talking now let vs make an end,
 Behold how Phobus down ward doos descend
 Toward his Palace, in the Decident,
 Among Cynthia, I see hee does pretend,
 Until her watric Region till ascend,
 With visage pall y from the Orient,
 The dewe now donkes the Roses redolent,
 The Mariguldes, that all day were reioiced,

Of

Of Phobus heat now craftelie are closed.

The blissfull birds bouns to the trees,
 And crales of their heauenlie harmonies:
 The Coyne-craik in the croft I heare her cry,
 The Bak, the Howlat, scbill of her eies,
 For their pastime now in the evening fleg:
 The Richringall with mirthfull melody,
 Her naturall notes, pearles, throuch the shy,
 Till Cynthia, makand her obseruance,
 Whilk on the night does take her dalliance.

I see the Pole artick in the North appeare,
 And Venus ryling with her beams cleir,
 Wherfore my Sonne, I had it tyme to go,
 Wold God (said I) ye did remaine all yere,
 That I might of your heauenlie Lessons leir,
 Of your departing I am wonder wo,
 Take patience (said he) it may be so,
 Perchance I shall retorne with diligence,
 Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped me haine with heart sighing ful soze
 And entered in my quyet Dytore,
 I take paper, and there began to wyte,
 This Miserie, as ye haue heard afor,
 All gentill Readers, heattelie I employe,
 For till excuse my rurall rude indite,
 Choet whareslies will haue me at despite,
 Whilk wold not that their craftines wer kend
 Let God be Judge, and sa I make an end.

Finis quod David Lyndesay.



THE
TESTAMENT
AND COMPLAINT OF OVR

Soveraine Lords Papingo King Iames the
fifth, lyand fore wounded, and may not die
till euery man haue heard quhat she says:

Quherefore gentill Readers haist you that she
were out of paine.

Compyled be sir Dauid Lindesay of the
Ment Knight, aliàs, Lyon King of Armes.

Livor post fata quiescit.

The Prologue.



Suppose I had ingine Angelicall,
with Sapience mair nor Salamonickall,
I not quhat mater put in memorie
The Poets auid in style Herotcall,
In ovr tittill termes Rethorickall,
Of euer ilke mater Tragedie and Storie,
Sa omatie to their heich laud and glorie,
Hath done indyte, quhose supreme sapiens,
Transcendeth far the dull intelligence.

of

Of Poets now intill our bulgare toun,
For quyb? the Bell of Rethorick bene toun,
Be Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat,
Quha dar presume thir Poets till impung?
Quhose swet sentences throch Albion bene sung
Of quha can now the warke counterfait,
Of of Kennedie, with termes aureat,
Of Dunbar, quha language had at large,
As may be sene intill his golden Targe.

Quintin, Herler, Roul, Herler, Hay & Hollad
Thocht they be dead, their libels bene liand,
Quhilk to reherse, makes Readers to reioise,
Alace, for que quhilk Lamp was in this Land,
Of Eloquence the flowand balmy strand:
And in our English Rethorick the Rose,
As of Rubies the Charbuncle bene chose,
And as Phebus does Cynthia precell,
Sa Gawen Douglas, Bishop of Dunkell.

Had, quhen he was into this land on lyue,
Aboue bulgare Poets prerogatyue:
Both in practick and speculation:
I say na mair, gude Readers can describe,
His worthie warke in number mo then sue,
And speciallie the true translation
Of Virgil, quhilk bene Consolation
To cunning men, to know his great ingine,
Als weill in naturall science as diuine.

And in the Court bene present in thir dayes,
That Ballats breues, lustellie and layes,
Quhilk to our Prince daily they do present.

R 2

Quha

The Prologue.

Quha cā say maist then Sir James Englis tales
In Ballads, Farles, and in pleasant playes?
Bot Culros hes his pen made impotent,
Kid in cunning, and practick riche pudent:
And Stewart quhilk desireth ane statelie style,
Full ornate warkes daily doeth compyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carpe full curiouse,
Galbraith, Kinloch, quhen they list them apply.
Into that art are craftie of ingine:
Bot now of late, is start vp hastilie,
Ane cunning Clark, quhilk wyrteth craftelle,
Ane plant of Poets, called Ballendyne,
Whose ornate warks, my wit can not define,
Set he into the Court authoritie,
He will precell Quintyn and Kennedie.

So thocht I had ingyne, as I haue none,
I wait not quhat to wyte be sweet sanct John,
For quhy? in all the garth of Eloquence,
Is na thing left, bot barren stock and stone,
The polite termes are pulled euer like ons,
Be thir fornamed Poets of prudence,
And sen I finde nane vther new sentence,
I sall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of ane wounded Papingo.

Wherfore, because mine mater bene sa rude
Of sentence, and of Rethorick denude,
To curall folke my dyting bene directed,
Far scemed from th' sight of men of gude,
For cunning men, I know will sone conclude,
It doo nathing, bot for to be delected,

And

of the Papingo.

And quhen I heare my mater bene detracted,
Then sail I sweare, I made it bot in moods,
To Andward lasses that kepe th' by a yowes.

¶ The complaint of the Papingo.

I.



Quha climmes to hich, perforce his
feet mon fail,
Expreme I sall that be Experience
Gif that ye please to heare ane pite-
trous tair,
How ane fair Bird be fatall violence,
Deuoyed was, and nricht make na defence
Contrare the death, sa failzied natural strength,
As after I sall shew you at maist at length.

Ane Papingo richt pleasant and perfite,
Presented was till our maist nobill King,
Of quhom his Grace ane lang time had delite,
Fair fair of soyme, I wait few neuer on wing:
This proper Bird he gaue in governing,
To me, quhilk was his sempill scrutire,
On quhom I did my diligence and cure.

To learne her language artificall,
To play platfute, and quhillsill fute before:
Bot of her inclination naturall,
She counterfitted all foules leg and more,
Of her courage she walde without my loze,
Sing like the Merle, and craw like the Cok,
Perw like the Gled, & chant like the Lauerok.

Wark like ane Dog, and kekill like ane Ka,
Blait

Blait like a hog, and buller like a Bull;
 Gall like a Goit, & greet quhen he was wa:
 Clym on a coryd, syne lauch and play the fule,
 She micht haue bene a menstrel agains zule
 This blessed bird was to me sa pleasand,
 Wher euer I fure, I bure her on my hand.

And sa befell intill a mirthfull mornow,
 Into my Garth, I past me to repose;
 This Bird and I, as we were wont asofrow,
 Among the floures fresh, fragrant and formose:
 My vitall spirits duellie did reiose,
 Quhen Phebus rais: and raue the clouds sabil
 Throughe byichtnes of his beames amiable.

Without vapour was well purificate,
 The temperat air, soft, sober and serene:
 The earth be Nature sa edificate,
 With holsum hearbs, blew, quhyte, reid & grene:
 Nuhilk eleuate my Spirits from the splene,
 That day Saturne nor Mars durst not appeir
 Nor Cole of his Caue, he durst not steir.

That day perforce behoued to be fair,
 Be influence and cours Celestiall:
 Na Planet preased for to perturbe the air,
 For Mercurius be mouing Naturall,
 Exalted was into the throne triumphall,
 Of his Mansioun, vnto the fiftene gree,
 In his awin souerane signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus pleasantlie depart
 From Gemini, and entered in Cancer:
 That day Cupido did extend his dart,

Venus

Venus that day conijuned with Jupiter,
 That day Neptunus hid him like a sker,
 That day Dame Nature with great busines,
 Furthered Flora to kyth her craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
 And Cynthia in Sagittar assid:
 That day Dame Ceres, Goddess of the Corne,
 Full joyfullie John Wyoland appeisid,
 The bad aspect of Saturne was appeisid:
 That day be Iuno of Jupiter the joy,
 Perturband spirits causing to vald coy.

The sound of birds surmounted all the skyes,
 With melodie of notes Muscicall:
 The balmie drops of dew Titan bydyes,
 Hugand vpon the tender twilts small,
 The heauenlie herb, and sound angelicall,
 Sic perfite pleasour printed in my hart,
 That with great pine fro thine I micht depart.

So still among these hearbs amiable,
 I did remaine a space for my pastance.
 Bot warldlie pleasour bene sa variabill,
 Mixid with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
 That there intill is na continuance,
 Sa micht I say, my short solace apace,
 Was driuen in dolour in a litill space.

For in that garth among these fragrant floures
 Walking alane, nane bot my Bird and I:
 Vnto the time that I had said mine houres:
 This Bird I set vpon a branche me by,
 Bot she began to speill richt speedelic,

B 4

And

And in that tree she did sa high ascend,
That be na way I might her apprehend.

Sweet bird (said I) be war want not ouer hie
Returne in time, perchance thy feet may failzie:
Thou art richt fat, and not well vfed to flee,
The greedie Gled, I dread she thee assailzie,
I will (said she) ascend, vayne quod vayne,
It is my kinde to clym ay to the hicht,
Of fether and baue I wait well I am wicht.

So on the highest litill tender twist,
With wing displayd she sat full wantonlie,
Bot Bozeas blew ane blast, ere euer she wist,
Quhilk brak the brench, and blew her suddenlie
Down to the ground, with many carefull cry,
Upon ane stob, she lichter on her brest,
The blude rushed out, & she cryed for ane priest.

God wait, gif then my heart was wo begonne,
To see that foullichter among the floures:
Quhilk w great murning gan to mak her mone,
How comming are (said she) the fatall houres,
Of bitter death, now mon I thole the showres:
O Daine Nature, I pray the of thy grace,
Lett me leasure to speake ane litill space.

For to compleme my fate infortunate,
And to dispoone my geir ere I depart:
Sch of all comfort I am desolate,
Allane, except the Death hote with his dart,
With awfull chere, rebby to perse my heart,
And with that word, she take ane passion,
Sune flattings fell, and swappd into frown.

with

With colche heart pearced with compassion,
And salt tears distelling from mine ene:
To heare that Birds Lamentation,
I did approch vnder ane Hawthorne grene,
Quhere I might heare and see, and be vnseene:
And quhe this bird had swouned twise or thise
She gan to speake, saying on this wise:

O fals Fortune, quhy hes thou me begyled.
This day at noone quha knew this careful cace
Vaine hope in thee my reason is cryled,
Hauing sic traist into thy feinzet face:
That euer I was brocht into the Court alace,
Had I in Forrest slouen among my feirs,
I might full well haue liued many yeirs.

Prudent counsell, alace, I did refuse,
Against reason vling mine appetite:
Ambition did sa mine heart abuse,
That Colus had me in great despice:
Poets of me hath mater to indite,
Quhilk clam sa high, and wo is me therfore,
Not doubting that the death durst me deuore.

This day at noone, my forme & feddrem fair,
Aboue the proud Bacok were precelland:
And now ane catyne carion full of care,
Bathand in blude, down from my heart distelland
And in mine ear, the bell of death bene knelland
O false warld, sy on thy felicitie,
Thy Pryde, Auarice, and Immundicitie.

In thee I see, na thing bene permanent,
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end:

Thy

Thy false infortunate gifts bene bot lent,
 This day ful pꝛoud, the moꝛne nothing to spend
 O ye that doth pꝛetend, ay till ascend,
 Whꝛy fatall end haue in remembrance,
 And you defend from sic vnhapꝛte chance.

Whither that I was stricken in extasie,
 Or thꝛough ane starke imagination:
 Bet it appeired in my fantasie,
 I heard this dolent Lamentation,
 Thus dulle into desolation,
 We thocht this Bird did bꝛeue on her maner,
 Her counsaill to the King, as ye sall heare.

11.

¶ The first Epistill of the Papingo, directed to King Iames the sixt.

Prepotent Prince, peirles of pulchritude,
 Gloꝛe, honour, land, triumph and victorie,
 Be to thy hie Excellent Celsitude,
 With Martiall deeds, digne of memorie,
 Sen Atropus consumed bȝ thy gloꝛie,
 And dolent death, alas, mon vs depart,
 I leaue to thee my true vnsleinized heart.

Together with this Cedull subseqnent,
 With maist reuerent Recommendation:
 I grant thy Grace gets many ane document,
 Be famous Fathers pꝛedication,
 With many notabill narration,
 Be pleasant Poets in style heroicall,
 How thou shold guide thy said Emperiall.

Some does deploze the great calamities,

Of

Of diuers Realms' transmutation:
 Some pittouslie, doeth treat of tragedie,
 All for thy Graces informacion:
 Sa I intend but adulation,
 Into my harbour rusticall indite,
 Among the rest (sir) some thing for to wyte.

Soueraigne conclaue this simpill similitude,
 Of Officiars, seruing thy Senzeorie:
 Quha guidis them well, gets of thy grace great
 Quha bene vnjust, degraded as of gloꝛy: (gude
 And Cancellar out of thy memorie,
 Pꝛouiding syne maist pleasant in their place,
 Beleue richt sa fall God do with thy Grace.

Consider wel thou bene bot Officiare,
 And bassall to that King incomparabill:
 Pleis thou to pleis that pꝛissant prince pꝛeclare,
 Thy rich rewarde sall be inestimabill,
 Exalted hie in gloꝛe interminabill,
 Aboue Archangels, Vertues, Potestats,
 Pleasantlie placed among the Principats.

Of thy Vertue, Poets perpetuallie,
 Shall make mention, vnto the world be ended:
 Sa thou excers thine office prudentlie,
 In heauen and earth, thy grace salbe comended
 Quheresore effeir, that he be not offended.
 Quhilk hes exalted thee to sic honour,
 Of his pepill to be ane Gouernour.

And in thee earch hath made sic Ordinance,)
 Under thy feet all things Terrestriall,
 Are subject to thy pleasour and pastance,

Wath

The Complaint

Baith foull and fish, and brastres pastozall,
Men to thy service, and women they bin thral.
Halking, hunting, armes, and leifull amour,
Disordinate are be God, for thy pleasour.

Masters of Musick to recreate thy spirit,
With banted voice, and pleasant instrument:
Thus thou may be of all pleasures repleit,
Sa in thy office thou be diligent:
Bot be thou found sleuthfull and negligent,
Or vnjust in thine Execution,
Thou shalt not faill diuine punition.

Wherfore sen thou hes sic Capacitie,
To learne to play sa pleasantlie and sing:
Ryde horse, rinns speirs, with great audacitie,
Shut with hand bow, crosbow and culuering,
Among the rest (sir) learne to be ane King,
Ryth on that craft, thy pregnant frish ingine,
Granted to thee, be influence diuine.

And sen the Definition of ane King,
Is for to haue of pepill gouernance:
Addres thee first aboue all vther thing,
Till put thy bodie till sic Ordinance,
That thy vertue, thine honour may auance:
For how could Princes gouern great Regions,
That can not deuolie gyde their awin persons.

And gif thy grace wald lue richt pleasantlie,
Call thy Counsell, and cast on them the cure,
Their iust Decretes defend and fortifie,
But gods counsell may na Prince lang indure,
Wolke with counsell, then shall thy work be sure
Theis

Chuse thy Counsaill of the maist sapient,
Withouth regarde to blude, riches or rent.

Among all vther pastime and pleasour,
Now in thy Adolescent yeares ying:
Wald thou ilk day studie bot halfe ane hour,
The regiment of princelie gouerning,
To the pepill it were ane pleasant thing,
There micht thou finde thine awin vocation,
How thou shold vse thy scepter, sword & crown.

The Chronicles to knowe I thee exhort,
Whilk may be mirrour to thy Majestie:
There shall thou finde baith gude and euill report
Of euer ilke Prince after his qualitie,
Thocht they be dead, their deeds shall not die:
Traist well thou shalt be styled in that storie,
As thou deserues, be put in memorie.

Request þ Roy quhilk rent was on the Rude,
Thee to defend from Deeds of Desame:
That na Poet report of thee bot gude,
For Princes dayes indures bot ane drame.
Sen first King Fergus bure ane Wyadame,
Thou art the last King of ane score and fine,
And all are dead, and none bot thou on lue.

Of quhose number fiftie and fine bene slane,
And maist part in their awin misgouernance:
Wherfore I thee besek my Soueraine,
Consider of their liues the circumstance:
And quhen I knowes þ cause of their mischance
On vertue then, exalted thy sailles on hie,
Traisting to chape that satall destinie.

Erreit ilk true Barron, as he were thy brother,
 Quhilk mon at neid, thee & thy Realme defend.
 Quhen suddenlie ane doeth oppres ane ither,
 Let iustice mixed with mercy them amend,
 Haue thou their harts, thou hes yneuch to spend
 And be the contrare, thou art bot king of bane,
 From time thine heirs harts bene frō thee gone.

I haue na laiser for to wyte at lenth,
 Whine haill intent, vntill thine Excellence:
 Decreased sa I am in wit and strenth,
 My mortall wound doeth me sic violence,
 Pepill of me may haue Experience,
 Because, alas, I was incounsolabill,
 Now mon I die ane catue miserabill.

The secund Epistill of the Papingo,

IIJ.

Directed to her Brether of Court.

Brether of Court, with minde precordiall,
 To the great God, hartlie I commend you,
 Imprint my fall in your memoriall,
 Together with this Cedull, that I send you,
 To preis ouer hich, I pray you not pretend you,
 The vaine ascens of Court, quha will consider
 Quha siteth maist hie, sal find þe lait most sadder

Sa ye that now be lanting by the ledder,
 Take tent in time festning your fingers fast:
 Quha clims most hich, most dint hes of þe wedder
 And least defence agains the bitter blast.
 Of fals Fortune, quhilk taketh neuer rest,
 Bot most redoubted daylie she down thynge,
 Not sparing Papes, Conquerours nor Kings.
 Choche

Choche ye be mounted by about the skyes,
 And hes baith King and Court in gouernance:
 Su was als hich, quhilk now richt lawoly lyes,
 Complaining fore the Courts variance,
 Their pretered time, may be Experience:
 Quhilk thow vain hope of court did clim so hie
 Sine wāted wings quhen they wēd best to flee.

Sen ilk Court bene butraist and transitozie,
 Changing als oft as widdir cock in wind,
 Some makand glade, and ither some richt sozie
 Forneist this day, the mozne may ga behinde:
 Let not vaine hope of Court your reason blinde,
 Traist wel sum men will giue you land as lordis
 Quhilk wold be glade to see you hang in cordis.

I durst declare the miserabilitie,
 Of diuers Courts, wer not my time bene short,
 The dreadfull change, vain gloze and vilitie,
 The painfull pleasour, as Poets doeth report:
 Some time in hope, some time in discomfort,
 And how su men does spend their youtheid hail
 In Court, syne ends in the Hospitall.

How some in Court bene quyet counsellours,
 Without regarde to Common well o' Kings,
 Casting their cure for to be Conquerours,
 And quhen they bene hich raised in their rings,
 How chāge of court them dulsfully down thynge
 And quhen they bene from their estate depesed,
 How many of their fall bene richt reiofed.

And how fond seinzet fules and Scatterars,
 For small seruice obtaines great rewardes:
 Pandars,

Banders, pykthanks, cuftrons and clatterars,
 Louys by from lads, fine liches amang
 Blasphemars, beggers, and common bairds
 Some time in Court hes mair authoritie,
 No, denote Doctours in Diuinitie.

How in some Court bene barnes of Bassell,
 Full of dissimulate painted flatterie,
 Prouocand be intoricat counsell,
 Princes till huredome and till hasardie,
 Quha dois in Princis prent sic harlotrie,
 I say for me & pert Prouocatouris,
 Should punished be aboue all strange traitours.

Quhat trauels troubill, and calamitie,
 Hath bene in Court within thir hundereth yeirs
 Quhat moztall changes, and quhat miserie?
 Quhat nobil men bene brocht vpon their beirs,
 Trust wel my friends, follow ye mon your feirs
 Sa sen in Court bene na tranquillitie,
 Set not on it your haill felicitie.

The Court changes some time w sic outrage,
 That few or none may make resistance,
 And spares not the Pringe mair nor the page,
 Als well appretreth be Experience:
 The Duke of Rothelay nicht make na defence,
 Quhilk was pretendand Roy of this Region,
 Bot dulefullie deuoyed in prison.

Quhat dread, quhat dolour had y nobill King,
 Robert the third, from time he knew the cace,
 Of his twa Sonnes, the dolent departing y
 Prinee David dead, and James captiue alace,

Til

To true Scotsmen quhilk was a carefull care,
 Thus may ye know the Court bene variand,
 Quhen blude is pall, & change may not gainstand

Quha rang in court mair hie and triumphand
 For Duke Burdok, quhil that his day indured?
 Was he not great protectour of Scotland?
 Yet of the Court he was not well assured,
 It changed sa, his lang seruice was sinured,
 He and his Sonne, fair walter but remeid,
 Forsauled were, and put to dullefull seid.

King James the first, that patron of prudence,
 Gem of ingyne, and pearle of politic:
 Well of Justice, and Maister of eloquence,
 Quhose pextuadoss transcend my language,
 For till discerie, yet quhen he stude most bie,
 Be false exorbitant conspiration,
 That prudent Prince was piteouslie pyt down.

Als James the second, Roy of great renown,
 Beand in his super excellent glore,
 Throoch ratches putting of one great cannon,
 The dolour deaird, alas, did him deuore,
 After that he beill of quhilk I marguet more,
 That fortune had at thir sic misall teir,
 Throoch fistie thousand, to maill him be the heid.

My hart is writh with paines for to dance,
 Or write that Courtis affliction,
 Of James the third, quhen he had gouernance
 The dolour, dread, and debilitation,
 The change of Court and conspiration,
 And how that Cochranie with his companie,

Cochranie

S

That

That time in Court claim sa presumptuouslie.

It had bin gude, they hairens had bene vnbayne
 Be quham that nobill prince was sa abused,
 They grew as did the weid about the come,
 That prudent Lords counsaill was refused,
 And heid him quyet, as he had bene included,
 Alace that Prince be their abuson,
 Was finallie brocht to confusion.

They claim sa high, and gat sic audience,
 And with their Prince grew sa familiare,
 His Germane brother might get na presence,
 The Duke of Albanie, nor the Earle of Mar,
 Like banest men was haiden at the Bar:
 Till in the King there grew sic moist all feid,
 He scamed the Duke, and put the Earle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his entieue companie,
 Forst them to flee, bot yet they wanted ledgers,
 Aboue the high Cobars of Albanie,
 They claim sa hie, till they lay puer their leaders
 On Lawder brig, syne keppeid were in tedders,
 Strangled to deith, they gat nane uther grace
 Their King caprice, quilk was a carefull care.

Till put in forme that fait infortunate,
 And mortall change perturbeth mine ingine,
 My wit bene weak, my fingers fatigate,
 Cocht, wryte the rancour of ruyne,
 He diuill weir, the battell inclynes,
 How that the Son, with banner braid displayed,
 Against the Father in battell came arrayed.

was

Wald God that winter day had bene drefortid,
 With Sapience of the prudent Salomon:
 And is the strength of bragg Sampson supported
 With the bauld Oast of the great Agamemnon
 What could I wis, tyme is was there none,
 At moine ane King is sceptour, sword & crown.
 At euen ane dead beformed carion.

Alas, quhere bene that richt redoubted Roy,
 That portet prince, genell King James the seird
 I pray to Christ his saul for to conuoy,
 Ane greater nobill, rang not into the eird:
 O Atropus, warie we may thy weird,
 For he was mirour of humilitie,
 Lode sterne, and lampe of liberalitie.

During his time, sa iustice did preuail,
 The sauage Fles trimbled for terrour:
 Elsdail, Guilbail, Liddisdaill, and Annandail,
 Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
 And of his Lords had sic perfice saour,
 Sa for to shaw, that he effeired na lone,
 Out thoch the Realme he wald ryde him alone.

And of his court thoch Europ spang the fame,
 Of lustie Lords, and louesome Ladies ping:
 Triumphand toynays, iusting, a knightly game,
 With all pastime, according for ane King.
 He was the gloie of Princellie gouerning,
 Quhilk thoch the ardent loue he had to France
 Against England did moue his Ordinance.

Of flowdon field the ruyne to reuolue,
 Or that most dolent day for till deploure:

The Complaint

I nyl for dead, that belouy you disclose,
Shaw how that Prince in his triumph had gloie
Destroyd was, quhat needeth pieces more,
Nor be the vertue of English Ordinance,
Nor be his amin wilfull misgouernance.

Allace, that day, had he bene counsolabill,
He had obtained laud, gloir and victorie:
Whose pittous proces bene sa lamentabill,
I nyl at lenth to put in memorie,
I neuer red in tragedie nor Rome,
At one iournay sa many thousands slane,
For the defence and loue of their Soueraine.

Now brether marke in your remembrance,
Ane mirroure of those mutabilites,
Sa may ye know the Courte inconstance,
When Princes bene thus pulled from their seies
After quhose death, quhat strange aduersities,
Quhat great mistrenill into this Region rang,
Whē our yōg prync could nether speik nor gāg.

During his tender yonth & innocence, (hāce
Quhat South, quhat reit, quhat murthir & mis-
There was not eise bot mairing of vengeance,
Into that Court there rang sic variance,
Diuers Kewlers, made diuers ordinance,
Some time our Queene rang in authoritie,
Some time the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Some tyme the realm was ruled be Regentis
Some tyme Lufetentis, leapers of the Law,
Then rang comany inobedientis,
That few a nane stude of ane ither aw.

Oppression & tribuloun & weigheit was,
That rang durk tyme, bot into feir of weir,
John Lupton, that stude his mistrenill.

When King was taken to honour cleare,
Nor was he never out of his michty pilces,
Sic power was to be opprobriat,
Of King was knowne that he was conueyng,
Yet came ane change withit ane short pices,
That perle meclare, that lustie pleasant Queene
Lang time durd not into the Court be feir.

The Archbishop of S. Andros James Beton
Chancellor and Priuat in power pastozall,
Clamert the King, mocht hie in this Region,
The ledder thake, he sap and gat ane fast,
Authoritie, nor power spiritual,
Riches, friendship, micht not that time preuall,
When Dame Curle began to seir her fall.

His hie prudence anillid him not ane myte,
That time the Court bare him sic mortall seid,
As prisoner they kept him in despite,
And some time wold not quere to hie be held,
Bot dilagyt, the John the Kall, the pite,
Had not bene here bare him sic companie,
He had bene frangid be melancholie.

Quhat tyme there was in the Court of frase
When King Francis was taken prisoner,
The Duke of Burbon hie was Ordinance,
Dead at one breik, richt dourfull bocht on beir,
The Court of Rome that time ran all arer,
When Pope Clement was put in strang prision.

The nobill Courtiers confessor

In England quha had grates gouernance,
Nor their triumphant courtly Cardinal:
The Common weill, some times he did aduance,
Be equal juster, both to great and small:
There was na melle to him piteously,
Englisshmen sayes, he be young langer space,
He had deposed Sanct Peter of his place.

His princelie pompe, no small grauntie,
His palice Royal, rich and cabious,
Nor yet the stude of superfluitie,
Of his riches, nor trauell tedious,
From tyme Dame Curia held him odious,
Accaild him not, nor prudence most profound,
The ledder black and he fell to the ground.

Where bene y Dauchtre Carles of Douglas,
Dubills royallie into this region rang?
Forfalt and saue, quhat heedst thou his paces?
The Erie of March was merbelled the among,
Dame Curia them pusillie down thrang,
And now of late, quha slay maid rich and rich,
Nor did Archibald among the Erie of Angus.

Quha with his place was fair familiar,
Nor of his Grace had maist authoritie?
Was he not great in ward and Chancellor,
Her quhen he stude upon the hie of grace,
Trailling na thing bot perpetuite,
Was suddenlie deposed from his place,
Forfalt and scimed, he gat name vther grace.

Quhat was that wair treill authoritie,
By which he was put to death fullie,
To returne not to your baillie prosperitie:
Centenfold the traill in God alliterlie,
Whiche thou wilt haue with the air hard traillie,
And quhen ye see the Court bene at the best,
I counsaill you, then bid to power your rest.

Quhat bene thy triumphand court of Troy?
Or Alexander with his stail prudent peies?
Or Julius, that rich et domitied Roy,
A gamester, most worship in his meies?
To howe thou wilt thy waied hart effeirs,
Some murder it wer, some paysoned piteously,
That fatal Court of deidly blis.

Traill well there is na constant court bot aye,
Quhat Chist bin King, quhat time intermina,
And quhat vith baillie glorie was nane gane,
That quhat Court mirthfull and immutabill,
But that same Court, ay true and sabill:
Dissemblance, flatterie, nor fals report,
Into the Courtfall neuer get report.

Traill wel my friends, this is na letzet fair,
For quhat hat bene in the extreme of dead:
The betale but deube, they could declare,
Naithout regards to fauour or to fead,
Quhat ye haue tyme, drink heither maist remede,
Adam for aye, of me ye get na more,
Wefelhand dead to lying you to his glore.

Aden Edinburgh, thou hie triumphand court,
Naithill quhat vith baillie mirthfull haue I but

The Complaint

Of true Merchants, the wits of this Region,
Most reddie to receive Court, and Queens:
Thy Policie and Justice may be seen,
Where Devotion, wit, and grace are shene,
And credence int; they might be found in thee.

Adew said he layd down with thy rovers dre,
Thy Chapell royall, Parke and tabill round:
May, June and July, wold I dwell in thee,
Where I am wair to heare the birds sound.
Quhill dooth against thy royall rock resound.
Adew Lithgow, whose Palace of pleasure,
Might be aue patron in Portugall or France.

Adew said thus, the fatter care of the
Thy polite Parke vnder the Lowmond law,
Some time in thee I led a lustie life:
The fallow Deer, to see them rail and rary,
Court men to come to thee, they said great aue
Sayand thy burch bene of all burrows hall,
Because in thee they neuer gat gude all.

IIIJ. The Commoning betwix the Papingo and her holy Executours,

THE wyperfauned the Papingo in paine,
He lichte down, and feyned him to greite:
Sister (said he) alace, quha has you flane?
I pray you make prouision for your spirit;
Dispone your geir, and you confes complete,
I haue power be your contricion,
Of all your mis to giue you full remission,
I am (said he) aue Channon Regular.

And

of the Papingo.

And of my wyther, by your principall;
By your wyther, my lichte has bene dyed,
The black bent of the heathly memoriall,
Wherefore I thinke your gude nature all
Should be submitted hail into my care,
Be knowne I am aue haly creature.

The Rawn came to hand quhe be heard y rare
Sa bid the Gled, with many pious yow:
And fewertill the counterfait great care,
Sister (said they) your raleines wold be,
Who be it is, our counsell entew,
Sen we pretend to hich promotion,
Religious men of great deuotion.

I am aue black Monk, said the entellan rane
Sa bid the Gled, I am aue halle frier:
And hes power to bring you quick to heauen,
It is well known my conscience bene full cleir,
The black Bybell pronunce I call perauir,
Sa till but wyther ye wold giue some gude,
God wait giue we haue need of lyes fude.

The Papingo said, father be the rude,
Howbeit your rayment be religious like,
Wair Conscience, I suspect it be not gude,
I did persauie, quhen prauelie ye did pyke
The chicken from aue hen vnder aue dyke,
I grant (said he) that hen was my gude friend,
And I that chicken take bot for my teind.

We know the fath be by mon be susteind,
Sa be the Pape it is premdinate,
That spirit all men should lue upon their teind,
Bot

The Complaint

Not well wait I, ye best predestinate,
In your extremes to be so fortunate,
To have sic holy consolation,
Whereto ye do make you exhortation.

Send dame Nature her grante you sic grates
Lasser to make confession generall,
Shew forth your sin in that publick place
Syne of your gear make one memoriall,
We thise fall make your teares full,
And with prayer blest, with we fall your bones,
Syne Treasures twentie, thar in all at once.

The rules fall fair, that mentall on them rebo
And cry, Commemoratio animarum,
We fall for chickens theyr and gainings yew,
Suppose the geis and hennies could cry alarum
And we fall serue Secundum Vltimam Sarrum,
And make you fall, we find sancte blase to black
Cryand for you, the carefull costhooch.

And we fall sing about your Sepulture,
Sancti Hungors Maryns, a the mekil Creid,
And syne deuotely say, I you assure,
The auld place do back ward, and the bell,
And we fall beare for you the mourning weid,
And thocht your spirit with Pluto were possest,
Deuotlie fall your Dirige be dyed.

Father (said she) your second words fair,
Full fair I dread be contrare to your deids,
The wifes of y billage cryen to caie, (meids
When they persauce you maye overthor their
Most fals confait, bath dase & blacke fair blyds
I mar-

I marnell shoulde ye be not ashamed,
For your deidants, bring in beamed.

It dook nath, my wate perturbed spirit,
Will make you wate confession,
I want men say, ye be ane wy porellie,
Cryand for the com for and remission,
To put my geis in your possession,
That will I not, sa helpe me Dame Nature,
For of my Cope, I will you fall us care.

For had I had the nobill Rithingall,
The gentil In the spittle, and the tawtrow,
My obsequies, and searles tuncerall,
Oder they wate, with noies of the new,
The pleasant down, most angelike sther,
Wald God I wer with him this day confest,
And my deuyt duelle be him addrest.

The mirthfull Monies, & the gay Gossypink,
The lustie Larke, wald that they were present
My infortune forluth, they wald forstynke,
And comfort us that bene sa impotent.
The thair the allers, in pracke maist prudent,
I wait he wald my bleiding stem bespue,
With ther most vertuous & the rearing true.

Comptme the care, for my confession,
The Gled said prouder to the Papingo,
And the said one be his possession,
Counsell to keep, and for his com me,
We thee befor, we thair depart us fro,
Declare to us some causes resonabill,
Quhe we be nath be for sa resonabill.

We thy tithes and thy experience,
First heard by into the Orient.

Syne be thy guide service and diligence,
To princes here made in the desert.
Thou hast by the bulgare people judgement,
Where thou hast by the bulgare people judgement,
Synce next the world, the plague, the pentagonal

So be thy highing the superlative,
Of all countries thou knowest the qualities.
Wherefore, I thereto concur to God of grace,
The veritie declare withouten lies,
What thou has heard he lands or be least,
Of us hath men, both good and ill report,
And he be thy judge, shall us be thy report.

Father (said he) I can be creature,
Dar not presume with lie mater to mell:
Of your cases ye know I have no care,
Demand them quoth in prudent deathly prayer.
I may not per, my paines bene to sell,
And als perchance, ye woul not stand content;
To know the bulgare people judgement.

But will the deathly prayer to the death,
All that, lyes in my memory all,
I will declare with you as in my heart,
And first I say to you in my heart,
The common people say they have bene all,
Degenerate from the people of the land,
As testifies the people of the land.

Of your people you be the disciples,
The beginning, I grant, was very guide:

Apostles

Apostles, Partires, Virgins, Confessours,
The second of their excellent Sanctitude,
Was heard over al the world be land and lode
Planting the faith be predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they take no feir,
Before princes preaching full prudentlie,
Of dolorous death they doubted not the deir,
The veritie declairing ferventlie,
And Waterdome they suffered patientlie,
They take no cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To have at length their works wer greit wonder,
Their miracles they were so manifest:
In name of Christ they bailed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and curing the possed,
With perfect spirits, quoth had bene opprest,
The cruiked ran, the blind men gat their ene,
The deif men heard, the lipper wer made clene.

The Prelats spoused were with pouertie,
Those dayes, quhen sa they flourish in fame,
And with her genered Ladie Chastitie,
And Dame Devotion, notabill of name,
Humbil they wer, simpill and full of shame,
Thus Chastitie and Dame Devotion,
Were principall cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,
Till there rang in Rome great Cittyne,
The potent prince was named Constantine,
Wer laued the kirk had spoused pouertie,

with

With gude intent, and moued of pietie,
Cause of Diuorce he fand betwix them two,
And parted them withoutten woordes mo.

Then hostlie with aue great solemnitie,
Withoutten any dispensation:
The Kirk he spoused with Dame Propertie,
Quhilk haile he proclamation,
To pouertie gart make narration.
Under the paine of perking of his ene,
That with the Kirk she could na mair be sene.

Sanct Siluester þ time rang Pape in Rome,
Quhilk first consented to the Mariage:
Of Propertie, the quhilk began to blame,
Taking on her the cure with bich courage:
Deuotion drew her till ane hermitage,
When she considered Ladie Propertie,
Sahie exalted into dignitie.

O Siluester, quher was thy discretien,
Quhilk Peter did renunco, thou did resauie?
Andrew and John, did leane their possession,
Their ships and nets, lynes, and all the laue:
Of temporal substance na thing wald they craue
Contrarious to their contemplation,
Bot soberlie their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the woldernes,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane,
Left heritage, and gudes mair and les,
Prudent S. Paul, thocht Property prophane,
From toun to toun, he ran in wind and raine,
Upon his feit, teaching the word of grace,

And

And neuer was subiected to riches.

The Eld said yet, I heare na thing bot gude
Proceed hostlie, and thy mater aduance:
The Papingo said, father be the rude,
It were to long to shaw the circumstance.
How Propertie with her new alliance,
Grew great wchilde, as true men to me tald,
And burc tua dochters gudlie to behald.

The eldest dochter named was Riches,
The second siller, Sensuallie,
Quhilk did increas, with the host pious,
Pleasant to the Spiritualitie,
In great substance and excellent deuotie,
Thir Ladies twa grew sa within fewe yeares,
That in þ world wer name micht be their peires.

This royall Riches, and Ladie Sensuall,
From þ time furth take hail the gouernance,
Of the most part of the state Spirituall.
And they againe with humbill obseruance,
Amoroullie their wittes did aduance,
As true louers, their Ladies for to pleis,
God wait gif then their heartis were at eis.

Sone they forzet to studie, pray, and preach,
They grew sa subiect to Dame Sensuall:
And thocht bot paine pure pepill for to teach,
Bot they decrited in their great counsaill,
They wald na mair to marriage be thrall,
Traiking surely, to obserue Chastitie,
And all beggied, quod Sensuallie.

Appetrandlie they did expell their wines,

That

That they miche thus at large without thirlage,
 At libertie to lead their lustie liues;
 Chink and men thall that bene in mariage,
 For new faces prouokes new courage:
 Thus Chastitie they turne into Delite,
 Wanting of woyes bene cause of appetite.

Dame Chastitie did stoull away for shame,
 From time she did persane their prouaunce:
 Dame Sensuall ane letter gart proclaimie,
 And her cryed Italie and France:
 In England could she get nare ordinance,
 Then to the King and Court of Scotland,
 She marked her withoutten mair demand.

Craving into that Court to get comfort,
 She made her humbill supplication.
 Shortlie they said, she could get na support,
 Bot boasted her with blasphemation,
 To priests ga make your protestation,
 It is (said they) many ane hundredeth yeir,
 Sen Chastitie had any entres heir.

Cited for trauell, she to the priests past,
 And to the rulers of Religion.
 Of her pretence shortlie they were agast,
 Sayand they thocht it bot abnition,
 Her to refuse, sa with conclusion,
 With ane aduice, decrited, and gaue dome,
 They wald refet na rebell out of Rome.

Should we refuse that Romans wald refuse,
 And banish England, Italie and France:
 For your flatterie? then were we well abused,

Was

For your flatterie then wer we well abused:
 Pas hence (said they) & tak your way aduance,
 Among the Nunnes ga seek your ordinance,
 For we haue made eath of abelitie,
 To dame Riches and Sensualitie.

Then patientlie she made progression,
 Toward the Nunns with heart sighing full soze:
 They gaue her presence with procession,
 Receiuing her with honour, laud and gloze,
 Purposing to preserve her euer moze
 Of thir nouelles came to Dame Propertie,
 To Riches and to Sensualitie.

Quhilk sped them at the poast right spedilie,
 And set ane siege prouddie about that place,
 The sillec Nunnes did yeeld them hastilie,
 And humbille of that gilt they asked grace,
 Then gaue their bands of perpetual peace,
 Receiuing them, they kest by dozes wide,
 They Chastitie there na langer wald abide.

So for refudge fast to the Friers she fled,
 Quhilkis said, they wald of ladies take na cure,
 Quhere ben she now then said the grebie Gled?
 Not among you (said she) If you assure,
 I traist she bene vpon the Dorrow mure,
 Besouth Edinburgh, & that richt many menes,
 Protest among the sisters of the Senes.

There hes she found her mother Douertie,
 And Deuotion, her awen sister carnall,
 There she hes found Faith, Hope and Charitie,
 Together with the verteous Cardinall,

C

There

There hes she found ane conuent yet ynthrall,
To Dame Sensuall, noz with Riches abused.
Sa quyetlie those Ladies are included.

(The Pyet said) I dread be they assailed,
They rauder them, as did the holie Nunnes:
Doubt not (said she) for they are sa artailzed,
They purpose to defend them with their guns,
Readie to shute they haue six great canons,
Perseuerance, Constance and Conscience,
Austeritie, Labour and Abstinence.

To resist subrill Sensualitie,
Stronglie they are enarmed seete and hands.
Be Abstinence, and keeped Ponertie,
Contrare Riches, and all her false seruands,
They haue ane Bumbard braised vp in bands,
To keepe their port in midg of the clog,
Quhilk is called, Domini custodi nos.

Withln quhose shot there dar no enemies
Approch their place, for dread of dunts doure:
Both night and day they wo:ke as busie Bees,
For their defence reddie to stand in stout,
And hes sic watches on her vtter toure,
That Dame Sensual with siege dar not assaille
Nor come within the shot of their artailie.

(The Pyet said) quhereto could they presume,
To resist swerte Sensualitie?
O Dame Riches, quhilk reulers are in Rome,
Are they mair constant in their qualitie,
Nor the Princes of Spiritualitie?
Quhilk pleasantlie withoutten obstacle,

hes

Hes them receiued in their habitacle.

How lang trust ye those Ladies sall remaine,
Sa solitare, in sic perfection?
The Papingo said, brother in certaine,
Sa lang as they obey Correction,
Chusing their heads be election,
Ynthrall to Riches or to Propertie,
Bot as requires their necessitie.

O prudent Prelats, quhere was your prescience
That tuke in hand to obserue Chastitie?
But austreir life, labour and abstinence,
Perceiue you not the great prosperitie,
Appearandlie to come of Propertie:
We knaw great cheare, great ease and ydlenes.
To lecherie was mother and mistres.

Thou rauchst vnrocked, the Rane said be y rude
Sa to reprove Riches or Propertie:
Abraham and Isaac were rich and very gude,
Jacob and Joseph had prosperitie:
(The Papingo said) that is of veritie,
Riches I grant, is not to be refused,
Prouyding alwaies that they be not abused.

Then laid the Rane ane Replication,
And said, thy reason is not worth ane myte:
As I shall proue with protestation,
That na man take my words in dispite,
I say the temporall Princes hes the wite,
That in the kin a sic Pastours does prouide,
To gouerne sauls, themselues that can not gide.

Lang time after the Kirk tuke Propertie,

C 2

The

The Prelats liued in great perfection,
 Unthral to Riches or Sensualitie,
 Under the holy Spirits protection,
 Orderlie chosen be election,
 As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit and Lyne.

Sic patient Prelats entered be the port,
 Pleasand the pepill be predication:
 Now dyke loupers does in the Kirk resort,
 Be Symonie and Supplication:
 Of Princes be their presentation,
 Sa sillie saules that bene Christs sheepe,
 Are giuen to hungrie goymand wolfs to keepe.

As maruell is, thocht we Religious men,
 Degenerated be, and in our life confused:
 Bot sing and drink, nane vther case we ken,
 Our spirituall fathers hes vs sa abused,
 Agains our will, those trukers bene intrused,
 Lawed men hes now Religious men in cures,
 Mostest Wirgins, in keeping of strang hures.

Princes, princes, quhere bin your hich prudence
 In disposition of your Bensfices:
 The guerdonings of your Courtifens,
 Is some cause of thir great enormities,
 There is ane sort, waitand like hungrie flees,
 For spirituall cure, thot it they be na thing abill,
 Quhole greedie thirg bene insatiabill.

Princes I pray you be na mair abused;
 To verteous men, hauing sa small regarde,
 Quhy could vertue thoch flatterie be refused:
 That

That men for cunning can get na rewarde?
 Place that euer ane begger or ane baird:
 The hure master, or common basature,
 Shold in the Kirk get any kinde of cure.

Were I ane man worthie to weir ane Croun,
 My quhen their baiked any benefices:
 I could gar call ane Congregation,
 The principall of all the Prelacies,
 Most cunning Clarke of Uniuersities,
 Most famous fathers of Religion,
 With their aduise make disposition.

I could dispoise all offices Pastozals,
 Till Doctors of Diuinitie or Iure:
 And cause dame Vertue pull vp all her sailes,
 Quhen cunning men had in the Kirk most cure:
 Gar Lords send their Sonnes, I you assure,
 To seek science, and famous scules frequent,
 Syne them promote, that were most sapient.

Great plesour wer to heare one Bishop preach,
 The Dein, or Doctor of Diuinitie,
 The Abbot quhill could wel his conuent teach,
 The person flowing in Philosophie,
 I tyme my tyme, to wish quhill will not be,
 Were not the preaching of the begging Priests,
 That were the faith among the Seculiers.

As for their preaching, quod the Papingo,
 I them excuse, for quhy? they bene sa thral
 To Propertie, and her ding dochters twa,
 Dame Riches, and fair Ladie Sensual,
 They may not vse na pastime spirituall,

And in their habites they take sic belite,
To haue renounced russet and raploch quhite.

Taking to them Scarlot and Cramolie,
With Meneuer, Mertick, Grece, & rich Armine
Their law hearts exalted are sahe,
To see their papall pompe it is ane pyne,
Mair rich array is now with freinziez syne,
Upon the bairding of ane Bishops Wile,
Noeuer had Paul or Peter against Zule.

Then sair Ladies their chaine may not escape
Dane Sensuall sic seed in them hes saven:
Les skith it were with licence of the Pape,
That ilk Prelate ane wife had of his awin,
For se their bastards thirchout þ cuntry blaton
For now be they well comd from the scules,
They fall to wark as they wer common bulles.

Peter (said the Gled) thou preches all in vaine,
The secular folk hes hes of our case na cures:
I grant (said she) yet men will speake againe,
How ye haue made a hunder thousand hures,
Quhilk neuer had bin, were not your lecherous
And gif I lie, hearthe I me repent, (lures
Was neuer Bird, I know, mair penitent.

Then she her shraue with deuot countenance,
So that saile Gled quhilk sained him ane frier,
And quhen she had fulfilled her penance,
Full subdillie at her he gan inquier,
Chuse you (said he) quhilk of vs bytheren here,
Shall haue of all your naturall gudes the cures,
Do you know nane bene mair holie creatures.

I am

I am content (said the pure Papingo)
That you frier Gled, & Corby Monk pour bjo.
Haue cure of all my gudes, and no mo: (ther
Sen at this time friendship I finde na vther,
We sall be to you true, as to our mother,
(Said they) and swore to fulfill her intent,
Of that (said he) I take ane instrument.

(The Wyet said) quhat sall my office bee?
ouer man (said she) vnto the vther two:
The rowpand Rauen said, sweet sister let see,
Pour hail intent, for it is tyme to go:
The greedie Gled said, brother do not so,
We will remaine, and here hald vp her head,
And neuer depart from her till she be dead.

The Papingo them thanked heartfullie,
And said, sen ye haue tane on you sic cure:
Then part my naturall gudes equallie,
That euer I had or hes of Dame Nature:
First to the Hovoleit indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the day for shame dare not be sene,
To her I leaue my gay galbert of grene.

My bricht departed ene as Christall cleare,
Vnto the Back ye sall them both present:
In Phebus presence quhilk dare not appeare,
Of naturall sight she is sa impotent.
My biernisht beck I leaue with gude intent,
Vnto the gentill pittieus Delicane,
To helps to pearle her tender heart in t waine.

I leane the Bouke quhilk hes na sangbot ane
My Musick, with my voice angelicall:
And to the Guse ye giue quhen I am gaue,

My eloquence and tongue Rethorickall,
And take and dry my bones great and small,
Then close them in a case of Ebur syne,
And them present vnto the Phenix syne.

To burne with her quhen she her life renews
In Arabie ye sail her finde but weir,
And sail knowe her be her maist heauenly hewes,
Gold, Azure, Coules, Purpure and Synopeir,
Her date is for to liue fine hundereth yers,
Make to that bird my commendation,
And als I wake you supplication.

Sen of my corps I haue giuen you the cure,
He speid you to the Court but taryng :
And take my heart of perfitte portrature,
And it present vnto our Soueraine King,
I wait he will it close into aue ring,
Commend me to his Grace I you exhort,
And of my passion make him true report.

He thie my tryps sail haue for your trauell,
With leuer and lung to parte equal amang you
Praying Pluto the potent Prince of hell,
Gif ye sailzie, that in his feit he fang you :
Be to me true, thocht I nathing belang you,
Sair I suspect your conscience bene to large,
Dead not (said they) we take it with the charge

Adew Brether (said the pure Papingo)
To talke now mair, I haue na time to tarie,
Bot sen my spirit most from my bodie go,
I recommend it to the Queene of Farie,
Eternallie into her Court to tarie,

In

In wilbernes amang the holts hore,
Then she inclined her head, and spake no more.

Plunged into her mortall passion,
Full greuouslie she gripped to the ground,
It were ouerlang to make narration,
With sighs sair, with many stang and sound,
Out of her wound the blude did sa abound,
Ane compas round was w her blude made read
Without remeid there was na thing but dead.

And be she had In manus tuas said,
Extincted were her naturall wits fine:
Her head full softlie on her shoulders laid,
Then yeeld the spirit with paines pungitive.
The Raven began rudelie to rug and rine,
Full rauenous like, his emptie throat to feed,
Eate softlie brother (said the greedie Gled.)

Whyle she is hate let part her euen amang vs,
Take thou aue halfe, and reik to me aue vther:
Intill our richt I wait na wicht dar wjang vs:
The Wyot said, the fiend resauie the fother,
Quhy make ye me stop-barne, & I your brother.
He do me wjang sir Gled, I sprew your hart,
Take there (said he) the paddings for your part.

Then wait ye weill my hart was wonder sair
For to behald that dolent departing,
Her angell fedders fleying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nathing:
The Wyot said, that pertaines to the King
Quhilk to his Grace I purpose to present,
Thou (said the Gled) sail fail of thy intent.

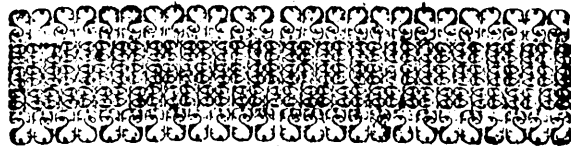
The

The Raouon said, God noz I rar in ane rape,
 And thou get this till either King or Duke:
 The Wyot said, plaine I not to the Pape,
 Then in ane smedie I be smozed with smuke,
 With þ the Gled the peece caught in his cluke,
 And And his way, the rest with all their micht,
 To chafe the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now haue ye heard this litill Tragedie,
 The lair complaint, the Testament & mischance
 Of this pure bird quhilk did ascend sa hie,
 Besekand you excuse mine ignozance,
 And rude indite, quhilk is not to aduance,
 And to the quare I giue commandement,
 Make na repare quhere Poets bene present.

Because thou bene of Rethorick denude,
 Be neuer sene neare hand na uther buke:
 noith King noz qucene, w lord noz man of gude,
 noith coat vnclean, claime kinrent to some Duke
 Steall in ane nuke quhen they list on thee luke,
 For smell of smake men wil abhoire to bear thee
 Heir I forswear þ, quherfoze to lurk ga leir thee.

The



THE
 Dreame of sir David Lindefay of
 the Mont Knight, familiar servitor to our
 Sovereine Lord King James the fift, &c.

THE EPISTILL TO THE
 Kings Grace.



Icht potent Prince of high Emperiall
 blude,
 Vnto thy grace I traist it be wel knawn
 My service done vnto thy Celstitude,
 Quhilk needeth not at lenth for to be
 shawen:

And thocht my youth-heide neere be over blawen,
 Exerced in service of thine Excellence,
 Hope hes me hecht ane gudely recompence.

Quhen thou wert yong I bare thee in mine arme,
 Full tenderlie, till thou began to gang:
 And in thy bed oft happed thee full warme,
 With Lute in hand, then sweetly to thee sang,
 Some time in danfing, merelie I sang,
 And some time playing fairfies on the flure,
 And some time on my office taking cure.

And

The Epistle

And some time lik ane fiend transfigure,
 And some time like the greeslie gaist of Gy,
 In diuers formes oft times disfigure,
 And some time disfigyfed full pleasandie,
 Sa sen thy birth I haue continuallie,
 Bene exercised, and ay to thy pleasour,
 And some time steward, capper, and caruour.

Thy pursemaister, and secreit thesaurer,
 Thy vther ay since thy natiuitie,
 And of thy chamber cheif cubiculare,
 Quhilk to this houre hes keiped my lawtie,
 Loving be to the blessed Trinitie,
 That sic ane wretched worme hes made sa abill,
 To sic ane Prince to be sa agreabill.

Bot now thou art be influence naturall,
 Rich of ingine, and richt inquisitiue:
 Of Antick Stories, and deeds martiall,
 Mair pleasantly the time for to over driue,
 I haue at lenth the Stories done descriue,
 Of Hector, Arthure, and gentill Julius,
 Of Alexander, and worthie Pompeius.

Of Jason and Media all at lenth,
 Of Hercules, the acts honourabill:
 And of Sampson the super naturall strench,
 And of true lovers the Stories amiabill,
 And oft times haue I fained many fabill,
 Of Troilus the sorrow and the joy,
 And sieges all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy.

The Prophecies of Rymour, Beed, and Marling,
 And of many vther pleasant historie:

Of

The Prologue.

Of the reid Etin, and the gyre carling,
 Conforting thee, quhen that J saw thee sorie,
 Now with the support of the King of glorie,
 I fall thee shaw ane Storie of the new,
 The quhilk before I never to thee shew.

Bot humblie I besek thine Excellence,
 With ornate termes, thocht I can not expres:
 This simpill mater for laik of Eloquence,
 Yet notwithstanding, all my busines,
 With heart and hand my minde J fall addres,
 As J best can, and most compendious,
 Now J begin, the mater hapned thus.

¶ The Prologue.



At the kalends of Januarie,
 Quhen freshe Phobus be mowing
 circular,
 from Capricorne was entered in
 Aquarie,
 with blasts that had the branches made sul baie
 The snaw, and sleit perturbed all the air,
 And seemed floza, from euerie bank and bus,
 Throuch support of the windie Colus.

After that J the lang winters night,
 Had lven waking in my bed alone,
 Throch hevie thocht, that na way sleep J might,
 Remembring of diuers thinges bygone,
 Sa by J rose, and cleithed me anone,
 Be this fair Titan with his beames licht,
 Quert all the land had spped his baner bycht.

with

With cloak and hude I dressed me bellue,
 With double shoes and mittains on my hands:
 Albeit the air was richt penetratine,
 Yet sure I furth landing over thruch the lands,
 Toward the sea to sport me on the sands,
 Because unblomed was baich bank and bray,
 And sa as I was passing be the way,

I met Dame Flora in dule-weed disagyled,
 Quhilk into May was dulce and delectable,
 With hardie stoumes her sweetnes was suppress
 Her heauenlie herbes were turned into sable,
 Quhilk some time were to louers amiable,
 Fled from the frost the tender floures I saw,
 Under Dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The small foules in flocks saw I flee,
 To Nature making lamentation,
 They lichted down beside me on ane tree,
 Of their complaint I had compassion:
 And with ane piteous exclamation,
 They said, blessed be Sommer with thy floures
 And wairied be thou Winter with thy houres.

Alas, Aurora, the fallie Lark can cry,
 Quhere hast thou left thy balmie liquour sweet,
 That vs reieised, we mounting in the sky?
 The siluer drops are turned into flete:
 Of fair Phebus quhere is thy holsome heit?
 Quhy sufferest thou thy heauenly face,
 With mistie vapours to be obscured alas?

Quhere art y May w June thy sister shene,
 Well boydered with Dalles of delite,

And

And gentill Julie with thy mantle grene,
 Enamled with Roses red and quhite?
 Now auld and cauld Januar in despite,
 Reaues from vs all pastime and pleasure,
 Alas, quhat gentle heart may this indure.

Quersyled are with cloudes odious,
 The golden skyes of the Orient:
 Chainging in sorrow our song melodious,
 Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,
 Resounding to the heauens firmament:
 Bot now our day is chainged into night,
 With that they rais and flew out of my sight.

Penſing in heart, paſſing full ſoberly,
 Unto the ſea forwarde I went anone,
 The ſea was out, the ſand was ſmooth and dry,
 Then vp and down I muled mine alone,
 Till that I ſpyed ane litill caue of ſtone,
 Hich in ane craig, vpward I did approch:
 Withouth ſtaying, and clam vp on the roch.

And purpoſed for paſſing of the time,
 He to defend ſe him Otioſitie:
 With pen and paper to regiſter in ryme,
 Some mirrie mater of antiquitie,
 Bot ydlenes, ground of iniquitie,
 She made ſa dull my ſpirits me within,
 That I knew not at quhat end to begin.

Bot ſat ſtill in that caue, quhere I might ſee
 The waltring of the waues vp and down:
 And this ſalle warldg inſtabilitie,
 Unto that ſea making compariſon,

And

And of this wretched worlds variation,
To them that fixes all their haill intent,
Considering quha most had sould most repent

So with my hude my head I happed warme,
And in my cloke, I faulded baith my seit:
I thocht my corps wuld could tak na harme,
My mittains held my hands well in heit,
The scouland craig me couered from the seit,
There still I sat my bones for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleep my spirit opprest.

So throuch the bouctuous blacks of Colus,
And throuch my walking on the nicht before:
And throuch the skyes mouing maruellous,
We Neptuneus with many rout and roare,
Constrained I was to sleepe withoutten more,
And quhat I dremed in conelation,
I sall you tell ane maruellous vision.

¶ The Dreame of Sir David Lindesay

ME thocht ane Ladie of portrature
perfitte,
Did salute me with bening coun-
tenance,
And I quhilk of her presence had
delite,
Till her againe made humbill reuerence,
And her demanded, sauing her pleasance,
What was her name? she answered courtcoussly
Dame Remembrance (said she) called am I.

Quhilk commin is for pastime and pleasour,
Of

Qu hilk commed is for pastime and pleasure
Of thee, and for to beare thee company,
Because I see thy spirit without measure,
Sa fair perturbed by Melancholy,
Causing thy corps to waxe cold and dry,
Therefore get by and goe anone with me,
Sa were we both in i twinkling of ane eie.

Down throuch the Earth in mids of the Center,
Ere euer I wist into the lawest hell:
Into that carefull Caue quhen we did enter,
Zouting and zelling we heard with many zell,
In flamme of fire richt furious and fell:
Was cryand many carefull Creatur,
Blasphemand God, and warand Nature.

There saw we diuers Dayes and Emperours
withoutt recoour many carefull Kingis:
There saw we many wrangous Conquerours,
withouttten rich, reauers of vthers rings,
The men of Kirk lay bounden into bings,
There saw we many carefull Cardinall,
And Archbishops in their Pontifical,

Proud and peruerst Prelats out of number,
Pyponis, Abbats, and fals flatterand friers:
To specifice them all it were ane cumber.
Regular Channons, churles, Monks & Charter:
Curious Clarke and Priests, Seculiers (ers)
There was some part of ilk Religion,
In holie Church quhilk did abusion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
The cause of these Prelats punition:

¶

She

She said, the cause of their unhappie chance,
Was Couetise, Lust, and Ambition,
The quhilk now makes them lack fruition,
Of God, and here eternalie must dwell;
Into this painful poysoned pit of hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
Prouoking them to penitence by preaching,
Bot serued worldlie Princes insolent,
And were promoted by their fauied fleiching.
Not for their science, wisdom, nor teaching.
Be Symonie was their promotion,
More for denners nor for deuotion.

Ane vther cause of their punishment,
Of the unhappie Prelats impudent,
They made not equall distribution,
Of halie Kirk, patrimonie nor rent.
Bot temporallie they haue it all mispent,
Quhilk could haue bene triparted into thrie,
First to vphald the Kirk in honestie.

The second part to sustaine their estates,
The third part is to be giuen to the pures:
Bot they dispoone that guides all vther gates,
On cartes and dyce, on harlotrie and hures,
These catiues take na count of vthers cures,
Their Kirk ducty, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richlie ruel & baith at burde and bed,

Their bastard children prouddie they prouide,
The Kirk guides largelie they did on them spend
Further defaults their subdites were misgided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Quhilk

Quhilk causde the wat grace in their latter end:
Reuking that rout I saw in Cayes of bras,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Caiphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traitour Judas,
Mahomet that traitour poysonable:
Chore, Nathan, and Abiron there was,
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was ane sicche richt wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into these flames fleeting,
With carefull cryes for groining and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfully,
For vaine gloze and inobedience:
Breaking their constitutions wilfullie,
Not hauing their ouermen in reuerence,
To knowe their rule they take no diligence,
Unlawfullie they vsed propertie,
Passing the bounds of wilfull pouertie.

Full fair weeping with voices lamentable,
They cryed loud, O Emperour Constantine:
We may wite thy possession poisonable,
Of all our great punishment and pyne,
Albeit thy purpose was to ane gude fine,
Thou banisht from vs true deuotion,
Hauing sic eie to our promotion.

There we beheld ane den fuld olozous,
Quhere that Princes and Lords temporall:
Were circuite with paines rigorous,
Bot to expreme their paines in speciall,
It does exceed all thy memoriall,
Importable paine withoutten comforting,
U. 2 Their

Their blude royall made them no supporting;

Some ratue things for cruell oppression,
And vther some for their wzangous conquest:
were condemned they and their succession,
Some for publick Adultrie and incest,
Some suffered the people neuer to lue in rest,
Deliting sa in pleasure sensuall,
Wherfore their paine was there perpetuall.

There was the cursed Emperour Nero,
Of euery vice the horribill vessell:
There was Pharaos, with many Princes mo,
Oppressours of the children of Israel,
Herode and many moe then I can tell,
Ponce Pylate was there hanged be the halfe,
With vniust Judges for their sentence false.

Dukes, Marquesses, Earles, Barons, Knights,
With these Princes were punisht painfully,
Participant they were of their vnricht,
Forward we went and let these Lords ly,
And saw quhere Ladies lamentably,
Like mad Lyons were carefully crying,
In flaming fire richt furiously fryng.

Emprices, Queenes, and Ladies of honours,
Many Dutches and Countes full of rare,
They pearced mine heart these tender creatures
Sappued in that pit full of dispare,
Plunged in paine with many reuthfull rare,
Some for their pride, some for adulterie,
Some for their tyding men to lecherie.

Some had bene cruell and malicious,

Some

Some for making of wzangous heritours,
For to reherle their lurs vicious,
It were a great stay to the Auditors,
Of lecherie they were the very lures,
With their pzouocative impudicitie,
Brought many ane man to infelicitie.

Some women for their pusillanimitie,
Querter with shame, they did them neuer shyne
Of secret sinnes done into querie,
And some repented neuer in their lue:
Withouten reuth these ruffians did them rine,
Rigorouslie without compassion,
Great was their dule and lamentation.

That we were made, they cryed ful oft alas,
Thus tormented with paines intolerable,
We mended not quhen we had time and space,
Bot tike in earth our lustes delectable,
Wherfore with sleids vglie and horrible,
We are condemned for euer mair alas,
Eternallie withouten hope of grace.

Wher is the meate and dyanke delicious,
With quhilk we fed our carefull carions?
Golde, siluer, silke, with stones precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
Withouten hope of our remissions,
Alas our paines are insufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld quhere many ane thousand
Common people, lay slichtring in the fire,
Of eery state there was ane bailfull band,

U 3

There

There might be seene many ane sorrowfull sire,
Some for enuy suffred, and some for ire,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of w;angous gudes without remission.

Murther marchants for their w;angous winning
Murders of gold, and common Deckerers:
Fals men of Law in Cautels, richt cunning,
Theaues, reauers, and publick oppzessers,
Some part there was of vneill labourers,
Craftsmen there we saw out of number,
Of ilk state to declare it were ane lumber.

Also langsome for me for to indite,
Of this prison the paines in speciall:
The heit, the cold, the dolour and despite,
Wherfore I speake of them in generall,
That dulefull den, that furnace infernall,
Whose rewarde is Rew without remeid,
Euer dying, and neuer to be dead.

Hunger and thirst in steed of meat and drinke,
And for their cloathing toades and scorpions:
That darke mansion is toppel'd with stinke,
They see na thing bot horrible visions,
They heare bot scoorne and derisions,
Of soule stends, and blasphemations,
Their failing is importable passions.

For melodie, miserable mourning,
There is na solace, bot dolour infinite:
In banfull beds bitterlie burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow and with site,
There

These consciences their hearts so did bite,
To heare them site it was a case of care,
Sa in despite plunged into dyspare.

A litle aboue that dolorous doungeon,
We entered in and cuntrie full of care,
Wher that we sa to many ane legion
Weeping and zouling with many teuthfull rare,
Whar place is this (said I) of bles sa bare?
She answered and said, Purgatorie,
Whilk purges saules ere they come to the glozy

If for na pleasure here but melsill paine,
Wherfore (said I) leaue we this toyt in th;all:
I purpose neuer to come here againe,
Bot yet I do beleue, and euer sail,
That the true Kirk can na way erre at all,
Sic thinges to the Clarke does conclude,
Albeit my hope stangs maist in Christs blude.

Sic was
the igno
rance of
thei dais
that mē
even of
sharpest
judgmet
cold not
espy all
abuses.

Aboue that in the third prison anone,
We entered in a place of perdition,
Wher many childzen wer making d;iry mone,
Because they wanted the fruition
Of God, quilk was ane great punition,
Of Baptisme they wanted the effonzie,
Upward we went a lest that mirthles menzie.

Into ane vault aboue that place of paine,
Unto the quilk but iudgoorne we ascended:
That was the Lymb, in the quilk did remaine
Our forfathers, because Adam offended,
Seat and the frute, the quilk was so defended,

There might be sene many ane sorowfull sire,
Some for enuy suffred, and some for ire,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wraungous gudes without remission.

Wastown marchants for their wraungous winnig
Murders of gold, and common Dekerers:
Fals men of Law in Cantelsricht cunning,
Theaues, reauers, and publick oppzessers,
Some part there was of vneill labourers,
Craftsmen there we saw out of number,
Of ilk state to declare it were ane lumber.

Also langsome for me for to indite,
Of this prison the paines in spectill:
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And for their cloathing toades and scorpions:
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They heare bot scoone and derisions,
Of soule fiends, and blasphemations,
Their soiling is impoztable passions.

For melodie, miserable mourning,
There is na solace, bot dolour infinite:
In baulfall beds bitterlie burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorow and with sife,

There

Their consciences their hearts so did bite,
To heare them sife it was a case of care,
Sa in despite plunged into dispare.

A litle aboue that dolorous doungeon,
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Wher that we saw many ane legion
Weeping and zouling with many reuthfull rare,
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That was the Lymb, in the quhilk did remaine
Our forfathers, because Adam offended,
Ceat and the frute, the quhilk was so defended,

Many ane yeare they dwelt in that Doungean
With darknes and with desolation.

Then throuch the earth of nature could a dy,
Glade to escape these places perrellous;
We halted by right wonder speedily,
Yet we beheld the secreets maruellous,
The mynes of gould, and stanes precious,
Of silver, and of euey fine mettell,
Quhilk to declare it were ouer lang to tell.

Up throuch the water hostlie we intended,
Quhilk inuirones the earth withioutten doubt:
Then throuch the air hostlie we ascended,
His Regions throuch behalding in and out,
Quhilk Earth and water closes round about,
Then hostlie vpward throuch the fire we went,
Quhilk was the highest and hottest Element.

Quhen we had all these Elements ouerpass,
That is to say, Earth, water, Air and fire:
Upward we went withouppen any rest,
To see the Heauens was our maine desire,
Bot ere we might win to the Heauen Empire,
It behoued vs to pass the way full euen,
Up throuch the Spheare of the Planets seven.

First to the Moone, and belted all her peare:
Suerene of the sea, and beautie of the night;
Of nature moist and chuld, and nathing cleare,
For of her selfe she hes na vther licht,
Bot the reflex of the hebus beames brycht,
The twelue Signes she passes round about,
In eight and tuentie yeares withouppen doubt.
Then

Then we ascendit to Mercurius
Quhilk Boecius calls the God of Eloquence,
Right Doctour like, with termes delicious,
In art expert, and full of Sapience,
It was pleasure to pause on his prudence,
Paynters, a Poetis, are subiect to his cure,
And hote and drie, he is of his nature.

And als as cunning Astrologes sayis,
He dois complet his cours naturally,
In three hundredis and eight and thirty dayes,
Syne vpward we ascendit hastily,
To faire Venus, quhair scho richt lustelie,
We set into ane fait, of silver schene,
That fresche Goddess that isit luffis Queen.

They perlit mine heart her blenkis amorous
Howbeit that sumtime scho is chengenbill,
With countenance and cheir full dolourous,
Somo times richt pleisand, glaid & delectabill,
Sumtime constant, and sumtime variabill,
Nir hir beuty, resplendent as the fyre,
Swages the wrath of Mars, that God of Ire.

This pleisand planet, gif I can richt descriue
Scho is baith hote and moist of her nature,
That is the cause, scho is promouative,
Till all thame that ar subiectit to hir cure,
To Venus worthis, till that they may endure,
And scho completis hir couris naturall,
In twelue monethis, withouppen ony faille.

Then past we to the Spheir of the hebus brycht
That lusty Lamp and lantern of the heuin,
And

And gladder of the starres with his light,
 And principall of all the planetes feunt,
 And set in midst of them all full euen,
 As Roy royall, rolling in his sphere,
 Full pleasantly into his golden cheyre.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,
 Giveth the life to every earthly thing,
 What prince of every planet precelent,
 Doth foster flowers, and causes herbes spring,
 Through the cold earth, and causes birdes sing,
 Also his regular moving in the heauen,
 Is iust vnder the Zodiacke full euen.

For to discerne his Diadem royall,
 Worded about with stones shining bright,
 His golden Chair or throne imperiall,
 The foure steeles that drawes it full right,
 I leane to Poets because I have no sight,
 But of his nature he is hote and drie,
 Completing in one yeare his course cruely.

Then vp to Mars in his we hasted us,
 Wonder hote and drie then the thunder.
 His face flaming as fire right furious,
 His haile & brag more awfull then the thunder,
 Made all the heave most like to shake in funder
 Who would behold his countenance and fier
 Might call him well the God of men of wice.

With colour red, and looke malicious,
 Right cholericke of his complexion.
 Rustier, angry, sweare and seditions
 Principall cause of his destruction.

Of many good and noble Region,
 were not Venus his yre does mitigate,
 This world of peace would be right desolate.

This God of griefe without sojourning,
 In yeares two his course he doth compleate
 Then pass we by where Jupiter the king,
 Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweete,
 Complexionate with moistnes and with heate,
 That pleasant prince, faire dulce and delicate.
 Promotes peace, and banishes debate.

The old Poets by superstition,
 Held Jupiter the of other principall,
 Of all these Gods in conclusion,
 For his prerogative in speciall:
 And by his vertue into generall,
 To old Saturne he makes resistance,
 When in his malice, he would worke vengeance.

This Jupiter without sojourning,
 Passes through all the twelue signes full enen
 In yeares twelue, then without tarrying
 We pass into the highest of the leaven,
 To Saturnus which troubles all the heanen,
 With heauie cheare, and colour pale as lead,
 In him we saw but dolour to be dead.

And cold and drie he is of his nature,
 Foule like an Owle, of euill condition,
 Right unpleasant he is of portature,
 His intoricate disposition,
 It puts all things to perdition,
 Ground of sicknesses and melancholious,

His quality I can noche loue but lacke,
As for his mouing naturally but weir,
About the signis of the Zodiacke,
He dois complet his course in thirtie yere,
And so we left him in his frosty Sphair,
Upward we bid ascend incontinent,
But rest till we come to the Firmament.

The quibik was first full of Serps bright,
Of figure round, right plesand and perfite,
Whose influence and right excellent light,
And whose number may not be put in write,
Zit cunning Clerks does naturally indite,
How that he does complete his course but weir,
In space of one hundredeth and thirtie yere,

Then the nine Sphair and mouer principall,
Of all the laif, we besit all that heuyn,
Whose dayly motions continuall,
Both firmament, and all the Planets seuen,
From East to west, garris them goe full euen,
Into the space of four and twentie yeres,
Zit be the mardes of the Astronomers.

The seuen Planets into their proper Sphairs,
From West to East, they moue naturally,
Some swift some slow, as to their kind desires
As I haue shewen afore speciall,
Whose motion causes continuallie,
Right melodious, harmonie and sound,
And al though mouing of these Planets round

Then mounted we, with right feruente desire,
Up

And through the heauen called Chrysalline,
And so we entred into Heauen Empire,
Which to discerne it passes my ingyne,
Where God in his holy Throne diuine,
Raignes in his gloyp inestimable,
With Angels cleare which are innumerable.

In ordours nine these spirits gloriours,
Are diuided, the which excellently,
Makes louing with sound melodious,
Singing Sanctus right wonder feruently,
These ordours nine they are full pleasantly,
Diuided into Hierarchies thre,
And thre ordours in euery Hierarchie.

The lowest ordour is the Angels bright,
As messenges to this low region,
The second ordour, Archangels full of might,
Verteous Potestates, Principats of renown,
The last is talled Domination,
The seventh Thronus, the eight hich Cherubin,
The ninth and hichest called Seraphin,

And next vnto the blessed Trinitie,
In his triumphing throne Imperiall:
Thre into one, and one substance in thre,
Whose indiuisible Essence Eternal,
The rude ingine of mankinde is too small,
To comprehend, whose power infinite,
And diuine nature no creature can write.

So my ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his hich diuinitie:

All mortall men are insufficient
To consider these thyng in vnitie,
Such fable matter I must on neede let be,
To studie on my Creed it were full fair,
And let Doctours of sic matters declare.

Then we behold the blessed humanitie
Of Christ, sitting on his siege royall:
At the right hand of the Diuinitie,
With one excellent Court Celestiall,
Whose exercition continuall,
Was in louing their Prince with reuerence,
And on this wise they kepted ordinance.

Next to the thyrne we sawe the quene of queenes
Well companied with Ladies of delite:
Sweet was the song of these blessed Virgines;
No mortall man their solace may indite,
The Angels bright in number infinite,
Euerie ordour into their awen degrie,
Were officers vnto the Dietie.

Patriarks and Prophets honorable,
Collaterall counsellors in his Consistozie:
Euangelists, Apostles venerable,
Were capitaines vnto the King of glorie,
Whilk Christain-like had wone the victorie,
Of that triumphant Court Celestiall,
Saint Peter was Lieutenant generall.

The Martires were as noble stalwart Knights
Discomfitours of cruell battels thyle,
The flesh, the world, the fiend and al his mights
Con-

Confessours, Doctours in diuinitie,
As Chapell Clarks vnto his dietie,
And last we saw infinite multitude,
Making seruice vnto his Celitude.

Whilk by the high diuine permission,
Felicite they had invariable;
And of his God-hude cleare cognition,
And compleit peace they had interminable,
Their glorie and honour was inseparable,
That plasant place repleate with pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plentie of all pleasures perfite,
And cleare brightnes without obscuritie,
Withouten dolour, dulcours and delite,
Withouten rancour, perfite charitie,
Withouten hunger, satiabilitie,
O happie are the saules predestinate,
Wher saull and bodie are glorificate.

These maruellous mirthes for to declare,
By Arithmetick they are innumerable,
The portrature of that Dalice prelare,
By Geometrie it is unmeasurable,
By Rethorick als inpronounciable,
There is no eares may heare, nor eyes may see,
Nor heart may thinke, this their felicitie.

Whereto should I presume for to indite,
The quilk Saint Paul that Doctour sapient,
Can not expres, nor into paper write,
The high excellent worke inuolent,

And

And percie pleasure euer permanent,
In presence of that mightie King of gloze,
Whilk was, and is, and shall be euer more.

At Remembrance humble I did inquire,
If I might in that pleasure still remaine:
Said she, against reason is thy desire,
Wherfore my friend, thou must returne again
Into the world, quhere thou shalt suffer paine,
And suffer death with cruell paines sore,
Ere thou begin to ring with him in gloze.

Then we returned sair against our will,
Down throch the Spheare of the Heauens cleir
Her commandement behoued I to fulfill,
With soule heart, wait ye, withouten weir,
I wald full faine haue staid there all yeir,
Bot she said to me, there is no remed,
Ere thou remain here, first thou must suffer dead

(Said I) I pray you heartfully Madame,
Since we haue had sic contemplation:
Of heauenlie pleasures, yet ere we pas hame,
Let vs haue some consideration,
Of Earth, and of her situation,
She answered and said, that shall be done,
Sa were we baith brocht in the air full cone,

Quhere we might se the Earth all at ane sight,
Bot like ane moat sa it appearde to me,
In respect of the Heauens bricht,
I haue maruell (said I) how this may be,
The Earth seemes of small quantitie,
The least starre fixed in the Firmament,

Is

Is more then all the earth by my iudgement:

She said sonne thou hast shewne the verity,
The smallest starre fixed in the firmament,
Indeed it is of greater quantitie,
Then all the earth, after the entent,
Of wise and cunning Clarks sapient,
What quantitie is then the earth, said I,
That shall I shew (said she) to thee shortly,

After the minds of the Astronomers
And specially the author of the spheare,
And other diuers great Philosophers,
The quantitie of the Earth circular,
Is fifty thousand Leagues withouten weers
Seven hundredeth and fifty, and no mo,
Diuiding aye one league in miles two.

And every mile in eight faldes diuide,
Each staid an hundredth pacc, twenty and fine:
A pace fife foote, who would them right beside,
A foot foure palmes, if I can right descriue
A palme, foure inch, and who so would belieue,
The circuit of the earth passe round about,
Must be considered on this wise no doubt.

Suppose that there were no impediment,
But that the earth without perrell were plaine,
Then that the person were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certaine,
He might passe round about and come againe,
In foure yeares, sixteen weekes, and days two,
So read the author, and thou shalt find it so.

Is

or

Of the Division of the Earth.

Then certainly she tooke me by the hand
And said my son, com on thy wayes with me
And so she made me clearely vnderstand
How that the earth diuided was in thre,
In Africa, Europe and in Asia.
After the minds of the Cosmographers,
That is to say, the worlds Descriptours.

First Asia is contained in the Orient,
And is well more then both the other twaine,
Africa and Europe in the Occident,
And are diuided by a sea certaine.
And that is called the Sea Mediterrane.
Which at the Strait of Marroche his entry,
That is betweene Spaine and Barbarie.

Toward the south west lyes Africa,
And in the North west Europa does stand
And all the East contains Asia,
On this wise is parted the firme land,
It were mickle to me to take on hand,
These Regions to declare in speciall,
Yet shall I shew their names in generall.

In many diuers famous Regions,
Is diuided this part of Asia:
Well planished with Cities, towres and towne,
The great Inde and Mesopotamia,
Pentapolis, Persia and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armente,
Babylon, Chaldeas, Parth and Arable.

Hydon

Hydon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scythia, Cye and Galie,
Hiberia, Bactria and Philestina,
Hercania, Campegena and Samaria,
In little Asia Bands Galathie,
Phamphilia, Flauria and Leede,
Rhegia Trechusa, Assiria and Mede.

Secondly, we considered Africa
With many fruitfull famous Region:
As Ethiops and Tripolitana:
Zeuges, where stands that triumphant towne
Of noble Carthage that cite of renouue,
Garamentes, Adabar and Lybia.
Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fez with Numidie and Tingitane.
Of Africa these are the principall,
Then Europe we considered in certaine
Whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall.
These principalls I finde about them all,
Which are Spaine, Italie and France,
Whose subregions were mickle to aduance.

Neither Scythia, Thrace and Carmanie,
Austria, Histris and Pannonia,
Denmarke, Gotland, Gruntland and Almanie,
Pole, Hungarie, Boheme, Morica, Rhetia
Heluetia, and many diuers ma.
Also in foure diuided Italie,
Tuscane, Bethuria, Naples and Champanie.

And subdiuided sundry other wayes,

As Lombardie, Venice and other ma
Calaber, Romane and Scindowayes,
In Grece, Cyprus and Dalmatia,
Thessalia, Attica and Illyrica,
Achaia, Boetia and Macedonie,
Archadie, Hieris and Lacedemone.

And France we saw diuided into thre,
Belgica, Celtica and Aquitane,
And subdiuided in Flanders, Picardie,
Normandie, Gascoigne, Burgundy and Britan
And other diuers Dutcheries in certaine,
The which were too long for to declare
Wherefore of them as now I speake namate.

In Spaine lyes Castillie and Arragone,
Auuarre, Galice, Portugall and Granate,
Then saw we famous Isles many one,
Which in the Ocean sea were situate,
Them to discerne my wit was desolate,
Of Cosinographie I am not so expert,
For I did neuer study in that Art.

Yet I shall come of their names declare,
As Madagascar, Gades, and Trapobanane,
And others diuers Isles good and faire,
Situate into the Sea Mediterane,
Aye Cyper, Candie, Coslica and Sardane
Crete, Abydos, Rhos and Sicilia,
Copsis, Colie, and many other ma.

Who would at length heare the description,
Of euery Ile, as well as the firme land.

And

And properties of euery region,
To study and to read must take in hand,
And the auncient wises to vnderstand,
Of philosophy and worthy problems,
Which were respect in Cosinographie.

There shall they find the name and properties
Of euery Ile, and of each region,
Then I enquired of each Ile Paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession.
Then he wrote to me the narration,
Of that exceeding place full of delite,
Whose properties were long for to endite.

OF PARADISE.

This Paradise of all pleasures replete,
Situate I saw into the Orient,
That glorious Earth of euery flower does decke,
The lusty lillies, the Roses redolent,
Fresh, wholesome fruits indecent
Both hearbe and tree that growes euer green.
Through vertue of the temperate ayre serene.

The sweet wholesome aromaticke odours,
Proceeding from the herbes medicinall,
The heavenly herbes of the fragrant flowers
It was a sight wonder celestiall,
The perfection to them in speciall;
And toyes of the region diuine,
Of mankind it exceeded the imagine.

And eke so his in situation,
Surmounting the mid region of the ayre,

where no manner of perturbation,
Of weather may ascende to hee as thair,
Four cloudes flowing from one fountaine faire,
As Tigres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,
Which in the west, transcurris many ane mile.

The country closed is full right,
With walles hee, of hote and burning fire
And straitly kept by an Angell bright,
Since the departing of Adam our Grandfire
Which through his crime incurred Gods ire:
And of that place tynt the possession,
Both from him selfe and his succession.

When this lufesome Lady Remembrance
All this foresaid had made me vnderstand
I prayed her of her beneuolence,
To shew me to the Country of Scotland,
Well sonne shee said, that shall I take in hand
So sodainely, he brought me in certaine
Euen just about the great Isle of Britaine.

Which stands Northwest in the Ocean sea,
And diuided in famous Regions two,
The South part England, a full rich Country,
Scotland by North, with many Isles moe
By west England, Ireland both stand also
Whose properties I will not take in hand,
To shew at length but onely of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

Which after my simple enditement;
And as Remembrance did to me report,

I shall declare the truth and Seruement,
As I both can, and into termes short,
Wherefore effectuously, I you exhort
To write my writing he nought to aduance,
Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had overseene this Region
The which of Nature is both good and faire,
I did propound one little question,
Beseeching her the same for to declare,
What is the cause our boundes beene so bare,
Quoth I, or what does moue our misery,
Or what cause does proceed our pouerty.

For thow the support of your hie prauidence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the the properties,
And als considers by experience,
Of this country the great commodities,
First the abundance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitfull mountaines for our best fall,
And for our cornes, money lusty baill.

The rich riuers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty lochis, with fish of sundry kinds,
Hunting, Hawking, for nobles conuenable,
Forrest is full of Be, Ra, Partis and Hindis,
The fresh fountains, whose holesom chist all
Refreshes to the flourish green meidis, (Gradis
So lacks we nothing that to nature needis.

Of euery mettall we haue the rich mines,
Both gold, silver, and stones pretious,
Whoebeit we want the spices and the wines,

O: other strong and delicious,
we haue as good and more needfull for vs,
Meat, drink, fire, cloths, might there be made
and high else is not into the happemgund bound

More fairer nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength great dedes to endare,
wherefore I pray you that you woulde define,
The principall cause why we are so poore,
For I maruell greatly I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground,
That riches should not in this realme abound.

My sonne said she by my discretion,
I shall make answer as I vnderstand,
I say to you vnder confession,
The fault is not I dare well take in hand,
Neither into the people nor the land,
As for the Land, it lackes no other thing,
But labour and the people gouerning.

Then wherein lies our inprosperity,
Said I, I pray you hartly Madam,
You woulde be care to see the verity,
O: who shall beare of our vnder the blame,
For by my truth to see I thinke great shame,
So pleasaunt people and so faire a land
And safe, vnder vniuersal dedes in hand.

Said she, I shall after my judgement,
Declare some causes in your fall,
And into terms that shee shal intent,
And then at last one into more speciall,

So

So this is my conclusion small,
Wanting of Justice, Policie, and Peace,
Are cause of thir unhappines aplace.

It is difficult riches to increase,
Where Policie maketh no residence;
And Policie may neuer haue entres,
Bot quhere that Justice does his diligence,
To punish quhere there may be found offence,
Justice may not haue domination,
Bot quhere peace makes habitation.

What is the cause that wald I vnderstand,
That we could want Justice and Policie:
What then does France, Italie or England,
Madame said I, We be the heretic,
See we haue many Lawes in this Countre,
Why want we Lawes execution,
Quha could put justice to execution?

Wherein does stand our principall remeid,
O: quha may make amends of this mischeif?
(Said she) I finde the fault into the head,
For they, in quhom does ly our hault releif,
I finde them rute and ground of all our greif,
For quhen the heads are not diligent,
The members must on neid be negligent.

So I conclude the causes principall,
Of all the troubill of this Nation:
Are into princes into speciall,
The quhill be the gouernation,
And of the people domination.

Whose

Whose continuall exercition,
Should be in Justice execution.

For quhen the Neuchful hird does slug and sleip
Taking na cure in keeping of his flock;
Quha wald ga te sch among sic hirds help;
May able Ande many pure scabbit crock,
And going wyld at large withouthen lock,
Then Lupus comes and Lousence in ane ling,
And does but reuth the sillie sheep down thying.

Bot the gude hird, walkrife and diligent,
Doeth so, that all his flocks are rueled richt;
To quhose quhissell all are obedient,
And gif the wolfes commes day or night,
Them to denoze, then are they put to flight,
Hounded and slane be their well banted dogs,
Sa ar they sure baith zowes, lambes and hogs.

Sa I conclude that throuch the negligence,
Of our infatuat heads insolent;
Is cause of all this Realmes indigence,
Quhilk in Justice hes not bene diligent,
Bot to gude counsell inobediet.
Hauand small eie vnto the Common weill,
Bot to their singular profite euerie deill.

For quhen thir wolfes be oppression,
The pure people but pitie doeth oppres:
Then should the Princes make punition,
And cause these rebels for to make redyes,
That Riches might be, and Policie increse,
Bot richt difficill it is to make remeid,
Quhen that the fault is sa into the head.

The

The Complaint of the Common-
well of Scotland.

And thus as we were walking to and fro,
We saw a busteous bern come ouer the bent
But hoise, on fute, als fast as he might go.
Whose rayment was all ragged, riuen & rent,
With visage leane, as he had fasted Lent:
And fordwart fast his wayes he did aduance,
With ane richt melancholious countenance.

With scrip on hip, and yrk stafe in his hand,
As he had bene purposed to pas fra hame:
(Said I) gude man, I wald faine vnderstand
Gif that ye please to wit quhat were your name?
(Said he) my sornie of that I think great shame
Bot sen thou wald of my name haue ane feill,
Forsuth they call me John the Common well.

Sir Common well, quha hes you sa disgysed,
(Said I) or quhat makes you sa miserable?
I haue maruell to see you sa supplyed,
The quhilk that I haue sene sa honorable:
To all the warld ye haue bene profitable,
And well honoured in euerie Nacion,
How happing now your tribulation?

Alas (said he) thou sees how it does stand,
With me, and how I am disherised:
Of all my grace, and must pas of Scotland,
And ga before quhere I was cherished,
Remaine I here, I am bot perished,
For there is few to me that takes tent,

That

That makes me ga sa ragged, reauen and rent.

My tender friends are all put to the flight,
For Policie is fled againe in France:
My sister Iustice almost hath lost her sight,
That she can not haile euensie the ballance,
Whiche waying is plane Capricane of Ordinance,
The quibbik debates lawtie and reason,
And small remeid is found for open treason.

Into the South, alas, I was heir flane,
Quier all the Land I could finde no releif:
Almost betwix the Mers and Lochmabane,
I could not knowe aie leill man be aie theif,
Who shew their reif, thife, murder and mitchell,
And vicious works it wald infect the air,
And als langsome to me for to declaire.

Into the Hieland I could finde na remeid,
Bot suddenslie I was put to exile:
These sweet swingeours they take of me na heed,
Nor amangs them let me remaine aie quiblie,
Als in the out Isles, and in Aegle,
Unthrift, sweriness, fallit, pouertie and strife,
Dat Policie in danger of her life.

Into the Lawland I came to seek refudge,
And purposed there to make my residence:
Bot singular profit gart me fume disludge,
And did me great injuries and offence,
And said to me, swerith harlot be thee hence,
And in this Countrie see thou take na cures,
Sa lang as my authoritie indites.

And

And now I may make na langer debate,
Nor I knawe not to quhom I should me meane:
For I haue socht throw all the spiritual state,
Quibbik tike na cure for to heare me compleane,
Their officers they held me at disdane:
For Synonie he rules by all that rout,
And Couetice that churle causde bar me out.

Whide hes chafte from him humilitie,
Deuotion is fled vnto the friers:
Sensual pleasure hes banisht Chastitie,
Lords of Religion the ga like Seculiers,
Taking mair count in telling their dinneirs,
Nor they do of their constitution,
Thus are they blinded by ambusion.

Our gentlemen are all degenerate,
Liberalitie and Lawtie both are lost:
And Couetice with Lords is lawreate:
Knichtlie courage turned in brag and host,
The ciuile war misgides euertie host:
There is not else, bot ilk man for himselfe,
That makes me ga thus banisht like aie Elfe.

Therefore adew, I may na langer tario,
Fairwell (said I) and with S. John to bozrow
Bot wait ye well, my heart was wonder soire.
Quhen Common wel sa scowped was in sorow
Bot after the nicht comes the glade morrow:
Quheresoe I pray you shaw me in certaine.
Quhen that you purpose for to come againe.

That question it sall be fume decided,
Said he) there shall na Scot haue comfosting:

Of

Of me till that I se the Countrie gyded,
By wisdom of ane gude auld prudent king,
Quhilk sall belite him maist abous all thing,
To put Justice till execution,
And on strang traitours make punition.

Als yet to thee I say ane uther thing.
I see richt well that Drouerbe is richt trew:
So to the Realme, that hes ouer yung ane king
With that he turned his back, and said adew,
Quer sirth and fell, richt fast fra me he flew,
Quhose departing to me was displeasand,
With that Remembrance take me be the hand.

And tunc me thocht she brocht me to the rocks,
And to the Caue quhere I began to sleepe:
With that ane ship did spebelie appoch,
Full pleasantlie sailing vpon the deepe,
And syne did staik her sailes, and gan to creepe,
Toward the land, anent quhere that I lay,
Bot wait ye weill, I gat ane sellon fray.

All her Cannons, she let crak at ones,
Doun shuke the streamers from the topcastell:
They spard not the powder nor the stones.
They shot their boats, and down their ankers fel
The Mariners, they did sa shout and yell,
That ha kelie I start out of my Dreame,
Half in ane fray, and spebelie past hame.

And lichtlie dynd, with list and appetite,
Synce after past intill ane Quatoze,
And take ane pen, and then began to wsite,

All

All the vision that I haue shawen before,
Sir of my Dreame, as now thou gets no more:
Bot I besek God for to send the grace,
To rule thy Realme in vnitie and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace:

So I sen that God of his preedinance,
Hath granted thee to haue the gouernance,
Of his people, and create thee ane king,
Faill not to print in thy remembrance,
That he will not excuse thine ignorance,
Eif thou be rackles in thy governing,
Quherfore dyes thee abous all uther thing,
Of his Lawes to keepe the obseruance,
And thou shape lang in Royaltie to ring.

Thank him that hes comanded Dame Nature,
To paint thee of sa pleasant portrature,
His gifts may be clearlis on thee knawen,
Eill Dame Fortune thou needs na procurature,
For she hes largelis shawen on thee her cure,
Her gratitude she hes vnto thee showen,
And sen that thou must sleir as I haist sownen,
Haue all thy hope in God thy Creator,
And aske him grace that thou may be his own.

And syne consider thy vocation,
That for to haue the gubernation:
Of this Kingrik thou art predestinate,
Thou may well wit be true narration,
Quhat sorrow and quhat tribulation,
Hes bene in this pure Realme infortunat,
Now comfort them that hes bene desolate,

And

And of thy people haue compassion,
 Sen thou be God art so preordinaire.

Take manlie courage, and leane insolence,
 And vse counsell of nobill Dame Prudence
 Found the firme on faith and fortitude,
 Draw to thy Court Justice and Temperance,
 And to the Common weill haue attendance,
 And also I besek thy Celitude,
 Hate vicious men, and loue them that are gude,
 And ilk flatterer thou steeme from thy presence,
 And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equall iustice both to great and small,
 And be example to the people all
 Exercing vertuous deeds honourable,
 Be not a wretch for nocht that may be fall,
 To that unhappie vice gif thou be thrall,
 To all men thou shalt be abominable,
 Kings nor knichts are neuer conuenable,
 To rule people, be they not liberall,
 Was neuer yet no wretch to honour able.

And take exampill of the wretched ending,
 Quhilk made Hydas of Thrace the mighty
 That to his Gods made inuocation, King
 Throuch greedines that all substantiall thing,
 That euer he toucht could turne but taryng,
 Into fine gold, he got his supplication,
 All that he toucht but dilation,
 Turned in gold, both meat, drink and cleithing,
 And dyed in hunger but recreation.

And I besek thy Patheis Greene,
 From lecherie thou keepe thy bodie cleane,
 Taist neuer that incontinencie person,
 From that unhappie sensualisme abstene,
 Till that thou get ane iustie pleasant Queene.
 Then take thy pleasure with my bennison:
 Tak heed how pridesfull Tarquine lost his croun
 For the detouring of Lucrece the shene,
 And was depriued, and banisht Romes toun.

And in despite of his lecherous lining,
 The Romans wald be subiect to na king:
 Many lang yeare, his Roies worth record,
 Till Julius be vertuous gouerning,
 And princely courage gan on them to ring,
 And chosen of Romans Emperour and Lord,
 Quherfore my souerain into thy minde remorde,
 That vicious life, maket oft ane euill ending,
 Withouth it be thy speciall grace restorde.

And gif thou wald thy fame and honour grete
 Vse counsell of thy prudent Lords tete;
 And see thou nede prudence pretend,
 Thy owne particulare weill for till entew:
 Nozke with counsell, sa fall thou neuer reu,
 Remember of thy friends the fatall end,
 Quhilk to gude counsell wald not condiscend,
 Till bitter death (alas) did them persue,
 From sic bussey I pray God thee defend.

And finallie, remember thou must dee,
 And suddenlie pas of this mortall see:
 And art not sicker of thy life two houres,

26 The Complaint of

Sen there is none from that sentence may flee,
King, Queene, nor knight, of law estate nor he,
Bot all must thole of death the bitter shoure,
Quher bin they gane these Papes & Emperours
Wene they not dead. sa call it fars on thee,
Is na remeed, wrenth, riches nor honours.

And sa for conclusion,
Make our prouision,
To get the infusion.

Of his hie Grace:
Quhilk bled with effusion,
With scorne and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirmand our peace.

The Complaint of Sir David Lindeſay

*of the Most Knight, &c. directed
to the Kings Grace.*

Sir I beseeke thine Excellence
Hears my complaint with patience
My dolent hart does me constrain,
Of my infortune to complaine,
Howbeit I stand in great doubtance,
Quhom I call wyte of my mischance.
Quhither Saturnus crueltie.
Regnard in my Parturitie.
The bad aspect quhilk works begence
Of others heauenlie influence.
O gif I be predestinate,
In Court to be infortunate.
Quhilk hes sa lang in seruice bene,

Continuallie

of Sir David Lindeſay. 27

Continuallie with King and Queene,
And entered to thy Maistie,
The day of thy Parturitie.
Quherethrough my friendes bene ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed,
Seand that I am not regarded,
Nor to my brother in Court rewarded.
Blame and my sleuthfull negligence,
That seekes not some recompence.
Quhen diners men does me demand,
Quhy gets thou not some pece of land
As well as othier men hes gotten.
Then wis I to be dead and rotten.
With sic extreme discomforing,
That I can make na answering.
I wald some wise man did me teach,
Quhither that I could flatter or flench,
I will not lye, that I conclude,
For crabing of thy Celsitude.
And to flatter I am defamed,
Want I rewarde, then am I shamed.
Bot I hope thou sal do als well,
As did the father of Jamell.
Of quhom Christ makes mention,
Quhilk for any certaine pension,
Fied men to worke in his winne yarde
Bot quha came last gat first rewarde.
Quherethrow the first men were displeased.
Bot he them prudentlie amessed.
For thought the last men first were serued,
Het gat the first that they deserued.
Sa am I sure thy Maistie,
Sall anes rewarde me ere I dee.

B 2

And

And rub the roust of my ingine,
 Quhilk bene for langour like to this:
 Althoucht I beare not like ane baird,
 Lang seruise garnes ap reward.
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 That I sa lang want recompence.
 Had I solistid like the laue,
 My reward had not bode to carue.
 Bot now I may well vnderstand,
 Ane dum man yet wau neuer land.
 And in the Court men gets na thing,
 Without importune asking.
 Alas my slouth and shamefulness,
 Debarred from me all greediness.
 For die men that are diligent,
 Richt oft obtienes their intent,
 And faulziez not to conques lands,
 And namelie at young Princes hands.
 Bot I take neuer nane ither cure,
 In speciall bot for thy pleasure,
 Bot now I am na mair disparde,
 Bot I call get princelle reward.
 The quhilk to me shall be mair glore,
 For them thou did reward before.
 Quhen thou does ask oucht at a King,
 Sould aske his Grace ane nobil thing
 To his Excellence honourable,
 And to the asker profitable,
 Thocht I be in my asking ladder,
 I pray thy Grace for to consider.
 Thou hes made baith Lords and Ladies,
 And hes giuen many rich rewardes,
 To them that was full far to seeke,

Quhen

Quhen I lay nichellie by thy chek,
 I take the Quenes Grace thy mother,
 My Lord Chancellor and many ither:
 Thy Nurse, and thy auld Mistres,
 I take them all to beare witness
 Huld willie Willie were he ane lue,
 My life full well he could deserue:
 How as a Chapman beares his pack,
 I bare thy Grace vpon my back:
 And sometimes crydlings on my neck,
 Dancsing with many bend and beck.
 The first syllab that thou did mutter,
 Was Da-da-lyn vpon the Lute.
 Then plaid I twenty springes poquer,
 Quhilk was great pitie for to heare.
 From play thou let me neuer rest,
 Bot gynkerton thou ioned ap best.
 And ay quhen thou came from the scule,
 Then I behoued to play the fule.
 As I at lenth into my Dreame,
 My sundrie seruice did expreme.
 Thocht it bene better (as sayes the wiffe)
 Hay to the Court, nor gude seruice.
 I wait thou loued me better than.
 For now some wiffe does her gude man.
 Then men till ither did record,
 Said Lindesay wald be made ane Lord.
 Thou hes made Lords (Sir) be Saut Geill,
 Of some that hes not serued sa weill.
 To you my Lords that stands by,
 I call you shaw the causes why:
 Gif ye list tary I call tell:
 How my infortune first befell.

B 3

3

I prayd daily on my knees,
 My young Master that I might see
 Of age in his estate royall,
 Having power Imperiall.
 Then trusted I without demand,
 To be promoued to some land.
 Bot my asking I got ouer hinds,
 Because ane Cypse fell in the Hounds,
 The quhilk al Scotland made on heir
 Then did my purpose run arreir,
 The quhilk wene langsome to declare,
 And als my heart is wonder fair.
 Quhen I haue in remembrance,
 The suddang change to my mischance.
 The King was but twelue yeares of age,
 Quhen new ruelers came in their rage.
 For Common weill makand na care,
 Bot for their profit singulare.

¶ Impudentie like viltles fules,
 They take the young Prince from the schules,
 Quhere he vnder obedience,
 Was learnand Vertue and Science,
 And hastilie plac in his hand,
 The gouernance of all Scotland.
 As quha wald in ane stormie blast
 Quhen Mariners bene all agast,
 Throw danger of the seas rage,
 Walde take ane child of tender age?
 Quhilk neuer had bene vpon the sea,
 And to his bidding all obey;
 Stuing him hault the gouernall;
 Of ship, Marchand and Marchant.
 For dread of rockes and forland,

To put the Rether in his hand,
 Without Gods grace is no refuge,
 If there be danger, ye may iudge.
 I giue them to the maul of hell,
 Quhilk full deupled that counsell.
 I will not say that it was treason;
 Bot I dar sweare it was na reason.
 I pray God, let me neuer see ring;
 Into this Realme sa young ane King.

¶ I may not tary to decide it;
 How then the Court ane quhyple was gyded:
 Be them that partlie take on hand,
 To gyde the King and all Scotland.
 And als langsome for to declare,
 Their facoun of flattering wordes fair,

Sir, some wald say your Majestie,
 Shall now ga to your libertie,
 We sall to na man be coerced,
 Nor to the schule na main subiected.
 We thinke them very naturall fules,
 That learneis overmeill at the scules.
 Sir ye must learne to run ane speir,
 And gyde them like ane man of weir.
 For we sall put sic men about you,
 That all the world and ma sall doubt you.
 Then to his grace they put ane garde,
 Quhilk hastilie gat their reparde.
 ilk ane after their qualite;
 They did soluthis Majestie,
 Some gart him cauell at the racket;
 Some harled him to the hurly racket.
 And some to shaw that cowardly coyses,
 Wald ryde to Leith and run their hoyses,

120 The Complaint of

And wichtlie gallop ouer the sands,
 He neither spared spurres nor wandes:
 Cast and galmonds with bends and becks,
 For wantonnes some back their necks.
 There was no play bot castis and byce,
 And ay sir flattery bure the pyce.
 Round and and round and till one vther,
 Take thou my part (said he) my brother.
 And make betwix vs sicker bands,
 When oucht fall baik amongs our hands,
 That ilk man stand to helpe his fallow,
 I had thereto man be alhallow.
 How thou likest not within my bounds,
 That fall I not (be Gods wounds)
 (Said he) bot rather take thy part,
 So fall I thine be Gods heart.
 And gif the Thesaurer be our friend,
 Then fall we get baith take and teind.
 Take he our part, then quha dar wjang vs?
 Bot we fall part the pelfe amang vs.
 Bot haste vs quhile the King is young,
 And let ilk man keepe well ane toun.
 And in ilke quarter haue ane spy,
 As still aduertise hastily.
 When any casualities,
 Shall happen intill our Countries,
 Lat vs make sure prouision,
 Ere he come to discretion.
 As mair he waits noy does ane Sanct,
 What thing is bene to haue or want.
 So ere he be of persite age,
 We fall be sicker of our wage,
 And lyne let ilk ane carll crape hither.

That

Sir. Dauid Lindesay. 321

That mouth speake more, said he my brother,
 For God noy I rar in a rope,
 Thou might giue counsell to the Pope,
 Thus laboured they within few yeares,
 That they becam the Pages peares
 So hastily they made a band,
 Some gathered gold, some conquest land,
 Sir, some would say by Saint Denice,
 Giue me some fat benefice,
 And all the profite you shall haue,
 Giue me the name, take you the laue,
 But he his bulls were well comde hame,
 To make seruice he would thinke shame,
 Then slippe away withouten more,
 When he had gotten that he song for
 He thought it was a pittious thing,
 To see that faire yong tender king,
 Of whome those Gallants stood no awe,
 To play with him plucke at the cawe.
 They becam rich I yon assure
 But aye the Prince remained poore,
 There was a few of the Garrison,
 That learned him a good lesson,
 But some to crake and some to clatter
 Some played the foole, and some did flatter.
 Said one, Diuell sticke me with a knife,
 But sir I know a maide in life,
 One of the lustiest wanton lasses,
 Whereto sir, by Gods blood she passes,
 Ho'd thy tongue brother said the other,
 I know a fairer by fifteen further,
 Sir when you please to Lithgow passe
 There shall you see a lusty lasse,

Now

How trittle trattle trow low
 Said the third man, thou doest but moan
 When his Grace comes to faire Stirling
 There shall he see a dayes darling,
 Sir (said the fourth) take my counsell
 And goe all to the high Bordell
 There may we loupe at liberty,
 withouten any grauity,
 Thus euery man said for himselfe
 And did among them part the pelfe,
 But Alas, ere euer I wist,
 Was troden downe into the dust,
 With heauy charge withouten more,
 But I knew neuer yet wherfore.
 And hastily before my face,
 Another slipped in my place,
 Which full lightly got his reward,
 And styled was the auncient Laird
 That time I might make no defence
 But tooke perforce in patience,
 Praying to send them a mischance
 That had the Court in gouernance,
 The which against me did making
 Contrary the pleasure of the King,
 For well I knew his Graces mind,
 Was euer to me true and kind,
 And contrary their intention
 Could pay me well my pension,
 Though I a while lacked presence,
 He let me haue no indigence,
 When I durst neither peepe nor looke
 Yet would I hide me in a hooke.
 To see those uncouth hautesies,

How

How they like my basie bees,
 Did occupie their golden howzes
 With helpe of their new Gouernors,
 But my complaint for to complete,
 I got the sawe, and they the sweet
 And John Marrey the Kings foole
 Got double garments against Zule,
 Yet in his most triumphant glorie,
 For his reward got the grandgoile
 Now in the Court seldom he goes
 In dread men trode vpon his toes
 As I that time durst not be seene,
 In open Court for both mine eene.

Alas I haue no time to terry,
 To shew you all the feary fary,
 How those that had the gouernance,
 Among themselves raide variance
 And who most to my skath contented,
 Within few yeares full sore repented,
 When they could make me no remed,
 For they were harled out by the head,
 And others tooke the gouerning,
 More worse then they in all kin thing
 These Lords tooke no more regard
 But who might purchase best reward
 Some to their friends got benefices,
 And other some got Bilboyes,
 For euery Lord as he thought best,
 Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
 To be a watchman to his marrow,
 They gan to draw at the Catharrow,
 The proudest Prelates of the kirke,
 Were faine to hide them in the mirke.

That

That time so failed was their sight,
 Since that they might not abide the light
 Of Christs true Gospel to be seene,
 So blinded is ther corporall eie,
 With wooble lusts sensuall,
 Taking is Realme the gouernall:
 Both guiding Court and Session,
 Contrarie to their profession,
 Whereof I thinke they would haue shame,
 Of spirituall Priestes to take the name,
 For Claias into his works,
 Callesthem like dogges that cannot bark: :
 That called are Priests and cannot preach,
 For Christs Law to the people teach.
 If for to preach bene their profession,
 Why should they mell with Court or Session?
 Except it were in Spirituall things,
 Referring vnto Lords and Kings
 Tempozall causes to be decyded,
 If they their spirituall office guided,
 Each man might say they did their parts,
 But if they can play at the Cards.
 And mollet mopte on a Book,
 Thogh they had neuer seene the schoole,
 Yet at this day as well as then,
 Will be made such a Spirituall man.
 Princes that such Priests promoues,
 Account thereof to giue behoues:
 Which shall not passe without punishment,
 Without they mend and fore repent.
 And with due ministration,
 Nooke after their vocation.

CI wishe the thing that will not be.

These

These peruerse Priestes are so hie
 When once they beene tald Lords,
 They are occasion of discords,
 And largely will propyne sight,
 To cause each Lord with other fight,
 If for their part it may auaille
 So to the purpose of my tale.
 That time in Court rose great debate,
 And enery Lord did strue for state,
 That all the realme might make no reading
 Till on each side there was blond shedding,
 And fielded other in Land and Burgh
 At Linlithgow, Melros and Edingburgh
 But to deploze I thinke great paine
 Of noble men that there was laine,
 And als langsome to be reported,
 Of them which to the Court resorted,
 Alistyants, traytors and transgressors
 And common publike plaine oppressors
 Men murderers and common thieues
 Into that Court gat their releues,
 There was few Lords in all these landis,
 But to new Regents made their bandis.
 Then rose a reeke ere ener I wist,
 The which caused all their bandis blist
 Then they alone which had the guiding,
 They could not hold their feet for sliding
 But of their liues they had such dyed,
 That they were faine to trot ouer Tweed.
 Now Potent Prince I say to this
 I thanke the holy Trinity,
 That I haue liued to see this day,
 That all that woe is went away

And

And thou to no man is subiected
 Nor to such Counsellors coniected
 The foure great vertuous Cardinals
 I see them with thre principals
 For Justice holds her sword on hie
 With her ballance of equity,
 And in this Realme hes made such order
 Both through the Iseland and the border
 That Oppression and all his fellowes,
 Are hanged hie upon the gallowes
 Dame Prudence hes thee by the head,
 And temperance does thy brydle lead
 I see dame Force make assistance,
 Bearing thy targe of assurance
 And lusty Lady Chastity
 Hes banisht Sensuality.
 Dame riches takes on thee such cure
 I pray God that she long endure,
 That Poverty dare not be seene
 Into thy house for both her eyne,
 But from thy Grace fled many maies
 Amongst the Hunters in the Iles
 Dissimulance dare not shew her face
 Which woulde was to beguile thy Grace
 Folly is fled out of the towne,
 Which eye was contrary to reason
 Policy and Peace begins to plant,
 That vertuous men can neuer want
 And as for slothfull idle lownes,
 Shall fettered be in the Gallizeouns
 John Uponland bene full glad I trow,
 Because the Rush-buske keeps his bow
 So is there not I understand

with-

Without good order in this land,
 Except the Spirituality
 Praying thy Grace thereto haue eye
 Cause them make ministracion,
 Conforme to their vocation,
 To preach with vnfained intents
 And truly vse the Sacraments,
 After Christs institutions
 Leaving their vaine traditions,
 Which does the silly Mespe illude
 For whome Christ Iesus shed his blude.
 As superstitious Pilgrimages,
 Praying to grauen Images
 Expresse against the Lordes command:
 I doe thy Grace to vnderstand,
 If thou to mens lawes assent,
 Against the Lordes commandment
 As Jerobaam and many moe
 Princes of Israel
 Consenters to Idolatry,
 Which punisht were right pittiously
 And from their realmes were rooted out
 So shalt thou be withouten doubt,
 Both here and hence withouten moe,
 In lacke the everlasting goye
 And if thou wilt thine heart encline,
 And keepe his blessed law diuine.
 As did the faithfull Patriarchs
 Both in their wordes and in their works
 And as did many faithfull Kings
 Of Israel during their Kings,
 As King Dauid and Salomons,
 Who Images would suffer none

328 The Complaint of

In their rich temples for to stand
Because it was not Gods command
But destroyed all idolatry,
As in the Scripture thou may see,
Whose rich reward was heavenly blis
Which shall be thine, thou doing this,
Since thou hast chosen such a guard
Now 'am I sure to get reward,
And since thou art the richest king
That ever in this realme did ring,
Of gold and silver precious
Most prudent and ingenious
And hes thy honour done aduance,
In Scotland, England and in France.
By martiall deeds honourable,
And art to euery vertue able,
I know thy Grace will not forget me
But thou wilt epyther giue or lend me
Would thy Grace lend me to one day,
Of gold a thousand pounds or stey,
And I shall fye with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed obligation,
Under this protestation.
When the Basses and the Isle of May,
Bees set vpon the mount Sumat,
When the Loxmouth belies Falkland,
Bees lifted to Northumberland,
When Churchmen preache no dignity,
Nor wiues no sovereignty,
Winter without frost, snow, wind or raine
Then shall I giue thy Grace againe,
Or I shall make thee pay the same

of Sir David Lindesay. 335

After the day of judgement:
Within the month of the leuit,
When S. Peter sal make a feast
To all the fishers of Aberladye,
So I haue my acquaintance ready,
Falling thereof be S. Whillane,
Thy Grace gets neuer a groit againe.
If thou be not content of this,
I must request the King of blis,
That he to me haue some regarde,
And cause thy Grace me to reward.
For David King of Israel,
Duhik was the great prophet royal,
Sales, God hes baill at his command
The hearts of princes in his hand
Euen as he list them for to turne.
That must they do without subioine.
Some to exalt to dignitie,
And some to deprime in pouertie:
Some time of lowe men to make Lords
And sometime Lords to bind in cords.
And them aluterlie destroy,
As pleases God that royall Roy.
For thou art bot ane instrument,
To that great God Omnipotent.
Sa when it pleases his Excellence,
Thy Grace sall make me recompenc
Or he sall cause me stand content,
Of sober life and quyet rent.
And take me in my latter age,
Vnto my simple hermitage;
And spend that my iberd has wonn,
As auld Diogenes in his tun.

The Complaint of

In their rich temples for to stand
 Because it was not Gods command
 But destroyed all idolatry,
 As in the Scripture thou may see,
 Whose rich reward was heauenly bliss
 Which shall be thine, thou doing this,
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 Now am I sure to get reward,
 And since thou art the richest king
 That euer in this realme did ring,
 Of gold and stones precious
 Most prudent and ingenious
 And hast thy honour home aduance,
 In Scotland, England and in France.
 By martiall deeds honourable,
 And art to euery vertue able,
 I know thy Grace will not forget me
 But thou wilt euer giue or lend me
 Would thy Grace lend me to one day,
 Of gold a thousand poundes a way,
 And I shall fixe with good intent,
 Thy Grace a day of payment,
 With sealed obligation
 Under this protection
 When the Basse and the Ile of May,
 Bees set vpon the mount Suint,
 When the Lokene delide of Falkland,
 Bees lifted to Northumberland,
 When Churchmen please to dignitie,
 For wiles no sovereignty,
 When winter without frost, snow, wind or raine
 Then shall I giue thy Grace againe,
 Or I shall make thee pay the same

of Sir David Lindesay.

After the day of iudgement:
 Within the month at the least,
 When S. Peter shal make a feast
 To all the fishers of Aberlathie,
 So I haue my acquaintance ready,
 Failing thereof be S. Whillane,
 Thy Grace gets neuer agot againe.
 If thou be not content of this,
 I must request the King of this,
 That he to me haue some regard,
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 For David King of Israel,
 Dubhik was the great prophet royal,
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 Of sober life and quyet rent.
 And take me in my latter age,
 Vnto my simple hermitage;
 And spend that my euerlasten woun,
 As auld Diogenes in his tun.

The Tragedie of Of this Complaint with minde full weeke, Thy Graces answere (Sir) I beseeke.

Quod Linde saye to the King.

20 The Tragedie of the vnmquile most re-
verent Father, *David* by the mercy of God;
Cardinall and Archbishop of S. Androes
*Ec. Compyled be sir David Linde say of
the Mont Knight, alias, Lyon
King of Armes.*

Mortales cum nati sitis ne contra Deum vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOGVE.

Not lang agoe after the houre of pyyme,
Secretlie sitting in my Oratorie:
I take ane buke to exercise the tyme,
Wher I found many Tragedie and Storie,
Whilk John Boccas had put in momorie,
How many Princes, Conquerours and Kings,
Were dulefullie deposed fra their Kings.

Now Alexander the potent Conquerour,
In Babilone was poisoned pittroullie:
And Julius the mightie Emperour,
Murthured at Rome, causes and cruellie.
Prudent Pompey in Egypt shamefullie,
He murthured was, what needs proces more?
Whese Tragedies were pittie to deplore.

I sitting sa vpon my buke reading,
Rich, t suddenlie befoze me did appeare
Ane wounded man, aboundantlie bleeding,
With

With bisage pale, and with ane deaply cheare,
Sewing ane man of tow and like yeare:
In rayment red, cleathed full curiouse,
Of Welsh and of Satme Cramodie.

With feeble voice, as man opprest with paine,
Shortlie he made me supplication,
Saying my friend, go read and read againe,
Gif thou can finde be true narration,
Of any paine like to my passion:
Right sure I am were John Boccas on liue,
My Tragedie ac lenth he wald describe.

Sen he is gane, I pray thee to indite
Of my misfortune some remembrance:
Or at the least my Tragedie to write,
As I to thee sall shaw the circumstance,
In termes breue of my unhappie chance,
Sen my beginning to my fatall end,
Whilk I wald to all creature were kend.

I not (said I) make sic mensoxi all,
Bot of thy name I had intelligence:
I am David that carefull Cardinall,
Whilk does appeare (said he) to thy presence,
That some time had sa great preheminence:
Then he began his deeds to indite,
As ye sall heare, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

I David Biron, sometime Cardinall,
Of gentle blude he line I did descend:

all

Z 2

Darling

During my time I had a vertgall
 Bot now (alas) is come my fatal end,
 My grece be grece byward I bid ascend,
 Sa that into this Realme did neuer ring,
 Sa a great ane man as I bnder ane King.

When I was ane young gallant Gentleman,
 Princes to serue I set my hault intent,
 First to attend at Archoth I began,
 Ane Abacie of great riches and rent,
 Of that estate yet was I not content,
 To get mair riches, dignitie and glore,
 My heart was set (alas) (alas) therfore.

I made sic seruice to our soueraine King,
 He did promoue me to mair high estate:
 Ane Prince aboue all prynces so; to ring,
 Archbischop of Sanct Androes consecrate,
 To that honour quhen I was eleuate,
 My pydfull heart was not content at all,
 Till that I create was ane Cardinall.

Yet preased I to haue mair authoritie,
 And finallie was chosen Chancellor:
 And for byhalding of my dignitie,
 I was made Legate, then had I na compair:
 I purchast for my profitte Regalitie,
 My Bores and my Treasurys aduance,
 The Bischoppick of Meropole in France.

Of Scotland I had the gouernall,
 without my aduice concluded was nothing:
 Abbot, Bischop, Archbischop, and Cardinall,
 Into

Into this Realme na hicher could I ring,
 Bot I had bene Pope, Emperour or King,
 For thortnes of the time I am not able,
 At length to shew my actes honourable.

For my princelle prodigalitie,
 Among Prelats in France I bare the pricke,
 I shew my Lordlie liberalitie:
 In banketting, playing at Cartes and Dyce,
 Into sic wildome I was halden wise,
 And spared not to play with King nor Knicht,
 The thousand Crounes of gould byon a nicht.

In France I made sic honest boyages,
 Wher I did acts digne of remembrance,
 Throuch me were made triumphant mariages,
 To our soueraine both profite and pleasance:
 Queene Magdalen the first daughter of France
 With great riches was into Scotland brocht,
 That marriage throuch my wildome was woicht.

After quhaes death in France I past againe,
 The secound Queene hamewarde I did conuoy:
 That lustie Princes Marie de Loraine,
 Whilk was receined with great triumph & joy,
 Sa serued I our richt redoubted Roy:
 Sone after that Henrie of England King,
 Of our soueraine desired a commoning.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
 Sa that in York was set both time and place:
 Bot our Prelats and I could neuer consent,
 That he should see King Henrie in the face:

Bot we were well content, albeit his Grace,
Had sailed the sea to speake with any vther,
Except the King, quha was his mother brother.

Quherby there rais great war & mortall strife,
Great her ships, hunger, dertth and desolation:
On either side bid many lose their life.
Gif I wald make ane true narration,
I caused all that tribulation,
For to take peace I neuer wald consent,
Withouth the King of France had bene content.

During this war were taken prisoners,
Of nobill men fechtng full furiously:
Many ane Lord, Barron and Batchellers,
Quherthoch our King take sic melancholie,
Quhilk draue him to the death richt duffullie,
Extreme dolour ouerset did in his heart,
That from this life, alas, he did departe.

Bot after that both strength & speach was leasid,
Anc paper blanke I causid his Grace subscribe
Into the quhilk I wrote all that I pleasid.
After his death, quhilk lang were to desire,
Throuch that wytyng I purposed belue
With support of some Lords benenolence,
In this Region to haue prehemuence.

As for my Lord our richteous Gouernour,
Gif I walde hoztly shaw the veritie:
To him I had na manner of fauour.
During that time I purposed that he
Shuld neuer come to na authoritie,

For

For his support therfore he brocht among vs,
Furth of England the noble Earle of Angus.

Then was I put aback from my purpose,
And suddenlie cast in captinitie,
My pridesfull heart to daunt, as I suppose,
Deuisid be the high diuinitie,
Yet in my heart sprang no humilitie,
Bot now the word of God full well I know,
Quha does crait him selfe, God will bring law.

In the mean time quhen I was so subiectid,
Ambassadors were sent into England,
Quhere they both peace & mariage contracted,
And maid suretie for to obserue that band,
Where promiss diuers pledges of Scotland,
Of that contract I was na way content,
For neuer wald thereto giue my consent.

To Captaines that keeped me in warde,
Gifts of gold I gaue them great plentie:
Ruelers in Court I gaue them rich rewarde,
Quherethoch I eschaped from captinitie,
Bot quhen I was free at my libertie,
Then like ane Lyon lousid of his cage,
Our throuch the Realme I gan to reale and rage

Contrare the Gouernour and his companie,
Of times made I insurrection:
Purposing for to haue him hastilie
Subdued vnto my correction,
Or put him to extreme subiection.
During this time gif it were well decided,

Z 4

This

This Realme be me was betterlie deuised.

The Gouvernour purposing to subdew,
I raisede a host of many bald Barrow,
And made a raide, quhilk Lithgow yet may rebe
For we destroyed a myle about the town,
For that I gat many black malison,
Yet contrary the Gouvernours intent,
With our young Princes we to Stirling went.

For hich contemptioun of the Gouvernour.
I brocht the Earle of Lennox out of France:
That lustie Lord liued in great pleasour,
Did lose that land and honest ordinance.
Bot he and I fell sone at variance,
And throuch my counsell was within short space
Forsaulted and flamed, he gat nane uther grace.

Then throuch my prudence, practick & ingine,
Our Gouvernour I caused to consent:
Full quyetlie to my counsell incline,
Whercof his Nobles were not well content,
For quhy? I gart dissolue in plaine Parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England,
Wherthrouch came harme & herchip to Scotiand.

That peace broken araig, new moztall weirs
Be sea and land sic reif without releif:
Quhilk to report my frayed heart effeirs,
The veritie to shew in termes breif.
I was the rute of all that great mischief,
The South Countrie may say, it had bene gude
That my Purice had smoyed me in my cude.

I was

I was the cause of meikle moze mischance,
For byhold of my glozy and dignity,
And pleasure of the potent king of France,
With England to iuld I haue no vnity
But who consider would the verity
We might full well haue liude in peace and rest
Nine or ten yeares, and then plaid loose or fast.

Had we with England keeped our contracts,
Our Noble men had liued in peace and rest,
Our Marchants had not lost so many packs,
Our common people had not bene oppress
On either sides all wrongs had bene redrest
But Edinbutgh since then Leeth and Kingom.
The day and houre may curse that I was born.

Our Gouvernour to make him to me sure,
With sweet and subtle words I did him syle
Till I his soune and heire got in my cure,
To that effect I found that crafty wyle
That he no maner of way might me beguile,
Then leugh I when his Leages did alledge,
Now I his soune had gotten into pledge.

The Earle of Angus and his german brother
I purposed to make them lose their life,
Right so to haue destroyed many other,
Some with the fire, some with the sword & knife
In speciall many Gentlemen of life
And purposed to put to great torment,
All fauours of the old and new Testament

Then euery man they tooke of me such feare,
That

That time when I had so great gouernance
Great Lords breathing I should doe them deare
They durst not come to Court without assurance
Since then there has not beene such variance
Now to our Prince Barrons obediently,
Without assurance they come full courteously.

My hope was most into the King of France
Together with the Popes holynesse,
More then in God my worship to aduance
I trusted so into their gentlenesse
That no man durst presume me to oppresse:
But when the day came of my fatall houre,
Far was from me their support and their succor.

Then to preserve my riches and my life
I made a strength of walls high and braid
Such a fytrefesse was neuer found in fife,
Beleueing there no man durst me invade.
Now find I true the saw which Dauid said.
Without God of an house be master of warke
He works in vaine though it be neuer so starke.

For I was through the whole power diuine,
Right dulefully beat downe among the as
Which could not be through mortal mans engin
But as Dauid did kill the great Goliath
Or Holopherne by Judith killed was
In mid among his triumphing armie,
So was I slaine in my chiefe city.

When I had greatest domination
As Lucifer had in heauens Empire.

Came suddenly my depyuation,
By them which did my dolent death conspire
So cruell was their furious burning ire
I got no time, leasure nor liberty,
To say In manus tuas Domine.

Behold my fatall infelicity,
I being in my strength incomparable,
That dreadfull Dungeon made me no supply,
My great riches and rents profitable
My siluer worke, iewels inestimable
My papall pompe of gold and rich treasure,
My life and all, I lost in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a spectacle,
Of my death and deformed carion,
Some said it was a manifest miracle,
Some said it was diuine punishment
So to be slaine into my strong Dungeon
When enery man had iudged as him list,
They salted me, then closde me in a kist.

I lay vnburied seuen moneths and more
Ere I was borne to cloyster, Church or Queere,
In a dunghill, great pittie to deplore,
Without suffrage of Canon, Monke or Frier,
All proud Prelates at me may lessons leere,
Which rang so long and so triumphantly.
Since in the dust beate downe so dulefully.

TO THE PRELATES.

O Be my Brether Princes of the Priestes,
I make you hearty supplication,

Both

240 The Tragedie of

Both night and day reuolue into your breasts
The proces of my depriuation,
Consider what bene your vocation,
To follow me I pray you not pretend you
But read at length this Cedull that I send you.

We know how Iesus his Disciples sent,
Ambassadors to euery nation
To shew his law and commandement,
To all the people by predication
Therefore I make to you narration
Since ye to them are very successors
We ought to doe as did your Predecessors,

How dare ye be so bold to take on hand
For to be Heralds to so great a King
To heare his message both to burgh and land,
We being dumbe and can pronounce nothing.
Like Minstrils that cannot play nor sing.
O why should men giue to such birds hire
That cannot guide their sheepe out of the mire.

Alhame ye not to be Christs seruitors,
And for your hire hes great tymporall Lands
Since of your office ye cannot take the euices,
As Canon Law and scripture you commands,
We wil not lacke tend sheeps nor offerands
Tend wool, teen lamb, tend calfe tend geese
To make seruice ye are all out of vse. (gale,

My deare brethren do not as ye were wont
Amend your life now while your day endures,
Trust well ye shall be called to your count

Of

the Cardinall.

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Of euery thing belonging to your cures
Leaue halatry, your harlotrie and hires
Remembryng on my vnprouided dead
For after death may no man make remed

We prelates that hes thousands for to spend
We send a simple frier for you to preach,
It is your craft I make it to you kend
Pour selues in your temples for to teach,
But maruaile not though sillie friers teach
For if they plainely shew the verity,
Then will they lacke the Bishops charity.

Wherefore is giuen to you such royall rent,
But for to finde th' people spirituall food,
Preaching to them the new and old Testament
The law of God does plainly so conclude
But not your hope into vaine worldly gude
As I haue done, behold my great treasure,
Made me no helpe at my vnhappy end,

The day when I was Bishop consecrate
The great Bible was bound vpon my backe,
What was therein writ I knew God wate
More then a beast beaung a vicious packe,
But hardly my conscience I wate,
For I was oblid with my owne consent,
The law of God to preache with good intent.

Brethren right so when ye were consecrate
We oblid you vpon the same same wite
We may be called Bishops counerfeit
As Gallants backed for to make a guile,

Now

Now thinke I Princes are nothing to prise
To giue a famous office to a foole,
As who would put a myter on a Hoole.

Alas if ye that sorrowfull sight had seene,
How I lay ballering bathed in my blude,
To mend your life it had occasion beene,
And leaue your old corrupted consuetude,
Failing thereof, then shortly I conclude
Without ye from your ribaldrie arise,
We shall be serued on the selfe same wise.

TO THE PRINCES.

I Prudent Princes without discretion,
Hauing in earth power emperiall.
Be the cause of this transgression,
I speake vnto you all in generall,
Which does dispoise all offices spiritual,
Giuing the soules which are Christs sheepe
To blinde Pastors without conscience to keepe.

When ye Princes does lacke an Officer,
A Baker, Brewer or a master Cooke:
A trim Tayler, a cunning Cobler,
ouer all the land at length ye will cause looke,
Most able men such offices to make.
A Brewer that can brew most wholesome ale,
A cunning Cooke that best can season calle.

A Tayler who has fostered beene in France,
That can make garments of the gayest gyle,
We Princes are the cause of this mischance,

That

That when there does balse any Benefice
We ought to doe vpon the selfe same wise
Cause search and seeke both into burgh & land,
The law of God who best can vnderstand.

Make him Bishop that prudently can preach,
As does pertaine to his vocation,
A Parson who his Parachon can teach;
Cause Vicars make due ministracion
Wilst I make you supplication,
Make your Abbots of right religious men
Which to the people Christs lawd may ken.

But not to Rebalds new come from the roste
Nor of a Stuffed stollen out of a stable,
The which into the schoole made neuer no cost,
Nor neuer was to spirituall science able,
Except the Cartis, the Dyces, the Chess and table,
Of Rometakers, nor of rude Russians
Of calday, palhers nor of Publicans,

Nor of fantastike fained flatterers
Most meete to gather nettles into May,
Of Cowhudies nor of clatterers
That of the Church can neither sing nor say
Though they be cloaked vp in Clarks rray,
Like Doated Doctors now come out of Athens
And mummlouer a paye of magled matines.

Not qualified to keepe a Benefice,
But through Sir Symonies solistation,
I was promoted on the selfe same wise
Alas through Princes supplication

And

344 The Tragedie of
And made at Rome through false narration
Bishophe, Abbot but no religious man
who me promoued I now their bones ban.

Albeld I was Legate and Cardinall
Little I knew therein what should be done
I vnderstood no science spirituall,
No more nor did blind Allane of the Moone,
I dread the thing that lites high aboue
On you Princes shall make some punishment,
Right so on vs through righteous iudgement.

On you Princes for vndiscreete giuing
To ignorant such offices to be,
And we for our importune asking
which should haue done such dignity, refuse
Our ignorance has done the world abuse
Through couetite of riches and of rent,
That euer I was a prelate I repent

Oh kings make ye no care to glue in cure
Virgines profest into Religion
Into the keeping of a common hire.
To make thinke ye not great decision
A woman person of a parichon,
where there is two thousand soules to guide,
That from harlots cannot her hips hide.

What if King Dauid liued in these dayes
Or out of heauen if he looked downe,
The which did found so many fayre Abbaes,
Seeing the great abomination,
In many Abbaes of this nation

He

of Queene Magdalene. 351
He would repent that narrowed to his boundes,
Of yearly rent threescore of thousand poundes.

wherefore I counsell euery christian king,
Within this Realme make reformation
And suffer no more rebells for to ring,
Aboue Christ true Congregation,
Failing thereof I make narration,
That ye Princes and Prelates all at ones
Shall buried be in hell, soule, blood and bones

That euer I kepted Benefice some I rue,
Or to such hight so proudly did pretend,
I must depart, therefore my friends adue,
where euer it pleases God now must I wend,
I pray thee to my friends me recommend
And faile not at length to put in wryte
My traedie gas I haue done, indite.

The Deploration of the Death of Queene Magdalen.

O Cruell Death ouer great is thy puissance,
Deuourer of all earthly liuing things:
Adam we may blame thee of this mischance
In thy default this cruell tyrant rings,
And spares neither Emperour nor kings,
And now alas he's rest forth of this Land,
The flour of France and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alas that thou abused,
Thy free will being inobedient,
Thou choosed death, and lasting life refused

I a

Thy

346 The deploration of the death
Thy Succession, alas, that may repent
That thou hast made mankind so impotent,
That it may make to death no resistance,
Exemple of our Aeneas the flowrs of France.

O dreadfull Dragon with thy daisfull dart,
Which did not spare of feminine the flower,
But cruelly did pearse her through the hart
And would not giue her respite for an houre,
To remaine wit her Prince and Paramour.
That she at leysure might haue tane licence
Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Bethusalem lue nine hundredth year
Threescore and nine, but in thy furious rage
Thou didst denoye this yong Princes but peare,
Ere he was compleat seuentene yeare of age
Gree die Gozmand why did thou not asswage
Thy furious rage contrare that lusty Queene
Till we some fruit had of her body seene.

O Dame Nature thou did no diligence
Contrare this thief who al the world confounds
Hadt thou with naturall targes made defence
That byrber had not come within her bounds
And had been saued from such mortall soundes
This many a year, but where was thy discretion
To let her passe till we had seene Succession.

O Venus with thy blind sonne Cupido
Fie on you both that made no resistance,
Into your Court you neuer had such two
Sallable lokers without dissimulatione,

of Queene Magdalen. 347

As James the first, and Magdalens of France
Descending both of bloud Imperiall:
To whome in loue I finde no peregall.

For as Leander swam out through the flood
To his faire Lady Hero many nights, (woud
So did this Prince through bullering streames
With carles, Barons, Squires & with knights
Contrare Neptune & Cole and the r mights
And left this Realm into great disperance
To seeke his lone, the first daughter of France.

And the like prudent Queene Penelope
Right constantly would change him for no other
And for his pleasure left her owne country
Without regard to father and to Mother,
Taking no care of sister nor of brother,
But hastily tooke her leaue and left them all,
For loue of him to whome loue made her thrall.

O dame Fortune where was thy great comfort,
To her to whome thou wert so fauourable
Thy silding gifts made to her no support,
Her high linage nor riches intellable,
I see thy puillance is but variable,
When her father the most high Christian king,
To his deare child might make no supporting.

The potent Prince, her lustie loue and Antiche
With his most hardie Nobles of Scotland,
Contrare that haillfull bybort had no might,
Thocht all the men had bene at his command
Of France, Flanders, Itale and England,

350 The deploration of the death
with fifty thousand Million of treasure,
Wight not prolong that Ladies life one houre.

O Paris of all Cities principlall,
Who did receiue our Prince with land and gloze
Soleinnely through a rks triumphall.
Which day beene digne to put in memoze,
For as Pompey after his victorie,
Was int a Rome receued with great toy
So thou receiue our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made vpon the moyne
Such solace and solemnization,
Was neuer scene before since Christ was bozne,
Nor to Scotland such consolation,
There sealed was the confirmation
Of the well kepte ancient alliance,
Made between Scotland & the realm of France

I neuer did see a day more glorious,
So many in so rich abulzements,
Of silke and gold, with stones pretious,
Such banketting and sound of instruments,
With song and dance, and martiall turnaments
But like a noyme after a pleasant moze reu
Soone was our solace turned into sorrow.

O traytor Death, whom none may contremand
Thou might haue scene the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfoze and consolation,
In euery city, castell, towre and towne
And how each Noble set his whole intent

Co

of Queene Magdalene. 349
To be excellent in aduizement.

These saw thou not the great preparatiues
Of Edinburgh, that famous noble town?
Thou saw the people labouring for their liues,
To make triumph with Trump and Clarion,
Sic pleasure was neuer sone in this Region,
As could haue bene the day of her entrance,
With great pyoppnes giuen vnto her Grace.

Thou saw making right costlie scaffolding
Depainted well with gould and azure line:
Readie prepared for the psetting,
With fountaines flowing water clear and wine
Disgised folkes like creatures diuine,
On ilke scaffold to play ane sundrie stozie,
Bot all in weeping turned thou their glozie.

Thou saw full many ane steth galland
Well ordoured, for to retaine their Queene:
Ilk Craft man with bent bow in his hand,
Richt gallantlie in short cloathing of greene.
The honest Burges cled thou could haue scene
Some in scarlet, and some in claithe of graine,
For to haue met their Ladie Soueraine.

Pronest, Baillies, and Lords of the town,
The Sengtoirs in ordour consequent:
Cled into silke of putpure black and brown,
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many Knichelle Barron and Baurent,
In silke and gould, in callours comfoitable,
Bot thou saw all turned into sable.

Ala 3

Then

350 The deploration of the death

When all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Priests venerable
Full pleasantly in their procession,
With all the cunning Clarks honourable,
But thiftiously thou tyrant treasonable
All their great solace and solemnities
Thou turned into dulefull diriges.

Then next in order passing through the towne
Thou shouldst haue heard the noise of instrumēt
Of tabern, trumpet, shalme and Clarion
Which reard rebounding through the elements
The Heraulds with their awfull vestiments
With Maces vpon either of their hands
To rule the prease with birnisht siluer wands.

Then last of all in order triumphall,
That most illustre Princes honourable
With her the lusty Ladies of Scotland,
Which should haue beene a sight most delectable
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able.
Of gold and pearle and pretious stones bright
Twinkling like starres in a frosty night.

Under a pale of gold she should haue past
By Burgeses borne clothed in silkes fine
The great master of household at the last
With him in order all the Kings trine
Whose ordinance were longsome to define
On this maner she passing through the towne
Should haue receiued many benison.

Of Virgines and of lusty Burges wiues
which

of Queene Magdalene. 351

which should haue beene a sight celestiaall,
Vive la Roine, crying for their lines
With an harmonious sound Angelicall
Into euery corner mirths musicall,
But thou tyrant in whome is found no Grace
Our Alleluya is turned in alas.

Thou shouldst haue heard the ouate oratours
Making her dignes salutation,
Both of the cleargy, towne and counsellors
With many notable narration
Thou shouldst haue seene her Coronation
In the fayre Abbay of the holy Rude,
In presence of a mirthfull multitude,

Such banketing such awfull toynaments,
On hoise a foot that time which should haue been
Such chappell to pall with such instruments
And crasty musike singing from the spleene,
In this country was neuer heard nor seene.
But all this great solemnity and Game,
Thou turned hast in requiem eternam.

Unconstant would thy friendship I desie,
Since strenghty nor wisdom riches nor honor,
Vertue nor beauty none may certifie,
Within thy bounds not to remaine an houre
What auayles it to be king or Emperour.
Since purely pittance may not be exempted
From death whose bakour cannot be expremed.

Since man in earth has no place permanent,
But all must passe by that horrible port.

Let vs pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That dulefull Day to be our great comfort:
That in this Realme with him we may repose:
Whilk fro the hel with his blinde ransome beens
With *Magdalen* sometime of Scotland Queene.

O Death, thocht thou the bodie may deuore,
Of euery man, yet hast thou na puissance
Of their vertue, for to consume the glore,
As shall be sene of *Magdelane* of France:
Some time out Queene, quhom Poets shall ad
And put her in Imperfall memorie, (uance
So shall her fame of thee haue victorie.

Thocht þ hee slane the heavenly floure of France
Whilk impied was into the Thissell keene:
Wherein al Scotland saw their hail pleasure
And made the Lyon reioyled from the splene,
Thocht rute be pulled from the leaues greene,
The smell of it fall in despite of thee,
Keepe ay twa Realms in peace and amitie.

The Answer quhilk Sir David Lindesay
made to the Kings flyting.

Redoubted Roy your ragment I haue red,
Whilk does perturb me my daintendement
From your flyting wald God that I were freed,
Or else some Tygers tongue were to me sent:
Sir pardon me, thocht I be impatient,
Whilk am sa to your prynzeing pen detracted,
And ende report from Venus Court delected.

Lustie

Lustie Ladies that on your lybell looke
My company does hold abhorritable,
Commaunding me beare company to Cookes,
Most like a Deuill they hold me detestable,
They banish me, saying I am not able
Then to complicate or please to their presence
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

where I am most I should please with my penne
To wreche me on your vehemous waiting:
But I must doe as dog does in his den,
Fold both my feet, and kee far from your sitting
The mickle diuell may not endure your diting.
Wherfore Cor mundum crea in me I cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir with my Prince pertains me not to play,
but since your Grace hes giue me such command
To make answer I must it needes obey,
Though ye be strong now like an Elephant,
And into Venus works most valiant
The day will come and that within few years,
That you will draw at leysure with your fears.

what can you say further but I am sayld
In Venus works I grant sir that is true,
The time hes beene I was better attaild
For I am now, and yet full saze I reu,
That euer I did wouth than beleife to pursue
wherefore take heed a your fine powder spars
And wast it not, but if you know well where.

Though ye run rudely like a restless Ram
Shoo,

Shooting your bolt at many fūdy shells
 Valeue right well it is a biding game,
 therefore beware so: doubling of the bells
 For many one doth haue their own soules knelles
 And specially when that the well goes drye
 Then cannot get againe such stuffe to buy.

I giue your counsell to the fiend of hell
 That would not of a Princeps you provide
 Suffering you run shooting from shell to shell
 Wasting your corpes, letting the time ouer slide:
 For like a buckerong bull you ruine and ride
 Rioutously like a rude Rubeatur,
 Aye sucking like a furious fornicatur.

On ladrons for to loupe ye will not lat
 Now euer the carribalds crie the corinoch,
 Remember how beside the Masking fat
 You cust a queane ouerthout a sinking troch
 That fiend with sucking of her rosted boch
 Cast down the fat, wherthroghe drink dras a lugs
 Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God that Lady that loues you best
 Had seen you ther lie wattring like a swine
 But to subste how that duddon you best,
 Broked with dregs, whimpering with many
 That proces to report it were a pine, (whine
 On your behalfe I thank God timesten scope
 That you preserved from gut & from grandgoxe

Now sir farewell because I cannot flite,
 And though I could I were not to aduance
 Against

Against your ornate meeter to endite,
 But yet beware with labouring of your lance.
 Some says there coms a buckler out of France,
 Which will indure your dints thogh they be deure
 Farewel of flowing Rhetorike the floure.

Quod Lyndelay in his flyting
 Against the Kings dyting.

The Complaint and publike Con-

fession of the Kings olde Hound, called Balbe, di-
 rected to Bawtie the Kings beloved Dog &
his companions. Made at command of King
JAMES the first, by sir David Lyndelay
of the Mount Knight, alias Lyon
King of Armes.

A Las, tohome to should I complaine
 In my extreme necessity.
 O, whom to should I make my mon.
 In Court no dog will doe for me,
 Beseeching some for charity;
 To heare my supplication,
 To Scudlar, Luffra and Bawty
 Now ere the King passe of the towne.

I haue followed the Court so long
 While in gude faith I may no mare,
 The Countrie knowes I may not gang
 I am so crooked, old and saire,
 That I know not where to repaire,
 For when I had authoritie,
 I thought me so familiar,
 I neuer feared necessity.

I rewe the race that George Steele
Brought Satyr to the Kings presence,
I pray God let him neuer doe well
Since then I got no audience,
For Satyr now gets such credence
That he lyes on the Kings right gone,
Where I perforce for my offence
Must in the cloffe lie like a towne.

For I haue been aye to this houre
A wirrier of Lambe and Hogge,
A tyrane and a tulzeour,
A murderer of many dog
Five foules I chast out thzough a scrog
Wherefore their mothers did me weary,
For they were drowned all in a bog
Speare at John Gorden of Pittarle,

which in his house did bring me by
And bled me to kill the Deere
Sweet milke and meale he made me sup
That trade I learned soone perqueer
All other vertue ran arrears,
When I began to harke and lute,
For there was neither Honke nor frier,
Nor wife nor barne but I would bite.

When to the King the case was known
Of my unhappy hardnesse,
And all the lough vnto him shone,
How euery dog I did oppresse,
Then gaue his Grace commaund expresse
I should be brought to his presence.

Not with

Notwithstanding my wickednes,
In Court I gat great audience.

I shew my great ingratitude,
To the Captaine of Badzeno,
Which in his house did finde me fude
Two yeares with other hounds mo:
But when I saw that it was so
That I grew hie into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him woe
And cruelly I did him hurt.

So they that gaue me to the king,
I was their mortall enemy:
I tooke cure of no kind of thing
But please the Kings Majesty
But when he knew my cruelty,
My false and plaine oppression:
He gaue commaund that I should be
Hanged without confession.

And yet because that I was olde
His Grace thought pittie for to hang me.
But let me wander where I would
Then let my foes for to sang me,
And euery boucher dog downe dang me.
When I trowed best to be a Laird
Then in the Court each night did wrong me
And this I got for my reward.

I had wirried blake Hackison,
Where not the rebalds came and red,
But he was flamed of the towne.

When

When once the King saw how I bled,
He could e lay me vpon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieued
This Hackilon for feare he fled,
A long time ere he was reined.

And Patrickke Stirling in Argyle,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him staine within a while,
were not the helping of an hound,
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will shew the marks
I finde me a dog where euer yee found,
Hes made so many bloody sarks.

Good brother Lancreman, Lindeyages dog
which euer hes keeped thy lawty,
And neuer wirried Lambe nor Hog
Pray Luffe, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me Balhe to haue pittie,
And prouide me a portion,
In Dumferling where I may die,
Penance for my extortion.

Get by their sollicitation.
A letter from the Kings Grace,
That I may haue collation,
With fire and Candlern the place
But I will liue short tyme alas
Lacke I good felth Kells for my gammes,
Betwene Ash wednes day and washe,
I must haue leane to wicke Lambs.

Bawty consider well this bill,

And

And reade this Ceball that I send you:
And euery point thereof fulfill,
And now in tyme of misse amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climbe ouer high, nor doe no wrong,
But from your foes with right defend you
And take example how I gang.

I was that no man durst come neare me
Nor put me forth of my ludging:
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the King,
Now euery tyke does me down thring:
The which before by me were wronged
And sweares I serue no other thing,
But in a halter to be hanged.

Though ye be homely with the king,
Be Scudlar, Luffe and Bawty,
Beware that yee doe not done thyring,
Your neighbours through authoritey,
And your example make by me
And beleue well yee are but dogs.
Though yee stand in the highest gree,
See ye bite neither Lambs nor Hogs.

Though ye haue nots great audience,
See that by you be none opprest
He shall be punished for your offence,
When once the King be well confest
There is no dog that hes transgressed,
Though crueltie, if he may sang him,
His Majestie will take no rest,

¶

When once the King saw how I bled,
He could e lay me vpon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieued
This Backilon for feare he fled,
A long time ere he was reitred.

And Patricke Stirling in Argyle,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slaine within a while,
were not the helping of an hound,
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will shew the marks
Finde me a dog where euer yee found,
Hes made so many bloody sacks.

Good brother Lanceman, Lindehayes dog
which euer hes kepted thy lawty,
And neuer wirried Lambe nor Dog
Bray Luffe, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me Bashe to haue pitty,
And prouide me a portion,
In Dumferling where I may die,
Penance for my extortion.

Get by their collation.
A letter from the Kings Grace,
That I may haue collation,
With fire and Candlern the place
But I will lue short tyme alas
Lacke I good fiddell Kelly for my gammes,
Betwene Ash wednes day and washe,
I must haue leane to widdy Lambs.

Bawty consider well this bill,

And

And reade this Cedull that I send you:
And euery point thereof fulfill,
And now in tyme of misse amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
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When I was tender with the King,
Now enery tyke does me down thring:
The which before by me were wronged
And sweares I serue no other thing,
But in a halter to be hanged.

Though ye be homely with the king,
Be Scudlar, Luffe and Bawty,
Beware that yee doe not downe thying,
Your neighbours through authority,
And your example make by me
And beleue well yee are but dogs.
Though yee stand in the highest gree,
See ye bite neither Lambs nor Hogs.

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See that by you be none opprest
He shall be punished for your offence,
When once the King be well confest
There is no dog that hes transgressed,
Though cruellie, if he may fang him,
His Majestie will take no rest,

¶

Till on a gallows he cause hang him.

I was once as great as you are,
And had in Court as much credence
And aye pretended to be higher,
But when the Kings Excellence,
Did know my fault and offence,
And my pridefull presumption
I got no other recompence,
But hoyed and hounded out of the towne.

Was neuer so unkind a cozle,
As when I had authority
Of my friends I tooke no force,
The which before had done for me,
This power be is of verity
Which I heard read into a letter,
Highest in the Court, next the widdie,
Without he guide him all the better.

I tooke no more count of a Lord,
Nor I did of a kitchin knave;
Though every day I made discord,
I was set by above the lane;
The gentle hound was to me flane,
And with the kings owne fingers fed,
The silly ratches would I reave,
Thus for my euill deeds I was dread.

Therefore Bawty looke best about,
When thou art highest with the king;
For then thou standst in greatest doubt,
Be thou not good in gouerning.

But

But no poore tyke from his feeding,
Nor yet no sillie ratches reave
He sittes about that sees all thing,
And of a knicht can make a knaue.

When I came stepping benne the flure
All ratches great rourke to me red,
I of no creature tooke cure,
But lay vpon the kinges bed,
With cloth of gold though it were spred
For feare each frieke would stand on far,
With euery dog I was so dread
They trembled when they heard me nar.

Good brother Bawty heare thee euen,
Though with thy prince thou be potent
It cries a vengeance from the heauen,
For to oppresse an innocent,
In wealth be then most diligent,
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch
As I haue done, which I now repent.
No mellane reave to make thee rich.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundes,
Aske no reward sit at the king,
Which may doe hurt to other hounds,
Expresse against Gods bidding
Chase no poore tyke from his midding,
Through cast of Court or kings request
And of thy selfe presume no thing
Except thou be a butall beast.

Trust well there is no sprellour,

B b

For

My butcher dog drawer of blood
 A tyrane no; a transgressor
 That shall now of the king get gude
 From time forth that his Ceistude,
 Does clearly know the verity,
 But he is deemed for to conclude
 Or hanged he vpon a tree,

Though ye be coupled all together,
 With silke and soules of siluer fine;
 A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
 And make you lead a lower trine:
 When shall your pleasure turne in pine?
 When a strong hunter blowes his hoine
 And all your credence make you tyme
 When shall your labour be forlorne.

I say no more, good friends adue:
 In dread we neuer meet againe:
 That euer I knew the Court I rue
 Was neuer wight so will of wane,
 Let no dog now serue our Soueraigne:
 Without he be of good condition,
 Be he peruerse I tell you plaine
 He hes need of a good remission.

That I am on this way mischieued
 The Earle of Huntie I may warie
 He wend that I had been relieved,
 When to the Court he causde me carrie
 Would God I were now Pittacie
 Because I haue been so euill deedie
 Adew I dare no longer carry,

In dread I hang into a widdie.

A Supplication directed from Sir David
 Lindesay of the Mount, to the Kings Grace
*in contempt of side tales & misseled
 Faces.*

Sir though your Grace hes put great order
 Both in the Highland and the Border:
 Yet I make supplication
 To haue some reformation
 Of a small fault which is not treason
 Though it be contrary to reason
 Because the matter beene so vile.
 It may not haue an ornate stile,
 Wherefore I pray your Excellence
 To heare me with great patience
 Of sticking weedes maculate,
 No man may weare a rose chaplate
 Soueraigne I meane of these side tales
 Which throghe the dust and dubs trailes
 Three quarter long behind the heeles
 Expresse against the common weales,
 Though Bishops in their Pontificall
 Haue men for to beare vp their tales,
 For dignity of their office,
 Richt so a Queene or an Emperre,
 Albeit they be such grauity
 Conforming to their masesty,
 Though their Robe Royals be vpbayne,
 I thinke it but a verry scoyne,
 That euery Lady of the land
 Should haue her taile so side tralland
 Albeit they be of high estate

The Queene they should not counterfeit,
 Where euer they goe it may bee scene
 How Church and Citty they sweepe cleane
 The Images into the kirke,
 May think of their side tailed great irke,
 For when the weather beene most faire
 The dust fies highest in the ayre,
 And all their faces does begarie,
 If they could speake they would them warie
 To see I thinke a pleasant sight,
 Of Italic the Ladies bright,
 In their cleathing most triumphand
 Aboue all other Chzisten land,
 Yet when they trauell through the towne,
 Men sees their feet beneath their gownes
 Foure inch aboue their proper heeles,
 Circulate about as round as wheelles,
 Where through there does no powdery rise,
 Their faire white limbs to supprise,
 But I thinke most abusion.
 To see men of Religion
 To beare their tales through the street
 That folkes may behold their feet,
 I trow S. Barnard nor S. Blais
 Coude neuer man beare by their clais
 Peter nor Paul, nor S. Andrew,
 Coude neuer beare by their tailed I trow,
 But I laugh best to see a Nun
 Cause beare her tale aboue her bum,
 For nothing else as I suppose,
 But for to shew her lillie white hose,
 In all their rules they will not find
 Who should beare by their tailed behind

But

But I haue most into despite,
 Poor claggye cled in raploch quhite,
 Which bes scarce two marks for her fies,
 Will haue two ellis beneath her knees.
 A ittoch that cleged was yestrene,
 The mores will counterfeit the Queene,
 A mureland Meg that milks the poves,
 Clagged with clay aboue the howes:
 In barne nor byre she will not hyde,
 Except her kittle taile be side.
 In Boytows wanton burges wifes,
 Who may haue sidest tailed strues:
 Well boytoured with beluot fine,
 Bot following them it is a pyne:
 In sommer when the streets dryes,
 They raise the dust about the skyes,
 None may go neare them at their ease,
 Without they couer mouth and nease.
 From the powder to keep their eie,
 Consider if their cloaues be cleane.
 Betwene their cleauing and their knees,
 Quha wald behald their sweaty thees,
 Begaried all with dirt and dust,
 It were enouch to stanch the lust
 Of any man that saw them naked,
 I think sic gigglots ar bot glaked,
 Without profite to haue sic pride,
 Harling their clagged tailed side.
 I wald these boytoun bairns had becks
 To keep sic mist from Makins cheeks,
 I dread rough Makin die for dyouth,
 When sic dry dust blawes in her mouth,
 I thinke most paine after ane raie,

BU 3

To

To see them towked vp againe.
 Then quhen they step out throch the streit
 Their salding claps about their seit:
 That loathly lyming outward styed,
 That hes the much and middings topped.
 They waist mair claithe within few years.
 Nor wald cloath fiftie score of friers.
 When Marion from the midding goes,
 From her morne darge she strips the nose
 And all the day quhere euer she go,
 Sic liquoz she licks vp also:
 The turtumies of her tail I trow,
 Might be a supper to a tow.
 I know a man quhilke swair great aithes
 How he did list a kittocks claithe,
 And wald haue done, I wait not quhat;
 Bot sone remeed of loue he gat:
 He thocht na shame to make it written,
 How her side taile was all be shitten.
 Of filth sic siedre strak to his heart,
 That he behoued to depart.
 Said she, gude sir, me think ye rebo,
 Said he, your taill castis sic a stow,
 That be S. Wyde I may not byde it,
 Nay were not wise that wald not byd it.
 Of railles I will na mair indite,
 For bread some byddon me despite.
 Forthwith standing I will conclude,
 That of side railles can come na gude.
 Syder nor may their hanclethys hide,
 The remanent proceedis of pride:
 And pride proceedes of the deuill,
 Thus alwayes they proceed of euill.

And

Ane ither fault, sic may be sened,
 They hide their face all bot the ene:
 When gentle men bids them gude day,
 Withouth reuerence they slide away.
 That name may knowe I you assure,
 A ne honest woman be ane hure.
 Withouth their naked face I see,
 They get na ma gude dayes of mee.
 Helpe ane french Ladie quhen ye please;
 She will discouer mouth and nease.
 And with ane humble countenance,
 With visage bare make reuerence.
 When our Ladies does ride in raine,
 Sould na man haue them at disdaine.
 Thocht they be couered mouth and neis,
 In that case they will none displease.
 Nor quhen they ga to quyet places,
 I them excuse to hide their faces:
 When they wald make collation,
 With any lustie Champion:
 Thocht they be hid then from the ene,
 We may consider quhat I mene.
 Bot in the kirk and market places,
 I think they sould not hide their faces.
 Withouth these faults be sure amended,
 My flyting, sir, sail neuer be ended.
 Bot wald your Grace my counsell take,
 Ane Proclamation you sould make
 Baith throch the land and borowstouns
 To shew their face, and cut their gounes.
 Nane sould from that exemed be,
 Except the Queenes Mayestie,
 Because this mater is not fere,

B b 4

Of

Of Rhetorick it may be bare.
 Women will say it is na'bourds,
 To write sic byle and filthy words.
 Wat wald they clense their filthie talles,
 Which ouer the myres amiddings trails
 Then could my wrpyting clensed be,
 No vther mends they get of me.
 The suth could not be halden clos.
 Veritas non querit angulos,
 I know good women that bene wise,
 This rural tyme will not dyspyle.
 None will me blame I you assure,
 Except a wanton glorious hure.
 Whole flyting I feare not a flec,
 Fairwell ye get na mair of mee.

Quod Lindefay in contempt of side tales,
 That Duddrons and Dountbours throug the dubs
 trailes.

Kitties confession, compyled (as is beleued)
 by sir David Lindefay of the Mont Knight, &c.

The Curate and Kittie.

The Curate Kittie could confesse,
 And she tauld on both more and lesse
 When she was talking as she wist,
 The Curate Kittie wald haue hist.
 Bot yet a countenance he bure,
 Digest, deuot e, dane and demure.
 And then began hez to exame,
 He was best at the after game.

Said

Said he, haue ye any wjangous geir,
 Said she, I stail a peck of beir,
 Said he, that could refrozed be,
 Therefore deliuer it to me,
 Tibbie and Petre bad me speare,
 By my conscience they sall it here.
 Said he, liue you in Lecherie,
 Said she, Thom Leno mowed me.
 Said he, his wife that sall I tell,
 To make my quaintance with her sel.
 Said he, know you no Petre sic,
 I know not quhat that is, said she.
 Said he heard you no English bukes,
 Said she, my master on them lukes.
 Said he, the Bishop that sall know,
 For I am sworn that for to spaw.
 Said he, quhat said he of the King,
 Said she, of gude he spake na thing.
 Said he, his Grace of that sall wit,
 And he sall lose his life for it.
 When she in minde did mair reuolue,
 Said he, I can not you absolve,
 Bot to my chamber come at euen,
 Absolued for to be and shiuen.
 Said she, I will pas to ane vther,
 Gif I meet with sir Androw my brother.
 And he full cleanlie dr. me shiue,
 Bot he was some quhat cathariue
 He asked many a strange case,
 How that my loue did me imbrace,
 What day, how oft, what place a quere,
 Said he, I wald I had bene there.
 He me absolued for ane plack,

Thought

Thocht he with me na prync walde make.
 And meikle Latine he did mumble,
 I heard na thing bot hummill bummill.
 He shew me not of Gods word,
 Quhilk harper is noz any sword:
 And deepe into our heart does print,
 Our sin, quherethroch we do repent.
 He put me nothing into feare,
 Wherthrouch I could my sinne forbear.
 He shew me not the malediction
 Of God for sinne, noz the affliction:
 And in this life the great mischief,
 Ordained to punish here and thief.
 He shew me not the helles paine,
 That I might feare and vice refraine.
 He counsailed me not to abstaine,
 To lead ane holle life and cleane:
 Of Christs blond nothing he knew,
 Nor of his promyses full crew.
 That saues all that will beleue,
 That Sathan fall vs neuer greue.
 He taught me not for to traist,
 The comfort of the halie Gaist.
 He bade me not to Christ be kinde,
 To keepe his law with heart and minde.
 And loue and thanke his great mercy,
 From sinne and hell that saued me,
 And loue my neichbour as my sell,
 Of this na thing he could me tell.
 Bot gaue me penitance euery day,
 Ane Ave Marie for to say,
 And frydayes siue na flesh to eate,
 Bot butter and egges is better meate.

And

And with a plucke to buy a Gelle,
 From drunken sir John latinesse.
 Said he, a pluck I will cause lend,
 Giue thee againe at hand dand.
 Then into pilgrimage to pas,
 The very way to wantonnes.
 Of all his pennance I was glade,
 I had them all perquere I said,
 To morow and steill I know the pyper,
 I sall it set on cinque and syes.
 Bot he my counsell could not keepe,
 He made him be the fire to sleepe.
 Then cried collers, beif and coales,
 Hoos and shoes with double soles:
 Calks and candle, creish and salt,
 Kurnes of meale, and luffulles of malt.
 Wollen and lunning, warp and woof,
 Dame keepe the keyes of your wools loft,
 Throch drink and sleep made him to raue,
 And sa with vs they play the knaue.
 Freirs sweares be their pprofession,
 Nane can be saif but this confession.
 And makes all men vnderstand,
 That it is Gods awin command.
 Yet it is nathing bot mans dreame,
 The people to confound and shame.
 It is nocht else bot mens law,
 Made mens mindes for to know.
 Wherethroch they cyle them as they will,
 And makes their lawes conforme theretil:
 Sitting in mens conscience,
 Aboue Gods magnificence.
 And does the people teach and tye

Co

To serue the Pope and Antichrist.
 To the great God Omnipotent,
 Confesse thy sinne and thee repent:
 And trust in Christ, as wyrtes Paul,
 Quhilk shed his blude to saue thy saull.
 For none can thee absolue bot hee,
 Nor take away thy sinne from thee.
 Gif of gude counsell thou hes need.
 Or hes not learned well thy Creed:
 Or wicked byces raigne in thee,
 The quhilk thou can not mortifie:
 Or be in disperation,
 And wald haue consolation:
 Then to a Preacher true thou pas,
 And shew thy sinne and thy trespass:
 Thou needs not to shew him all,
 Nor tell thy sinne both great and small.
 Quhilk is impossible to bee,
 Bot shew the vice that troubles thee.
 And he sall of thy soule haue ruth,
 And thee instruct into the truth.
 And with the word of veritie,
 Sall comfort and call counsell thee.
 The Sacraments shew thee at lenth,
 Thy little faith to strong and strenth,
 And how thou could them richtly vse,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.
 Confession first was ordained free,
 In this sort in the Kirk to bee,
 Sa to confesse, as I discerne,
 Was in the gude Kirk primitive.
 Sa was Confession ordained first,
 Thocht Codious kyt could cleme a birst.

The



THE JUSTING BETWEENE

James V Watson and John Barber Seruitors
 to King JAMES the fifth.

Compyled by sir David Lindesay of the Mount, Knight,
 alias Lyon King of Armes.

I N Saint Androws on whitson Monday,
 Two Champions their manhood to assay:
 Past to the Barrace enarmed head and hand es
 Was neuer scene such Justing in no-lands,
 In presence of the Kings Grace and Queene:
 Where many a lusty Lady might be scene
 Many a Knight, Barron and Barrent,
 Came for to see that awfull Tournament.
 The one of them was gentle James Watson,
 And John Barber that gentle Champion
 Unto the King they were familiars,
 And of his chamber both cubiculars.
 James was a man of great intelligence
 A Mediciner full of experience,
 And John Barber he was a noble Leech
 Crooked carlings he wold cause the get speech.
 When once they entred were into the field
 Full womanly they weelbed speare and shield
 And mightly wauch in the wind their beeles,
 Walking like Cadgers riding on their creeles

But

374 The iusting betweene
 But eyther ran at other with such hast.
 That they could neuer their speare get in the rast
 Whē gentle James crowed best wth John to meet
 His speare did fall among his horses feet,
 I am right sure good James had beene yndone
 Where not that John his markes tooke by ^h moon
 Said John albeit t^h I thinkt my legs like rocks
 My speare is good, now keepe thee frō my knocks
 Carry a while said James, for by my thurst,
 The scud a thing I can see but the list
 No more can I said John by Gods bread,
 I see nothing rcept the Steeple head,
 Yet though my brans be like two barrow trams
 Defend thee man, then ran they to like Rams
 At that rude rink James had bin stricken down
 Where not that John for scarcenes fell in towne,
 And right so James to John had don great deare
 Where not among his horse feet brake his speare,
 Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sake
 Let vs together strike thye market strakes:
 I hold said John that shall on thee be wooken:
 But ere he spured his horse, his speare was broke
 Frō lime wth spears none can their narrow meet
 James drew a sword with a right awfull spirit
 And ran to John to haue caught him a rout
 A sword was roused, & wold no way come out.
 Then James let dyne at John wth both his sides,
 He mist the man, and dang vpon the list
 And with ^h stroke he crowed ^h John was slaine
 His sword sticke fast, and got it neuer againe
 By this good John had gotten out his sword
 And ran to James with many a wfull word
 My furiousnes forsooth now I haie thou find,

Stri-

James Watson & Iohn Barber. 375
 Striking at James his sword flew in the wind
 Then gentle James begā to crack great words,
 Alas said he, this day for lacke of swords
 Then either ran at other with new rases
 With gloues of plate they beat at others faces,
 Who wan the field no creature could name
 Till at the last, John cryed red for shame
 Mered (said James,) for that is my desire
 It is an houre since I began to tyre
 So be they had ended that royall rinke,
 Into the field might no man stand for stinke
 Then euery man that stood on far cryed fie:
 Saying adue, for durt parts company.
 Their horse, harness, and all geare was so good,
 Louing to God that day was shed no bloud.

FINIS.

Quod Lyndesay, at commaund of
 King James the fift.



